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THE WORKS OF JOHN RUSKIN

EDITED BY

E. T. COOK

AND

ALEXANDER WEDDERBURN

LONDON
GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD
NEW YORK: LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1908

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VOLUME XXXIII

THE BIBLE OF AMIENS
VALLE CRUCIS
THE ART OF ENGLAND
THE PLEASURES OF ENGLAND

Engraved by William Raffe

ST MARY.

By Cimabue at Assisi

THE BIBLE OF AMIENS
VALLE CRUCIS
THE ART OF ENGLAND
THE PLEASURES OF ENGLAND

BY

JOHN RUSKIN

LONDON
GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD
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Note.—The drawing of Beauvais (Plate I.) was reproduced (by autotype process) at vol. ii. p. 207 of W. G. Collingwood's *Life and Work of John Ruskin* (1st ed., 1893). The *frontispiece* and Plates II., VI., XI. and XII. have appeared in previous editions of *The Bible of Amiens*. Plate XXXII. has appeared in *Verona and other Lectures* (1894), Plate XII. p. 133; and Plate XL., as the frontispiece to *Ruskin on Music*, by A. M. Wakefield (1894).

INTRODUCTION TO VOL. XXXIII

This volume includes *The Bible of Amiens* and subsidiary matter, with the lectures delivered by Ruskin during his second tenure of the Slade Professorship at Oxford. The contents are I. *The Bible of Amiens* (published at intervals between 1880 and 1885). II. This book on Amiens was to have been the first part of a long series of studies which, under the general title of *Our Fathers have Told Us*, was to have included sketches of Christian history and architecture, grouped round various local centres. Only a few other chapters were, however, written; and these form the second section of the present volume. III. *The Art of England*, lectures delivered at Oxford in 1883. IV. *The Pleasures of England*, lectures delivered at Oxford in October and November 1884, with additions (not hitherto printed) from Ruskin's MSS; and lastly, V. reports of Ruskin's Final Lectures at Oxford, delivered in November and December 1884. *The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century*, two lectures delivered in London in February 1884, is, for reasons of space, held over for the next volume.

The contents of the present volume thus cover Ruskin's work during the years 1880–1884. In preceding volumes in this edition (XXVI.–XXXII.) the chronological order has sometimes been superseded in favour of connected topics; for Vols. XXVI.–XXXI. include the completion (at later dates) of books begun in earlier years, while Vol. XXXII. contains matter (also of a later date) closely allied in purpose to its predecessor. In this Introduction, the story of Ruskin's life is resumed from the point at which it was left in Vol. XXV. (p. xxviii.)—namely, his serious illness in 1878—and is carried down to his final resignation of the Oxford Professorship in March 1885. The years now to be covered divide themselves into three well-marked periods: (1) Ruskin's gradual recovery from illness and his resumption of various literary undertakings, broken by two illnesses of a like kind, in the springs of 1881 and 1882 respectively; (2) a long foreign tour in the autumn of 1882, which gave him a new lease of life and strength; (3) and his consequent resumption of the Slade Professorship at Oxford during 1883 and 1884.[1]

[1] As the present volume does not contain the whole of Ruskin's writings between his resumption of work in 1878 and the end of 1884, it may be convenient to give here a list of the principal pieces which, though published during that period, are

printed in other volumes. The dates are those of Ruskin's writings, or (where these are unknown) of their publication :—

1878. July. *Deucalion*, Part v. (Vol. XXVI.).
,, *Laws of Fésole*, Part ii. (Vol. XV.).
October. *Laws of Fésole*, Part iii. (Vol. XV.).
November, December. *The Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism.* (Reserved for *On the Old Road*, Vol. XXXIV.)
1879. January and April. *Proserpina*, Parts v. and vi. (Vol. XXV.).
February. *St. George's Guild, Master's Report* (Vol. XXX.).
April and July. *St. Mark's Rest*, Part iii. and Second Supplement (Vol. XXIV.).
May. *Stones of Venice, Traveller's Edition*, vol. i., with new notes and Preface (see Vol. IX.).
July–September (and June 1880). *Letters to the Clergy.* (Reserved for *On the Old Road*, Vol. XXXIV.)
October. *Deucalion*, Part vi. (Vol. XXVI.).
December. *Notes on Prout and Hunt* (Vol. XIV.).
1880. February. *Usury: a Reply and a Rejoinder.* (Reserved for *On the Old Road*, Vol. XXXIV.)
,, *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, new notes and Preface (Vol. VIII.).
March and September. *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 88, 89 (Vol. XXIX.).
April. *A Joy for Ever*, new Preface and additions (Vol. XVI.).
June, August, September, and November. *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, i.–iv. (Reserved for *On the Old Road*, Vol. XXXIV.)
July. *Deucalion*, Part vii. (Vol. XXVI.).
September. *Elements of English Prosody* (Vol. XXXI.).
,, Preface and Epilogue to *Arrows of the Chace* (Vol. XXXIV.).
December. *Bible of Amiens*, Part i.
1881. October. *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, v. (Reserved for *On the Old Road*, Vol. XXXIV.).
November. *Love's Meinie*, Part iii. (Vol. XXV.).
,, *Stones of Venice, Traveller's Edition*, vol. ii., with new chapter (Vol. XI.).
November and December. *Bible of Amiens*, Parts ii. and iv.
December. *St. George's Guild, Master's Report* (Vol. XXX.).
,, *Turner Catalogue, National Gallery* (Vol. XIII.).
1882. February. *St. George's Guild, General Statement* (Vol. XXX.).
April, May. *Proserpina*, Parts vii. and viii. (Vol. XXV.).
August. *Sesame and Lilies*, new Preface (Vol. XVIII.).
,, *Bible of Amiens*, Part iii.
1883. February. *Catalogue of Minerals, Reigate* (Vol. XXVI.).
April. *Modern Painters*, vol. ii., new Preface, notes, etc. (Vol. IV.).
May. *The Story of Ida*, edited (Vol. XXXII.).
,, *Deucalion*, Part viii. (Vol. XXVI.).
May, June, July, November. *Art of England*, Lectures i.–vi.
May, September, and December. *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 91–93 (Vol. XXIX.).
June. *Study of Beauty in Large Towns.* (Reserved for *On the Old Road*, Vol. XXXIV.)
1884. January. Preface to Collingwood's *Limestone Alps of Savoy* (Vol. XXVI.).
March, October, and December. *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 94, 95, 96 (Vol. XXX.).
May. *The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century* (Vol. XXXIV.).
,, *Catalogue of Minerals, Kirkcudbright* (Vol. XXVI.).
July. *Art of England*, Appendix.
April, July, September, October. *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*, Parts i.–iv. (Vol. XXXII.).
August. *Catalogue of Silica, British Museum* (Vol. XXVI.).
October. *On Distinctions of Form in Silica* (Vol. XXVI.).
October and November. *Pleasures of England*, Lectures i. and ii.
December. Preface to Chesneau's *English School of Painting* (Vol. XXXIV.).
1885. February and April. *Pleasures of England*, Lectures iii. and iv.

1878–1882

Ruskin was, as we have seen, very seriously ill in February 1878 with an attack of brain-fever.[1] Early in April he was able to leave his bed, and by July he could report himself as "having got into quiet work again," though conscious that he must not "again risk the grief and passion of writing on policy."[2] The quiet work consisted largely of studies of rocks and flowers, for during the latter months of 1878 and in 1879 he issued two Parts of *Deucalion* and one of *Proserpina*. In August he went with Mr. Arthur Severn to Malham, and presently he was well enough to pay some visits. In September he was in Scotland staying at Dunira with Mr. William Graham, and in October at Hawarden. His "health was better," and Mr. Gladstone noted that there was "no diminution of the charm" in "an unrivalled guest."[3] His visit to Dunira is recorded in two pleasant papers which Ruskin contributed at this time to *The Nineteenth Century*, entitled *The Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism*. His doctors, as we have seen,[4] forbade him to incur the excitement of giving evidence in his own behalf in the action which Whistler had brought against him (November 1878). Early in the following year, he was troubled with other legal proceedings. His name had been forged on various cheques, and he was called to London as a witness for the prosecution. "Being in very weak health," says the report of the proceedings, "Mr. Ruskin was allowed to give evidence from the bench."[5] It was characteristic that when the prisoner had completed his sentence Ruskin gave him the means to start again in a better career.

The greater part of 1879 and the early months of 1880 were spent quietly at Brantwood, with occasional visits to London, Canterbury, Broadlands, and Sheffield. It was in October 1879 that he had the pleasure, as already related,[6] of showing Prince Leopold over the St. George's Museum at Walkley. At Brantwood he received many friends, and Darwin, when staying at Coniston, came in sometimes to dinner. He had young artists to stay with him—Mr. Goodwin and Mr. Creswick among the number—and took pleasure in giving them encouragement. His private secretary at this time was Laurence Hilliard, "the cleverest and neatest-fingered boy," says a companion,

[1] Vol. XXV. pp. xxv., xxvi.
[2] See, in a later volume, the letter to E. S. Dallas of July 8, 1878.
[3] Extracts from Mr. Gladstone's Diary, quoted in Mr. George Wyndham's Preface to *Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, 1903.
[4] Vol. XXIX. p. xxii.
[5] *Times*, April 1, 1879.
[6] Vol. XXX. p. 311.

"that ever rigged a model";[1] and one of Ruskin's diversions was the designing of his little craft, the *Jumping Jenny*:[2] she was launched at Easter 1879, with due ceremony (as Ruskin wrote to Professor Norton), with a wreath of daffodils round her bows, and the singing of a versicle written by her master for the occasion.[3] She was Ruskin's own particular boat, and he had much pleasure in rowing her. In winter, when the lake was frozen, he was fond of sliding, and he records in *Deucalion* his close observation of phenomena of snow and ice. As soon as the spring and summer came he was busy in noting the first appearance of his favourite flowers, in searching for perfect blossoms, in painting studies of them. "Paradisiacal walk with Joanie and the children," he notes in his diary (May 2, 1880), "among the anemones." "Room in *perfect* order," he says again (July 2), "and I wonderfully well. Joanie home quite well, and children happy—*D.G.*—and sun on fells, and a cranberry blossom in my saucer ready to be drawn. Found them yesterday, in breezy afternoon, on the hill, all sparkling like little rubies." He was ever discovering a new beauty, unseen before. "Studied dew on Sweet William yesterday morning," he writes (August 11); "the divine crimson lighted by the fire of each minute lens. I never noticed this before—blind bat!" If he was puzzled by anything in his study of flowers or birds, he would row across the lake to drink tea with Miss Susan Beever—the "Susie" of his familiar letters, the friend of every bird and beast, and deeply versed in all plant-lore. He interested himself greatly also in the village school, planning lessons, arranging pictures, and giving treats. He would sometimes deliver little addresses to his friends and neighbours on these occasions. One such address—deeply religious in tone—has been printed, and is included in a later volume.[4] At this time he used also to conduct family-prayers at Brantwood. Perhaps it was because he regarded himself as "a member of the Third Order of St. Francis,"[5] that he liked even the domestic animals of the family to be present. He prepared notes for Bible-readings, and wrote prayers for these occasions.

That extract above, "Room in perfect order," is characteristic. "Setting my rooms in order," he wrote in his autobiography, "has, throughout life, been an occasionally complacent recreation to me; but I have never succeeded in keeping them in order three days after

[1] W. G. Collingwood, *Ruskin Relics*, p. 22.
[2] See Vol. XXVI. p. 364 *n.*
[3] See in a later volume the letter to Professor Norton of Easter Monday, 1879.
[4] Vol. XXXIV.
[5] See Vol. XXIII. p. xlvii. Compare what he says in this connexion in his fourth Letter on the Lord's Prayer (Vol. XXXIV.).

they were in it."[1] "Study like a Carpaccio background to St. Jerome," he notes with satisfaction (February 10, 1880); but the study was a workroom, and as its master was in the habit of working at a dozen different subjects on as many successive days, the books, portfolios, pictures, and notebooks were quickly overlaid. Like many other book-buyers, he was in the habit from time to time of weeding out his library, and many a volume found its way to the auction-rooms containing his autograph or book-plate and a note of his reason for disposing of it.[2]

The arrangement, and re-arrangement, of the drawings by Turner chosen for his bedroom was another recreation; there are some pages of his diary, filled with notes and diagrams for different schemes. The early morning task which Ruskin set himself at this period was the translation day by day of a piece from Plato's *Laws;* he made some progress with this (as already recorded),[3] and intended to publish it. Another book which he had in his mind was to deal with Horace. "In reading Horace at breakfast," he notes (March 7, 1879), "planned the form in which to gather my work on him, to be called either *Mella Matini* or *Exacta Vulturni*,[4] but I think the first." What form the book of Horatian studies was to take, the diaries do not show. They contain, however, occasional notes on lines or phrases,[5] and in one of them there is a list of English titles for all the Odes.[6] Ruskin also set a few of them to music.[7] He describes himself at this time as being as lazy as possible; but Ruskin's eyes and mind were ever active, and he notes "crowding thoughts" and "unnumbered sights of lovely things" (April 29).

In August 1880 Ruskin went to France in order to revisit some of the northern cathedrals, in view of the sketches of Christian History and Architecture which he had projected. He desired in particular to revisit Amiens, as he had promised to give a lecture on the Cathedral to the Eton boys. He did not leave other work behind, for the Preface

[1] *Præterita*, ii. § 70.
[2] See Vol. XXXIV.
[3] See Vol. XXXI. p. xv.
[4] In the former title, he is thinking of *Odes* iv. 2, 27 ("Ego apis Matinæ," etc.: see Vol. XIX. p. 94); in the latter (for which "Exacta Vulturis" would be better), of *Odes* iii. 30, 1 ("Exegi monumentum," etc.) and iii. 4, 9 ("Me fabulosæ Vulture in Apulo," etc.).
[5] As, for instance, on April 10, 1879, "Horace's definition of a gentleman: Est animus tibi: sunt mores et lingua, fidesque. I've learned this to-day, quite one of the most exhaustive verses in the world." On May 3, 1883, he added, "Above bit of Horace comes in now providentially, for close of lecture on classic art." See below, p. 306 (where the bit is used at the beginning of the lecture).
[6] See Vol. XXXIV.
[7] See Vol. XXXI. pp. xxxv., 516.

to *Arrows of the Chace* was written at Rouen, and the Epilogue at Amiens. The tour was in two parts.[1] He went first for six weeks with Laurence Hilliard and one of his sisters; then crossed to Dover and stayed for some days with his friends, Miss Gale and her sister,[2] at Canterbury; and next returned to France, being accompanied by Mr. Arthur Severn and Mr. Brabazon. Those who saw the Ruskin exhibition in London in 1907 will remember many drawings made on this tour, and among them one which was inscribed as sketched in company with Mr. Brabazon,[3] and which shows an impressionist "breadth" not always characteristic of Ruskin's work. French scenery exercised its old spell over him, and he was happy to find some of his favourite spots unspoilt. "Yesterday a really happy day," he wrote in his diary (August 27), "finding my lovely courtyard safe[4] in the morning, and St. Riquier exquisite and calm in evening, and France as lovely as ever." "The villages along the coteau, from Abbeville here," he wrote at Amiens (August 29), "though all with north exposure, were entirely divine with their orchards and harvests, and hills of sweet pastoral swelling above." At Beauvais, where Ruskin made the sketch here reproduced, he found "more left in the town than ever he hoped to see again in France," and even the new railway-line thither from Amiens pleased him with "every instant a newly divine landscape of wood, harvest-field, and coteau" (August 31). At Chartres he was equally happy:—

> "(*September* 10.)—Up, *D.G.*, in perfectly good health and lovely sunshine, and one thing lovelier than another, in the inexhaustible old town. Up to crown of the northern spire last night, just at the best hour before sunset; all the plain a-glow for (say under command of eye) forty miles each way, as clear as if the air were glass—six thousand square miles of champaign and winding woods along the Eure."

"The Springs of Eure" was the title he chose for an intended, but unwritten, book "wholly to be given to the Cathedral of Chartres."[5] But it was at Amiens that on this tour his chief work lay. He

[1] The following was his itinerary: Dover (August 21), Calais (August 23), Abbeville (August 25), Amiens (August 28), Beauvais (August 30), Paris (September 1), Chartres (September 7), Paris (September 17), Rouen (September 21), Dieppe (September 28), Canterbury (October 2), Amiens (October 11), Herne Hill (November 4).

[2] For whom, see *Præterita*, i. § 85.

[3] No. 30 in the Catalogue (Picquigny).

[4] For a view of this courtyard, see Plate VII. in Vol. XIV. (p. 388); and for other mention of St. Riquier, Vol. XIX. p. xxxix., and *Præterita*, i. § 177.

[5] See the Plan of *Our Fathers*; below, p. 186.

Beauvais
(1880)

From the drawing in the collection of T F Taylor Esq

began to write *The Bible of Amiens* on October 17, and the writing was combined with sketching many of the pieces of sculpture which he was to catalogue and describe. To attune his thoughts to the system of theology which he found upon the stones of Amiens, Ruskin at this time made a daily study of the Kalendars of saints in some of his illuminated manuscripts, and copied out in his diary verses of mediæval hymns or litanies. The lecture was given at Eton, on November 6, shortly after his return. As written, it contained the first draft of his work on the cathedral; but he forgot to bring his MS. with him: a short report of the actual lecture is now printed in the Bibliographical Note (p. 5). Some days were next spent in London, at work in the National Gallery upon a new catalogue of the Turner Drawings and Sketches,[1] and in revising the proofs for the first part of *The Bible of Amiens*. He then returned to Brantwood, resuming for a while the quiet life, already described—in studies of sky and flowers and shells. But only half the story has been told, in records of quiet hours and calm skies.

It had been well for Ruskin's health if he could have husbanded all his gradually recovered strength for the studies which brought him peace of mind. His friends, as he says in *Fors*,[2] often counselled him to avoid controversial and painful subjects. Cardinal Manning, for one, had written to him: "Joy is one of the twelve fruits of the Holy Ghost. There is before you and about you a world of beauty, sweetness, stillness, peace, and light. You have only to open your whole soul to it." But his eager spirit made such peaceful preoccupation and such economy of power impossible to him. He knew what was good for his peace, he perfectly recognised in which fields of thought the danger lay; but with "such things to do, such things to be," he was unable to follow only the paths of prudence. At times he succeeded in being as lazy as he knew how to be, of which knowledge he had at best but little; but at other times he was bent upon the chace, "jealous," as he notes in the diary (March 13, 1879), "of every golden minute of every golden day." At every new trial, as he says in one of his books,[3] the words of the Sibyl were for ever murmured in his ears—

"Tu ne cede malis, sed contra fortior ito"—

and, whenever some new strength was gained, he heard in it a call to action. "Much better this morning," he notes in the diary (February 28,

[1] See Vol. XIII. pp. 349 *seq.*
[2] Letter 72 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 757).
[3] *Ariadne Florentina*, § 214 (Vol. XXII. p. 447).

1879); "more in my heart than I can write, except that I got two oracles from Horace in the night.[1] 'Fortem memento,' I remembered naturally enough; but 'Mors et fugacem persequitur virum'[2] being opened at decided me to go to London to-morrow."[3] The diary contains frequent calls of the kind—as, for instance, this:—

> "(*January* 2, 1880.)—Utterly jaded and feverish with nearly sleepless night and crowding thoughts—wonderful in sudden call upon me for action and I so feeble, but must answer a little. Thankful for the clear guiding—see the new *Fors* begun yesterday."[4]

Here the sudden call was immediately responded to, and Ruskin plunged into violent controversy upon a subject which of all excited him the most: he wrote in eager haste, yet not without careful revision, his Rejoinder to the Bishop of Manchester's reply in defence of "Usury."[5] A little earlier he had allowed himself, partly in connexion with the same subject, to be drawn into another field of exciting discussion, that of the Lord's Prayer in relation to the duties of the clergy and present-day problems. Nothing is more striking in Ruskin's writings of this period than the contrast between the easy serenity of style in the essays on subjects of art or nature and the fulgurant, and at times somewhat ill-balanced, vehemence in those on politics or economics. If the reader will glance in succession at two pieces, written within a few weeks of each other—the *Notes on Prout and Hunt* (Vol. XIV.) and the Rejoinder to the Bishop of Manchester (Vol. XXXIV.)—he will at once perceive the contrast. Other work which greatly excited Ruskin's brain at this time was the series of essays—brilliantly penetrating, if over-discursive—upon Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron which he entitled *Fiction, Fair and Foul.* They are among his best literary essays, and their polished allusiveness shows a mind and a memory in fullest activity. He enjoyed writing them. "I always get into heart again," he says in the diary, in noting his first plan for the papers (April 13, 1880), "when I see my way well into a thing." But the strain was great. "Scott papers and Byron

[1] Compare Ruskin's *Sortes Biblicæ:* Vol. XIX. p. xxvi., Vol. XXII. pp. xxv., xxviii., xxix.

[2] *Odes*, ii. 3, 1, and iii. 2, 14. Ruskin somewhat characteristically forgot that the word in the first line was *æquam*, not *fortem*.

[3] The journey (which was not "to-morrow," but a few weeks later) was in connexion with the legal proceedings mentioned above. See in a later volume the letter to Professor Norton of February 28, 1879, about this "Sors Horatiana."

[4] Letter 88, ultimately dated "February 8, 1880" (Vol. XXIX. p. 381)—the first Letter after his illness.

[5] By which term, it should be understood, Ruskin at this time meant all forms of Interest.

work very bad for me without a doubt," he noted later (July 13); "some letters too have made me angry—worst of all."

Other people were made angry at this time, as we shall hear in a later volume, by a characteristic letter which Ruskin wrote (October 1880) in connexion with his candidature for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University.[1] He had been put forward as the "Conservative" candidate in opposition to John Bright, but he signally failed to play the party game, and was badly beaten.[2] The publication at this time of his scattered letters to the press during a period of forty years, under the title *Arrows of the Chace*, attracted much attention, and perhaps encouraged all sorts and conditions of people and newspapers to "draw" him on every conceivable subject. It is to this period also (1879, 1880) that the foundation of "Ruskin Societies" in Manchester, Glasgow, London, and many other places belongs.[3] They had a considerable effect in spreading Ruskin's influence and increasing the circulation of his books, which, it should be remembered, had for many years neither been advertised nor noticed in the newspapers. Owing to the fact that Ruskin did not now send free copies of his books for review, the professedly literary journals made no reference whatever to anything that was written by one of the foremost literary men of the time. The Ruskin Societies and "Ruskin Reading Guilds" came in this matter to the rescue; but the necessary penalty of increasing vogue was a great addition to the burden of Ruskin's correspondence. He might wish, in times of illness, to shut himself off from the world, but the world declined to be a party to the arrangement.

It had been well, I wrote above, if Ruskin could have found peace in untroubled skies; but this also the fates forbade. No man was ever more sensitive than he to physical impressions from external nature; for indeed physical and spiritual light was to him the same, and never was there a man who lived more largely in the contemplation of sky and cloud, of lake and flowers and hills. The physical

[1] Vol. XXXIV.

[2] Bright, 1127; Ruskin, 813.

[3] The first to be formed was "The Ruskin Society (Society of the Rose), Manchester," 1879; the Hon. Sec. was Mr. F. W. Pullen (for whom, see Vol. XXIV. p. 423); its first "Annual Report" is dated May 1880. "The Ruskin Society of Glasgow," also established in 1879, issued in 1882 a valuable *Report on the Homes of the People*. "The Ruskin Society of Birkenhead" was founded in 1881; and "The Ruskin Society of London" in the same year: its first Hon. Sec. was Mr. W. H. Gill (for whom, see Vol. XXX. p. 240). Liverpool, Sheffield, and Birmingham founded similar societies at later dates. In 1887 a "Ruskin Reading Guild" was established, with branches in London, Birmingham, Liverpool, Bradford, Oxford, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Arbroath, Elgin, Dundee, and Armagh.

corruption of the heavens by "The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century"—a very real phenomenon, as we shall see[1]—was to Ruskin as the darkening of a spiritual light. There were, of course, as he records in his lectures,[2] days of serene weather and of wholesome storm, and at such times his mental moods responded to the genial touch. These were times when he was able, as he says in the diary (February 26, 1880), to gain "so much of life out of the night." But records of the "plague-wind" become ominously persistent. Some of these records are printed in his lectures; a few others may here be added:[3]—

> "(*January* 5, 1880.)—Came down at a quarter to nine into the dark room, with a drenching fog over all heaven and earth.
>
> "(*January* 6.)—This is quite, as far as I can remember, the most miserable January I ever passed. To-day, pouring small rain, after a yesterday's unbroken fog, and miserably dark.
>
> "(*January* 8.)—Deadly fog—rain these three days, without a gleam; to-day, Manchester smoke, with the usual devilry of cloud moving fast in rags, with no wind."

The depression seemed to be lightened by the French tour in the autumn of the year (p. xxiv.). But he had overtaxed his strength. On return to Brantwood, he soon found himself "much beaten and tired, and must positively take to the rocks and grass again for a while" (December 26). The depression gathered once more, and was deepened by sleepless nights and dreams—"grotesque, terrific, inevitable," he calls them (January 9, 1881). And, presently, the troubled night of dreams passed into his days.

At the end of February 1881 Ruskin was for the second time laid prostrate by what he afterwards described as "terrific delirium." The fever lasted for a month, and his recovery seemed as complete as it was speedy. "On the 22nd March," he notes, "I was down in my study writing business letters, and yesterday, the 7th April—the third anniversary of my coming down to study after my first illness—I was walking in the wood for good three hours with as good strength as I've ever felt. The first primrose out, too—no bigger than this [sketch], but very delightful. And the first soft sunshine of the year, lasting into far twilight." But the recovery was not complete. The patient gave himself little chance. "I don't feel any need," he wrote to Professor

[1] Introduction to Vol. XXXIV.

[2] *The Storm-Cloud*, § 34 (Vol. XXXIV. p. 35).

[3] These are selected (from innumerable entries of the kind in the diaries) because they appear on the proof-sheets of *The Storm-Cloud*.

Norton (April 26), "for doing or nothing doing as I'm bid! but on the contrary, am quite afloat again in my usual stream." He was always doing something, but he was restless and irritable and could do nothing long. "He is almost as active as ever," wrote his secretary, Laurence Hilliard, "and is just now deeply interested in some experimental drainage of a part of his little moor, which he hopes to be able to cultivate; but he seems more and more to find a difficulty in keeping to any one settled train of thought or work, and it is sad to see him entering almost daily upon new schemes which one cannot feel will ever be carried out. So far as he will allow us, we try to help him, but the influence of any one of those around him is now very small, and has been so ever since the last illness."[1] The diary shows that this was a time of great mental excitement, bordering sometimes upon collapse. Yet from time to time he was able to make progress with his many books. "I begin the last twelfth of year," he writes in the diary (December 1), "in which I proceed, *D.V.*, to finish *Amiens* ii. and *Proserpina* vii.; and in the year I shall have done, in spite of illness, three *Amiens*, one *Proserpina*, and the Scott paper for *Nineteenth*, besides a good deal of trouble with last edition of *Stones of Venice;* but, alas, what a wretched year's work it is! and even that not finished yet! But then there was some good drawing in spring." The second part of *The Bible of Amiens* was finished, and the third began, a few days later. His mind was busy, too, with the general plan of *Our Fathers*, but he found concentration difficult. "I must do it," he notes, "a stitch here and a patch there" (December 18). He was, however, listless and depressed. The diary records many a day of "hesitations, shifts, and despairings," and the dread of what had been and might be once more stood not far behind. "Terribly languid," he wrote on January 15, "but better so than in that dangerous excitement which came on me in October, I hope, for the last time, since I shall never encourage it again." But it was not so to be. Shortly afterwards Ruskin went up to London, and on February 7 he took the chair at a lecture on "Modern Sports" given by his friend, Frederick Gale,[2] and, in the excitement of change of work, he believed himself to have conquered danger. "No," he wrote from London,—"I won't believe any stories about over-work. It's impossible when one's in good heart and at really pleasant things. I've a lot of nice things to do, but the heart fails,—after lunch,

[1] Letter to C. E. Norton, in *Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton*, vol. ii. pp. 171–172.

[2] See a letter to him in a later volume.

particularly!"[1] Among the pleasant things were sketching at the National Gallery, "going to all manner of wicked plays and pantomimes,"[2] and listening to music from Miss Mary Gladstone. But the music did not relax the strain, and in March Ruskin was smitten with a third and a very severe attack of brain-fever.

Ruskin was attended through this illness by Sir William Gull, who paid him the compliment, in acknowledging the patient's fee, of preferring to keep the cheque as an autograph. Though the attack was severe, Ruskin again recovered quickly, and by April, as will be seen from his correspondence in a later volume, he was chatting to his friends as brightly and cheerily as ever. To his friend and assistant Mr. Collingwood he wrote from Herne Hill:—

> "(Easter Monday.)—The moment I got your letter to-day recommending me not to write books (I finished it, however, with great enjoyment of the picnic, before proceeding to act in defiance of the rest), I took out the last proof of last *Proserpina* and worked for an hour and a half on it; and I have been translating some St. Benedict material since—with much comfort and sense of getting, as I said, head to sea again—(have you seen the article on modern *rudders* in the *Telegraph*? Anyhow, I'll send you a lot of collision and other interesting sea-subjects by to-morrow's post). This is only to answer the catechism.
>
> "Love and congratulations to the boys. Salute Tommy for me in an affectionate—and apostolic—manner,—especially since he carried up the lunch! Also, kindest regards to all the other servants. I daresay they're beginning really to miss me a little by this time.
>
> "What state are the oxalises in—anemones? WHY can't we invent seeing, instead of talking, by telegraph?
>
> "I've just got a topaz of which these are two contiguous planes! [sketch] traced as it lies—and the smaller plane is *blindingly* iridescent in sunshine and rainbow colours! I've only found out this in Easter Sunday light."[3]

Ruskin's physician had ordered change of air and foreign travel, but he stayed on for some months yet at Herne Hill—busying himself with the May-day Festival at Whitelands College, with the parts of *Proserpina* aforesaid, and with the purchase of minerals for Sheffield

[1] Letter given by W. G. Collingwood in his *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 362.

[2] See, in a later volume, a letter to the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe of February 9, 1882.

[3] From W. G. Collingwood's *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 363.

and his other collections. But in the end he obeyed the doctor. To Mr. Collingwood, who was to be his travelling companion, he wrote:—

> "I was not at all sure, myself, till yesterday, whether I *would* go abroad; also I should have told you before. But as you have had the (sorrowful?) news broken to you—and as I find Sir William Gull perfectly fixed in his opinion—I obey him, and reserve only some liberty of choice to myself—respecting, not only climate, but the general appearance of the inhabitants of the localities where, for antiquarian or scientific research, I may be induced to prolong my sojourn. Meantime I send you—to show you I haven't come to town for nothing—my last bargain in beryls, with a little topaz besides."[1]

II

The doctor's prescription was happily inspired, for the tour, which lasted four months, gave Ruskin a new lease of health and strength. In August Ruskin set out with Mr. Collingwood upon a holiday-journey of the kind that the judiciously experienced traveller accounts the best: it included familiar scenes (as will be seen in the itinerary here subjoined[2]), yet broke also some new ground. Ruskin's travelling companion has written an account of their journey in a chapter which he calls "Ruskin's Old Road."[3] The title is happy, for Ruskin, it seems, had already *Præterita* in contemplation, and it was one object of his tour to revisit the scenes and revive the memories of old days. More particularly, he drove once more, as in the old posting-days, through the Jura to Geneva—stopping at Champagnole, where the Hotel de la Poste used to be "a kind of home to us."[4] "I never thought to date from this dear place more," he says in his diary

[1] *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 363.

[2] Calais (August 10), Laon (August 12), Rheims (August 15), Troyes (August 17), Sens (August 18), Avallon (August 19), Dijon (September 1), Champagnole (September 2), St. Cergues (September 5), Geneva (September 8), Sallenches (September 9), Geneva (September 15), Annecy (September 16), Chambéry (September 20), Turin (September 21), Genoa (September 23), Pisa (September 25), Lucca (September 29), Florence (October 4), Lucca (October 11), Florence (October 27), Lucca (October 30), Pisa (November 1), Turin (November 10), Aix-les-Bains (November 11), Annecy (November 12), Talloires (November 14), Annecy (November 22), Geneva (November 24), Dijon (November 27), Paris (November 28), Boulogne (November 30), Folkestone (December 1), Herne Hill (December 2).

[3] And in two following chapters, entitled "Ruskin's 'Cashbook'" and "Ruskin's Ilaria." The three chapters occupy pp. 47–104 of *Ruskin Relics*, 1903. In writing them, Mr. Collingwood had access to Ruskin's Diary (the "Cashbook"), from which he made numerous extracts; these, with many others, are embodied in the present Introduction.

[4] *Præterita*, i. § 189.

(September 3), "and I am here in, for my age, very perfect health so far as I feel or know, and was very thankful on my mother's birthday to kneel down once more on the rocks of Jura." Many an old memory came back to him. "How eager he was," writes his companion, "and how delighted with this open upland! By-and-by we came to a wood. He cast about a little for the way through the trees, then bade me notice that the flowers of spring were gone: 'you ought to have seen the wood-anemones, oxalis, and violets'; and then, picking his steps to find the exact spot by the twisted larch tree, and gripping my arm to hold me back on the brink of the abyss, 'That's where the hawk sailed off the crag, in one of my old books;[1] do you remember?'" At Sallenches it was one of the pleasures of the tour to take his friend to favourite sights and scenes. He thus showed "Norton's glen," so called in memory of happy walks in former years; and at Talloires, on the lake of Annecy, he was "proud of leading the way down the steep mountain-tracks, well known to him, in the dark after long walks." The friend gave as much pleasure as he received. It was on this tour that Mr. Collingwood made the geological observations recorded in his *Limestone Alps of Savoy*, and that Ruskin found, as he says in his Introduction to that book, that his friend's "instinct for the lines expressive of the action of the beds was far more detective than my own."[2] Ruskin's pleasure at Mornex in finding himself remembered and in meeting old friends has been told already, in connexion with his long sojourn there twenty years before.[3] He even revived his old schemes for finding a hermitage for himself among the Savoy mountains. The Hotel du Mont Blanc at St. Martin's, where he had stayed so often in earlier years, as told in the chapter of *Præterita* to which the place gives its title, was now deserted and for sale, and he records in the diary an idea of buying it:—

> "Sallenches, *September* 13.—Fresh snow on the Varens, and the swallows congregated along the cornices opposite, as I must try to draw; after noticing first the plan formed last night, as the stream kept me waking, to buy the old inn at St. Martin's now left desolate. It seems to me that the colour of the last days I spent there, and my getting the two Turner pencil sketches of it,[4] the Cross on the bridge, and the lessons I have had, during all my life, point to this as right. Collingwood's poem, read last night, not without its meaning."

[1] See *Seven Lamps*, ch. vi. § 1 (Vol. VIII. p. 223).
[2] Vol. XXVI. p. 571.
[3] See Vol. XVII. p. lviii.
[4] At Brantwood.

"I had made some verses about the place," Mr. Collingwood explains, "rather on the lines his talk had suggested, but ending with more optimism. . . . A little later there came a letter addressed to 'MM. Ruskin et Collingwood.' 'Quite like a firm,' he said; 'I wonder what they think we're travelling in; but I hope we'll always be partners.' The terms of the offer I forget, but they did not seem practicable, or Coniston might have known him no more." Later in the tour, in Italy, Ruskin revisited another of the places which had greatly influenced him, and which, like St. Martin's, gives title to a chapter of his autobiography:—

> "Here once more," he wrote at Pisa (September 26), "where I began all my true work in 1845. Thirty-seven full years of it—how much in vain! How much strength left I know not—but yet trust the end may be better than the beginning."

It was, then, on the Old Road that Ruskin now travelled. The road was the same, but the traveller was old, instead of young, and in the external conditions around him Ruskin noticed a great and a melancholy change. Here, too, this was the "Storm Cloud." The diary is again heavy with it, and a record, included in his lectures of 1884, was written during this tour.[1]

Ruskin had a second object in this tour besides renewing impressions of his earlier life. He was at the time devoting much thought, as we have seen in an earlier Introduction,[2] to his museum. He had been at Sheffield in July, and the prospect of a new building seemed favourable. He had artists working for him in France and Italy; Mr. Collingwood, his companion and private secretary, was also one of his helpers in this respect; he desired to select subjects for them to record and to take the opportunity of meeting some of them on the spot. We shall find many notes of these different interests in the account of his tour.

Calais tower, we are told, roused none of the old enthusiasm; he said rather bitterly, "I wonder how I came to write about it." But as soon as he set to work, his interest in the place revived; and he notes that "only this moment," in sketching the tracery of the Hotel de Ville, had he "found the laws of it": the scheme of the decoration is sketched in the diary. At Laon he writes: "All beautiful round me—and I feeling as able for my work as ever" (August 12) Early in the morning he began a drawing of the cathedral front,

[1] See *The Storm-Cloud*, § 79 (Vol. XXXIV. p. 70).
[2] Vol. XXX. p. xlvii.

which he finished on Monday before leaving. "It was always rather wonderful," says Mr. Collingwood, "how he would make use of every moment, even when ill-health and the fatigue of travelling might seem a good reason for idling. At once on arriving anywhere he was ready to sketch, and up to the minute of departure he went on with his drawing unperturbed. In the afternoons he usually dropped the harder work of the morning, and went for a ramble out into the country; at Laon the hayfields and pear orchards south of the town gave him, it seemed, just as much pleasure as Chamouni."

At Rheims, his earliest impressions came back to him; he still, as in his rhymed tour of 1835, found "very little in it to admire":[1]—

> "*August* 15.—Here nothing but disgusts and disappointments, even to thirteenth-century windows of cathedral, which are entirely grotesque and frightful in design, though glorious in colour [sketches], and the shafts and vaultings are the worst I ever saw of the time; the arches of the nave meagre and springless, the apse only three-sided instead of five, and its double buttresses instead of single, arch a mass of weakness and confusion. The towers more and more are like confectioners' Gothic to me; nor have I ever seen so large a building look so small at the ends of the streets."
>
> "(*August* 16.)—I cannot find ugly words enough to describe the building now set on the north side of the west end of the cathedral, a narrow street between. It is a sort of pale-faced Newgate, or penitentiary, with square windows iron-grilled in a vile thin way in second storey, and as Fig. 5 [sketch] on the ground one. The barren, bleak Roman-cemented stupidity of soul and sense that it speaks for —set against the old work—kills the old also, and shows all its contrasted follies—what over-richness and vain labour are in it shown more violently by the blankness and brutal inertia of the neighbour building. I can't do the iron grating, ugly enough [sketch].—It *is* the prison! Prison, side by side with Cathedral. So our Penitentiary opposite Lambeth."[2]

At Châlons, Ruskin found the church of Notre Dame "one of the most perfect examples of pure early vaulting." At Troyes, he sketched St. Urbain, which he found "of extreme interest."[3] He noted also "the church of the Madeleine for a quite defaced Norman door of grandest school, approaching Italian; but with the English dog-tooth on its inner order moulding, and the basic colonnade of the north porch of

[1] Vol. II. p. 401.

[2] Millbank, now pulled down and replaced by the Tate Gallery: compare Vol. XIX. p. 227.

[3] Compare *Val d'Arno*, § 174 (Vol. XXIII. p. 106).

the Cathedral, fearfully defaced but exquisite in earliest and delicatest naturalism of geranium and vine." At Sens, Ruskin was in a town endeared to him by many old associations, and an afternoon walk in the valley of the Yonne and up its chalk hills suggested this reflection upon Turner :—

> "(*August* 19.)—The Seine divinely beautiful here. I have never enough thought out that Turner's work was the 'Rivers' of France, not the 'towns' of it—how he was the first painting living creature who saw the beauty of a 'coteau'! The glorious lines of the ascending vineyards to be sketched this morning if possible, and the statues of porch deciphered. They are the finest I hitherto know, north of the Alps."

The next stopping-place, Avallon, was new to Ruskin, and there he stayed for a fortnight. "I think he was attracted to it," says Mr. Collingwood, "by one of those obscure associations which so often ran in his mind—it must be interesting because it was named Avallon —Avalon he called it always, dominated by the idea of the island-valley of repose where King Arthur found the immortality of fairyland." However this may be, the place delighted him, and there was much which Mr. Randal (as at a later date, Mr. Rooke) was commissioned to draw.[1]

From Avallon Ruskin went over to Vezelay, but the heaviness of that church—its *inertia*, as Mr. Pater calls it,[2] did not please him :—

> "More disappointed than ever with anything, but the interior is still typical Romanesque in the nave, and extremely pure and melodious Early English or French in apse. Note generally that the early churches have only three lights round apse, and that no interior can be perfect with less than five. I do not know if there are good examples of seven. The mimicked 'Last Judgment'—M. Viollet-le-Duc's—is very carefully vile, and the whole west front the ugliest and most characteristically barren I ever saw in an old building. Found junction of granite and Jura [limestone] coming back and was happy."

The last entry is very characteristic. All Ruskin's varied interests in nature were on this tour, as of old, actively pursued. Wherever he went, his eye for the physical basis of scenery was keen, and the diary is full, as of old, in notes of flowers picked or drawn and of

[1] See Vol. XXX. p. 223, where extracts from the diary at Avallon are given.
[2] In his essay on "Vezelay" included in *Miscellaneous Studies*, 1895.

mineralogical specimens collected. An instance or two of his notes on flowers may be given:—

> "[Sketch.] The lovely little snapdragon I found at Sens, here (Avallon) luxuriant, straggling two feet high with dozens of blossoms among slender strips of leaves. Blossom with upper two petals thrown up like the sharpest little fox's ears, and more like some bat's—veined purple on white, the swollen lip below pure white touched with yellow in the throat."
>
> [From a list of "Flowers on ramparts at Genoa."] "Purple thistle,—thistle only in the flower! The leaves strap-shaped, small and smooth; the flower, a thin cluster of purple threads, coming out of the nastiest, thin-set, brown skeleton of malignant spikes and stings I ever saw in this bad world. There are only about a dozen on the ball; so ill set that one can't see the spiral, and essentially of the shape of the lower of these figures [sketches]. One mustn't draw even an ugly thing carelessly—how oddly bad the upper one is drawn anyhow! The central spine is really fine in its pure tapering."

Another expedition from Avallon was to Montréal, where the grotesque carvings set another task to Mr. Randal.[1] Ruskin's days at Avallon were not idle either, so far as literary work was concerned. It was there that he wrote the Preface to a new edition of *Sesame and Lilies*, and finished the third chapter of *The Bible of Amiens*.

He was planning also Parts in *Our Fathers have Told Us*, and among others one entitled *Valle Crucis*, which was to deal with the history and architecture of monasticism. It was in connexion with this that he went from Dijon to Cîteaux, the home of the Cistercians, and to St. Bernard's birthplace at La Fontaine. He has described the places in a chapter included in this volume,[2] and it may be interesting to compare the rough notes in his diary:—

> "Champagnole, *September* 3.—Yesterday was chiefly notable for the morning visit to St. Bernard's birthplace. All remnant of chateau now destroyed; but the little level garden on the exact summit of the hill must have been always—grass or garden, and the childhood have had always that panorama under its eyes. Now—all that is near is vineyard; but before Cîteaux and Clairvaux, what was it? The panorama entirely unbroken—Mont Blanc to the hills of Eastern Burgundy, and the plain—limitless north and south; the little hill a limestone outlier, about 150 feet above the plain. Dijon at just lovely distance underneath."

[1] See Vol. XXX. p. 224.
[2] Below, pp. 246–248.

His travelling companion adds a characteristic touch. "I recall," says Mr. Collingwood, "the surprise of a bystander not wholly unsympathetic, when Ruskin knelt down on the spot of the great saint's nativity, and stayed long in prayer. He was little given to outward show of piety, and his talk, though enthusiastic, had been no preparation for this burst of intense feeling."

From Dijon the travellers went by the old road, partly walking, partly driving, through Champagnole and St. Cergues to Geneva. There he sketched, and, as his diary notes, "studied the Rhone"—with results afterwards to be embodied in *Præterita*. He went up the valley of the Arve to Sallenches, and in spite of the storm-cloud, found happiness in the old scenes:—

> "I have never been happier," he wrote (Sunday, September 10), "in seeing the Alps, once more—nor felt more desire to do better work on them than ever."
>
> "(*September* 11.)—Opened (meaning to take up *Deucalion* but took up Bible instead) at Job xi. 16, and read all the rest with comfort. How I have been forgetting the glorious natural history of Job—though I am thankful it is noted always in my books,[1] but I want my own medicine now. Glanced this morning over the plan of it again. I see the eleventh chapter is the first speech of Zophar; the second[2] is the leading piece of political economy which I ought to have given in *Fors*."
>
> "(*September* 14.)—Mont Blanc entirely clear all the morning, fresh snow in perfect light on the Dorons, and the Varens a miracle of aerial majesty. I, happy in a more solemn way than of old; read a bit of Ezra and referred to Haggai ii. 9: 'In this place will I give peace.'"
>
> "Geneva, *September* 15.—After a marvellous drive through valley of Cluse, Collingwood sectionizing all the way, and a divine walk to old spring under Brezon, everything broke down, as usual at Bonneville, and an entirely dismal drive into Geneva through cold plague-wind; and fretting letters when I got there threw me down to my usual level, nearly—not, I hope, quite; for I shall try to remember the Aiguille de Bionnassay of the 13th at evening, and the Nant d'Arpenaz looked back at yesterday morning—with my morning walk once more among the dew above Sallenches—for ever and a day."

Yet once more, before the night came, was he to find happiness "beneath the cloudless peace of the snows of Chamouni," which had

[1] See, for instance, Vol. V. p. 379, and Vol. XII. pp. 105–106. For other references, see the General Index.

[2] For Zophar's second speech, see Job xx.; *e.g.*, verses 15, 18, 19, 22.

"inspired and guided" so much of his work.[1] That was in 1888. Here we may note the quick succession of peace and storm in his diary as illustrating both Ruskin's passionate love of scenery, and also that extreme sensitiveness to physical impressions which has already been mentioned[2] among the characteristics always to be remembered in reading his books.

His travelling companion has recorded some incidents of the tour, typical of another of Ruskin's characteristics. He was very fond of animals, and any such affection appealed to him instantly. In his drives from Geneva to Annecy and its neighbourhood, he had a "Mephistopheles coachman and Black Dog," as he put it at first; but Mephistopheles soon "won the Professor's heart by his dashing style and friendliness to his beasts; and on parting he gave the man twenty francs as a *bonne main*, and two francs over, as he said, for a *bonne patte* to Tom,"[3] the dog:—

"On one of these drives we stopped for lunch out of doors before a wayside inn. To this lunch there came a little dog, two cats, and a pet sheep, and shared our wine, bread, and Savoy sponge-cakes. The sheep at last got to putting its feet on the table, and the landlady rushed out and carried him off in her arms into the house; but Ruskin, I think, would quite as soon have let the creature stay. At Annecy the landlord told me stories of his big St. Bernard dog, how he was defended from other dogs by the cat, and how sometimes they quarrelled, and then the dog had to go and sit on the mat out of doors until the cat had forgiven him; how the cat also was in the habit of catching swallows on the wing, and bringing them in to show—as, certainly, cats do with the mice they catch—and then would let them go uninjured. This delighted Ruskin at dinner, and may have suggested the dream which I see he records—'dreamt of a fine old lion who was quite good if he wasn't kept prisoner; but when I had got him out, I didn't know what to do with him.'"[4]

The travellers next turned their way to Italy, for Ruskin had made engagements to meet architects and artists in connexion with St. George's work. They went over the Cenis to Turin and thence to the sea. Successive entries in the diary record again his changing moods:—

"Turin, *September* 23.—It was fairly fine all yesterday, but Alps hidden not by their own clouds, but by the filthy city, one pestilence

[1] See the Epilogue of 1888 to *Modern Painters* (Vol. VII. p. 464).
[2] Vol. XXVII. pp. xxv.–xxvi.
[3] *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 364.
[4] *Ruskin Relics*, p. 74.

now of noise and smoke, and I got fearfully sad and discouraged, not only by this, but by not caring the least any more for my old pets of pictures,[1] and not being able to see the minerals in close dark rooms. Note the unique white amianth, two feet long, from Val d'Aosta, and the clear topaz with interior divisions of crystal like my pet quartz. It is fine this morning, and I must pluck up heart and do my best."

"Genoa (*Sunday, September* 24).—Here in all comfort, from Savona by the thunderous sea, at six yesterday evening, after the most wonderful day of vision and travel I ever spent—Alps clear from Rosa to the farthest Maritime all the earlier day, and railway taking us within twenty-five or thirty miles of the Viso; then through the sandhills of Bra to Montenotte, down among the strange mounds and dells of the Apennine gneiss to Savona, walked down to the sea, beside a dismantled fortress which is certainly one of Turner's late subjects—then among the olives and palms and by the green serpentines, under darkening clouds, with constant boom and sigh of waves, to Cogoletto."

"Genoa, *September* 25.—Extremely languid and low, but not ill, after night disturbed by constant omnibus and tram and various bellowings and a day of disgust with all things—proud palaces, foolish little St. Georges over doors; Duomo in my pet style, not doing it credit; and a long climb over rocks, and road of black limestone veined with white, commanding all the heaps rather than hills of the mouldering earth, looking almost barren in its dull grass, on which the suburbs of Genoa, hamlet and villa, are scattered far and wide; the vast new cemetery, their principal object of view and glorification, seen by the winding of the waterless river-bed."

"Pisa, *September* 27.—A really happy day's work in Baptistery and a walk."

"Pisa, *September* 29.—Penny whistles from the railroad perpetual, and view of town from river totally destroyed by iron pedestrian bridge. Lay awake, very sad, from one to half-past four, but when I sleep, my dreams are now almost always pleasant, often very rational. A really rather beautiful one, of consoling an idiot youth who had been driven fierce, and making him gentle, might be a lesson about Italy. But what is Italy without her sky—or her religion?"

"Lucca, *September* 30.—And here I am, at last, again—in the

[1] His companion's impression was different. "He seemed to know the [mineral] collection by heart. As to the pictures, the way he pointed out how Vandyck *enjoyed* the laying on of his colour, in a portrait of King Charles, gloating over the horse's mane and the delicate dexterity of the armour, makes me hope that even the steam tramways of Turin had not utterly darkened his life."

eighth year from 1874,—when I had precious letters, and went home by Chamouni;[1]—and Champagnole, St. Cergues, Geneva, Bonneville, Sallenches, Annecy, Turin—all seen once more. But how different it would have been but for this plague-cloud, which yesterday with its following wind darkened and tormented all Val di Serchio. To-day, having slept well—curiously well—I can scarcely see to write; the sky in settled, stern, gapless doom. Yesterday walked round town—first to Ilaria, last to San Romano. Found all, *D.G.*"

"Lucca (*Sunday, October* 1).—Yesterday received in the grey morning the news of the death of John Bunney, on that Saturday the 23rd on which I saw the bright Alps from his Italy. A heavy warning to me—were warning needed; but I fear death too constantly, and feel it too fatally, as it is.[2]

"Yesterday up the marble hills again, where, eight years ago, I lay down so happy under the rocks beyond the monastery, to read R.'s loving letter.[3] Now, my strength half gone; my hope, how changed."

"Lucca (*October* 2).—Yesterday altogether lovely, and I walked about lovely streets in morning sunshine. Drew in peace at Duomo front in quiet air, and climbed to the ridge of the marble mountains in afternoon—past the convent with its great ilex, and the perfect cottage with its well under the chestnuts, and so up to the terraced fields: saw the glittering sea, and sat long watching the soft, sun-lighted terraces of grass, and tenderly classic hills, plumed and downy with wood, and the burning russet of fallen chestnuts for foreground—thinking how lovely the world was in its light, when given. Then the Carrara peaks and Guinigi's tower, in rose of sunset."

"Lucca (*October* 3).—Night of nightmares, not very distressful but provoking and tiring, and more languor than I can account for—unless by some slight malaria here. But did good work yesterday on façade of Duomo; and drove to foot of hills across Serchio, where we rested among olive-woods with low cypress avenues mingled—green terraces under the olive trees quite rich in grass, and the cyclamen in masses on the shady pink banks with full bright crimson pink everywhere, and peppermint in vivid blue, I looking for forget-me-nots. View of Lucca, of course, too lovely to draw."

"Florence (*October* 5).—In Gran Bretagna once more; very well

[1] See Vol. XXIII. p. li.

[2] "I think his fear of death was purely the dread of leaving his work undone, with some shrinking of the possible pain; his sense of death was in the growing limitation of his powers, which he could only forget in the presence of beautiful landscape" (W. G. Collingwood, in *Ruskin Relics*, p. 102).

[3] See the Introduction to *Præterita*.

and very comfortable. Sun just glinting along sides of yellow houses beyond Arno; which, if it's bad weather, I shall perhaps draw. Yesterday very bad weather indeed, but I got work done on Lucca. Came on here in wild storm of wind and spitting rain; the country beginning to look poor with fading vines. I a little headachy, but all right to-day after good dinner and flask of Aleatico. The sun has come out quite bright, but the sky grey. Nothing hurt yet of Ponte Vecchio, or the rest."

"Florence, *October* 6.—Quite depressed and useless to-day, after a weary walk yesterday through Uffizi in morning and a more weary and utterly disgusted one through town in afternoon. Everywhere paviours, masons, ruin—degradation, folly, and noise; and the wretched Germans, English, and Yankees busy upon it like dung-flies."

"Florence, *Sunday, October* 8.—After a dismal walk through Accademia, I drove yesterday afternoon up to Bellosguardo and enjoyed the view of plain and drive round—walk, I mean—though mostly between walls, yet under olives and roses, among happy-looking villas, and with glorious views of city. Slept well, but am terribly out of heart and purpose. Read in Machiavelli's *Florence* Cosmo de' Medici's sad saying before his death—keeping his eyes shut, his wife asking why: 'To get them into the way of it.' Do the best I can in beginning opposite,[1] but I come to so few endings."

"Florence, *October* 9.—Frightful noise under window till twelve last night—of returning carriages of Sunday excursions?—and thunder again at five, have left me good for little this morning, but pleased in thought of buying for Sheffield the lovely book of drawings of Italian peasants by Miss Alexander. Planned also, I think finally, as I lay awake during the thunder, the tenor of lecture to London Institution, in revision of my teaching about myths,[2] and that of my address to Edinburgh students[3] on essential principles of moral philosophy, taking Shakespeare and Scott for principal guides."

"Florence, *October* 10.—Yesterday up to Fésole and found it quite uninjured, except restoration of Duomo, which did not matter. All the view of Florence in lovely sunshine, and beyond everything I ever remembered: certainly the view of all the world."

[1] A collection and arrangement of "the texts I have been in the habit of referring to as including most briefly the teaching of the Bible."

[2] The lecture which Ruskin next gave at the London Institution was on "Cistercian Architecture" (see below, pp. 227 *seq.*); but it contains only passing references to myths (§ 8) and miracles (§ 11).

[3] Probably, an address which he thought of giving to the Associated Societies of the University of Edinburgh: see a letter of February 8, 1882, printed in Vol. XXXIV.

The visit to Florence was chiefly important to Ruskin as the occasion of his making acquaintance, which ripened rapidly into the warmest friendship, with Miss Francesca Alexander and her mother.[1] But he had to return to Lucca—to meet Mr. E. R. Robson for the discussion of plans for the St. George's Museum,[2] and to finish his drawings of the Duomo. The diary contains many entries about these:—

> "Lucca, *Sunday, October* 15.—Yesterday began new drawing of delicate pillar. Could only buy cheese and hunt for honey in afternoon of crashing rain: shelter in St. Michael during the worst. Examined views from ramparts in evening; ascertained that there's really only one available—of the town, from the south gate, west round to St. Frediano. The tanneries and cotton-mills, where the girls sing in a milly, cicadesque, incomprehensible manner, continually spoil the north-west side. An old priest standing to hear them—thinking, I would give much to know what!"
>
> "Lucca, *October* 18.—Yesterday got on with arches, and had lovely afternoon walk on hills beyond Serchio, with skies bright and sublime, changing continually, and warm sun and sweet air, and vignettes of new and perfect composition in Italian villa and mountain, every moment."
>
> "Lucca, *October* 25.—Yesterday worked very hard on pillar, and had nice little chat with two contadine, explaining my drawing and the cathedral front to them; one, presently (middle-aged, unfortunately, or more than middle), had her arm round my neck in her eagerness to know if I was going to draw the entire front. And the day before yesterday a pretty young housewife gave me a graceful good-day in passing up the steps before me."

Unlike some sketchers, Ruskin, it seems, "rather enjoyed an audience, and sometimes used to bring back odd gleanings of their remarks when he came in to luncheon. He used to sit in quaint attitudes on his camp-stool in the square, manipulating his drawing-board with one hand and his paint-brush with the other; Baxter, his valet, holding the colour-box for him to dip into, and a little crowd of chatterers looking on."[3]

Having at last finished his drawings, Ruskin returned to Florence to bid good-bye to the Alexanders and Mr. Newman, and then, after a day or two more at Lucca, he went on to Pisa to meet Signor

[1] See Vol. XXXII. p. xxii.
[2] See Vol. XXX. p. xlvii.
[3] *Ruskin Relics*, p. 93. Compare what Ruskin himself says in *Præterita*, ii. §§ 122, 123.

Boni and Signor Alessandri. They are "the two lads," though indeed "not exactly lads perhaps," in whose friendship and work Ruskin expressed his pride in the first of the Oxford lectures given in the following year.[1] Commendatore Boni, who was already "master of the work in the Ducal Palace at Venice," did work for Ruskin at Pisa, in the measurement of various buildings, and some of his architectural sketches may be seen at Oxford; with Signor Alessandri's work, readers of this edition are already familiar.[2] Ruskin himself was busy at Pisa in sketching the Baptistery, and mapping out his lecture on Cistercian Architecture.

Ruskin had planned a visit on the way home to the Sagredo di San Michele;[3] but his watchful secretary thought it would be bleak for a man with a bad cold, and took tickets for Aix-les-Bains instead. "I felt particularly guilty," says Mr. Collingwood, "as he recounted to me, in an injured tone, the horrors of Aix, the one place he abominated, and the beauties of St. Michel." But the diary shows that Ruskin altogether relented towards Aix:—

> "Aix-les-Bains, *Sunday, November* 12.—The cold's quite gone! Friday in glowing sunshine, Pisa to Turin. Saturday in frightful damp and cold, Turin to Aix. But quite easy days both; and it is delightful to think how pleasant both will be to do back again; running from Dijon straight here would make just four days from Paris to Pisa. Sun coming out now. Dent de Bourget, over mist and low cloud, very lovely as I dressed."

From Aix Ruskin retreated to Annecy, and the next entry in the diary shows that he was not always inaccessible to the charm of railway-train landscape which Louis Stevenson and many others have felt:[4]—

> "(Annecy, *November* 13.)—Yesterday an entirely divine railway coupé drive from Aix by the river gorges—one enchantment of golden trees and ruby hills."

Deprived of his sanctuary of San Michele, Ruskin took refuge—close to Menthon, the birthplace of St. Bernard, "the Apostle of the Alps"—in an old Benedictine abbey on the Lake of Annecy, turned into an

[1] *Art of England*, § 18 (below, p. 278).
[2] See Vol. XXX.
[3] For an account of his visit to the Sanctuary in 1858, see Vol. VII. p. xliv.
[4] See, too, the entry above, p. xxiv.

inn—the Hotel de l'Abbaye at Talloires; and there in wretched weather he shut himself up to finish the lecture on Cistercian Architecture. A letter written to Miss Allen at this time contains references to the lecture, and shows how his work followed him on his travels:—

> "(*November* 22, 1882.)—My dear Gracie,—I send you 193–208 for press.[1] There are some important alterations in notes, but no more than you can easily revise for me—with the section and chapter numbers. I go to-morrow to Geneva, where I expect more work from you; but whatever you now send should be to Hotel Meurice, Paris, where I hope for a quiet day next Wednesday, and shall get anything safely, posted on Wednesday. You may send all you can, in case I am stopped by weather at Boulogne.
>
> "I have not yet acknowledged Hugh's lettered plate of lightning.[2] I am delighted with his careful imitation of my rude retouching, and with the plate altogether. The text is all ready, nearly—if I could only get time to retouch the 8th chapter, but I can't till this lecture's over.
>
> "For which I want Hugh's help, or Papa's, if Hugh feels diffident about large work. I want two diagrams, each six feet long, made from the two sketches I send by this post. There is no need whatever for any laborious imitation of my touches or colour, but only for careful enlarging of the lines to scale and rough colour to match. The more finished one is the masonry of a bit of the walls of Fésole; the other, the cleavages of a bit of the rock *on* which and *of* which they are built, seen looking down on it. The connection of this discovery of mine with Cistercian Architecture is not *immediately* obvious; but I've managed to dig down to it, partly because I want to air the discovery! partly because I like to begin at the beginning of things, even if I can't quite end at the end.
>
> "The diagrams must be rolled and kept out of sight till I want to show them, and they must be so arranged as to be seen, when they *are* shown, side by side—the finished one *first*, on the right of the audience; the cleavages, *secondly*, on the left—as introductory to the wall, and reading and leading up to it.—Ever, my dear Gracie, very gratefully and affectionately yours,
>
> "J. R."

The diagrams were duly prepared by Mr. George Allen, but they were not shown at the lecture, nor are they now discoverable, though the subject of them was referred to (see below, p. 246 *n.*).

Driven from Talloires presently by cold and rain, Ruskin returned

[1] Proof-sheets of the separate edition of the second volume of *Modern Painters*.
[2] Plate XXI. in *Deucalion:* Vol. XXVI. p. 359.

to Annecy and Geneva, and thence rapidly home, reaching Herne Hill on December 2, and writing in his diary next day:—

> "Slept well, and hope to be fit for lecture to-morrow; very happy in showing our drawings, and complete sense of rest after three months' tossing."

The lecture—included in this volume (pp. 227–249)—was a great success. "Ruskin flourishes," wrote Burne-Jones to Professor Norton—"gave a lecture on Cistercian Architecture the other day that was like most ancient times, and of his very best, and looks well—really looks stronger than for many a year past. The hair that he has grown over his mouth hides that often angry feature, and his eyes look gentle and invite the unwary, who could never guess the dragon that lurks in the bush below."[1] The foreign tour had been in every way a success. It was the occasion, as we have seen, of recalling many pleasant impressions, which were presently to be embodied in one of the most charming of all his books. It was on this tour, also, that he made some of his best and furthest-carried drawings. Two of them, of details from the façade of the cathedral at Lucca (San Martino), are well known. One was at the "Old Masters" Exhibition at the Academy in 1901, and the other at the Royal Water-Colour Society's Ruskin Exhibition in the same year; and both were shown at the Fine Art Society's rooms in 1907. Nor, as we have seen, was the period of the tour inactive in literary work. But the principal significance of the tour in the story of his life is that it so restored his health and spirits as to induce him to resume his former work at Oxford.

III

"Before re-crossing the Alps," Ruskin says, "I had formed the hope of returning to my duties at Oxford."[2] He took steps to let his willingness to resume the Slade Professorship of Fine Art be known. His friend Sir William Richmond, whose tenure of the office had not yet expired, thereupon resigned, and in January 1883 Ruskin was re-elected.[3] "Yesterday at evening," he wrote in his diary (January 17, 1883), "came Acland's telegram, announcing reinstated Professorship: 'Dear Friend, may all good attend you and your work in this new condition;

[1] *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. p. 133.
[2] Introduction to *The Limestone Alps of Savoy*, Vol. XXVI. p. 571.
[3] His re-election was the subject of some complimentary verses in *Punch*, January 27, 1883.

once again welcome to Alma Mater.'" The telegram reached him at Brantwood, and within a few days he had begun making notes for the course of lectures on *The Art of England*.[1]

In the Lent Term, however, he delivered only the first lecture—on Rossetti and Holman Hunt. The second was to be on Burne-Jones, and he went up to London to refresh his impressions of the body of his friend's work:—

> "I want to come," he wrote (March, 1883), "and see all the pictures you've got, and to have a list of all you've done! The next lecture at Oxford is to be about you—and I want to reckon you up, and it's like counting clouds."[2]

Burne-Jones was very happy about it, but "forebodings as of the approach of doomsday are upon me," he said:—

> "It's lovely," replied Ruskin (March 14), "to think of your being in that retributive torment. I shan't tell you a word of what I'm going to say! Mind you don't miss *any* of the foolish things out of the list, as I'm sure to find it out. I'll come on Friday afternoon."

It was at this time that Ruskin begged his friend to design for him a gold cross for his May Day Festival at Whitelands:[3]—

> "The cross," he wrote in the same letter, "is always of pure gold; it may be any shape you like, but it must be hawthorn, because it is for the 1st May, when they choose a May Queen at Whitelands, the girl they love best, and I give her the hawthorn cross, annually, and a whole lot of my books to give away to the girls *she* likes best."

Ruskin was delighted with the cross, and on May Day he wrote:—

> "I have, yesterday, finished *your* lecture, for 12th May; but I found, of course, that there was no possibility of giving any abstract of you in one lecture, nor without unbalancing the conditions of general review. So this is merely the sketched ground of what I hope at length to say in future."

[1] He allowed himself also to be nominated a second time for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University. He had the usual fate of independent candidates, and was at the bottom of the poll. The figures were: Fawcett (Liberal), 797; Marquis of Bute (Conservative), 670; Ruskin, 319.

[2] See *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. pp. 130, 131, for this and the following letters.

[3] See Vol. XXIX. p. 336.

The lecture was delivered on May 12; two others followed it; and after them Ruskin stayed on for some weeks at Oxford, teaching in the drawing-school. He had gone up to London to give the private lecture (June 5), mainly on Miss Alexander's drawings, of which a report is printed in the preceding volume.[1] On the following day he attended a performance of the *Tale of Troy*, and made a speech at its conclusion.[2]

From Oxford he went to Worcester—a tour mentioned in one of the undelivered lectures included in this volume;[3] and thence by Llangollen to Brantwood. During his summer at home he received many old friends; among them were Mr. and Mrs. La Touche and Professor Norton, who has given his impression on seeing Ruskin again after an interval of ten years:—

"I had left him in 1873 a man in vigorous middle life, young for his years, erect in figure, alert in action, full of vitality, with smooth face and untired eyes. I found him an old man, with look even older than his years, with bent form, with the beard of a patriarch, with habitual expression of weariness, with the general air and gait of age. But there were all the old affection and tenderness; the worn look readily gave way to the old animation, the delightful smile quickly kindled into full warmth; occasionally the unconquerable youthfulness of temperament reasserted itself with entire control of manner and expression, and there were hours when the old gaiety of mood took possession of him with its irresistible charm. He had become, indeed, more positive, more absolute in manner, more irritable, but the essential sweetness prevailed. Given his circumstances, no ordering of life could have been more happy for him than that at Brantwood. His cousin, Mrs. Severn, was at the head of his household, and the best of daughters could not have been more dear and devoted to him. Her children kept the atmosphere of the home fresh and bright; the home itself was delightful, beautiful within with innumerable treasures of art, and surrounded without by all the beauties of one of the fairest scenes of the English lake country."[4]

[1] Vol. XXXII. p. 535.

[2] "Mr. Ruskin, now seldom seen in public, watched this last representation with evident interest and frequent applause, and at the fall of the curtain consented to join the *corps dramatique* in the green-room, and present Mr. George Alexander with their testimonial to his stage-management. Mr. Ruskin, who always seems able to say the best thing at the shortest notice, made a brief but excellent speech, and, with a few kindly words to the donee himself, handed him the book—a Shakespeare—as 'the guide to all that is noblest and truest in English thought'" (*World*, June 13, 1883). For a reference to the performance, see Vol. XXX. p. 328.

[3] Below, p. 511.

[4] *Letters of John Ruskin to C. E. Norton*, vol. ii. p. 165.

Ruskin's diary bears out on many a page what Professor Norton here says of Ruskin's happiness with the cousin who kept house for him at Brantwood. Two entries of the present date (1884) are typical of many:—

> "Greatly enjoyed cataloguing with Joan" (July 13).
>
> "I never passed a healthier or much happier day than yesterday (July 15), arranging coins with Joan, seeing windhovers on moor, taking Joan up to see anagallis in evening."[1]

The visit to Llangollen, mentioned above, was made in connexion with the literary work which was now occupying a large share in Ruskin's thoughts and studies. "Getting on with my history," "seeing into the Benedictines," "reading marvellous passages by Montalembert" are entries in his diary of the time (June 25, July 18, 1883). They refer to the studies in the History and Architecture of Early Christianity, which he had announced as being in preparation to follow *The Bible of Amiens*. One of these other volumes in the projected series of *Our Fathers have Told Us*, the sixth, was to treat, as we have seen, of monastic architecture, and to be called *Valle Crucis*. He went therefore to Llangollen to renew his knowledge of Valle Crucis Abbey; and later in the year he took occasion of the visit to Scotland, which has been referred to in an earlier Introduction,[2] to visit the scene of St. Ninian's foundation.

Early in October Ruskin was again in Oxford, delivering the last two of his lectures on *The Art of England* and attending in his drawing-school. On his return to Brantwood he gave the lecture on Sir Herbert Edwardes, which was afterwards expanded into *A Knight's Faith*.[3]

He did not again reside in Oxford till the Michaelmas Term of 1884, but he kept in touch with the drawing-school by sending instructions and exercises through Mr. Macdonald. Meanwhile he was as busy as ever, or busier. In February he came up to London and delivered, with full vigour, two lectures on *The Storm-Cloud*. He also gave an informal address to some girl-students of the Royal Academy.[4] He worked at the British Museum in arranging his Cabinet of Silicas there.[5] A few weeks later he was called to London

[1] See also the extracts given above, p. xxii.
[2] Vol. XXIX. p. xxvi. See also *Præterita*, iii. § 70.
[3] See Vol. XXXI.
[4] Referred to in the letters below. A report of the address is given in Vol. XXXIV.
[5] See Vol. XXVI. pp. 395 *seq.*

again, in order to pay a visit of condolence to the Duchess of Albany, whose husband was buried on April 5. When at Brantwood he wrote the Introduction to Mr. Collingwood's *Limestone Alps*. He was full of schemes for work in which Miss Greenaway and he were to co-operate. He was in correspondence about a Life of Turner, for which he was to arrange materials, with M. Chesneau. He was bringing out the *Roadside Songs*, writing a catalogue for a collection of minerals at Kirkcudbright, throwing off an occasional number of *Fors Clavigera*, and doing many bye-things besides. Mr. Collingwood has printed extracts from letters received at Brantwood while Ruskin was in London in the early part of 1884, which give a lively account of his daily doings:—

> "I want to know all about the bells,[1] and what the children [at the school] are making of them: I bought the compass (seaman's on card), and another of needle, for the big school, yesterday; and another on card for the infants, and I want to know how the bricks get on. What a blessed time it takes to get anything done!
>
> "I had rather a day of it yesterday. Into National Gallery by half-past eleven—went all over it, noting things for lecture to the Academy girls on Saturday. Then a nice half-hour in a toy-shop, buying toys for the cabman's daughter [Miss Greenaway's little model]—kaleidoscope, magnetic fish, and skipping rope. Out to Holloway—sate for my portrait to K. G.[2]—cabman's daughter at four—had tea, muffins, magnetic fishing, skipping, and a game at marbles. Back across town to Sanger's Amphitheatre over Westminster Bridge. Saw pretty girl ride *haute école*, and beginning of pantomime, but pantomime too stupid; so I came away at half-past ten, walked a mile homewards in the moonlight—shower coming on took cab up the hill, and had pretty —— to boil eggs for my supper.
>
> "I really shall be rather sorry to leave town; but there's something to be said for the country, too. . . .
>
> "Please find a catalogue of 108 or 110 minerals, written by me, of my case at the British Museum. You'll easily guess which it is among the MSS. in top drawer of study book-case, west side, farthest from fire. I want it here by Monday, for I'm going on Tuesday to have a long day at the case. They're going to exhibit the two diamonds and ruby on loan,[3] the first time they've done so.

[1] See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 95, § 9 (Vol. XXIX. p. 500).
[2] This portrait was never completed.
[3] He ultimately presented them: see Vol. XXVI. p. lv.

"I had rather a day of it yesterday. Out at half-past ten, to china-shop in Grosvenor Place and glass-shop in Palace Road. Bought coffee- and tea-cups for Academy girls to-morrow, and a blue bottle for myself. Then to Boehm's, and ordered twelve medallions: flattest bas-relief size-of-life profiles, chosen British types—six men and six girls. Then to Kensington Museum, and made notes for to-morrow's lecture. Then to British Museum, and worked for two hours arranging agates. Then into city, and heard Mr. Gale's lecture on British Sports at London Institution. Then home to supper, and exhibited crockery and read my letters before going to bed.

"But I'm rather sleepy this afternoon—however, I'm going to the Princess's to see *Claudian*[1] (by the actor's request)—hope I shan't fall asleep.

"What *is* the world coming to? *I wish I could stay to see!*"

He had recovered his strength, but he was spending it fast. He enjoyed the pursuit, but it sometimes left him breathless. "Quite bright always," he wrote in the diary (May 26); "I wonderfully well, and slept well; but to-day trembling and nervous with too much on my mind—all pleasant; but Minerals, Turner's life, the Saints, and Oxford Lectures, with instant *Proserpina* — five subjects, like this, ↘ ↓ ↙ / ↑ with poor me in the middle." He was sixty-five, but he was still up at sunrise in the mornings; and St. Sebastian called only for more arrows! "Bolton [Turner's drawing] so bright in last night's sunset! What shall I do," he asks himself (June 29), "with all my powers and havings, still left?" Why, launch out on new work, to be sure! "Planned more work on pretty things" (July 2). "Planned much this morning (July 12)—Grammar of Adamant, Grammar of Sapphire, Grammar of Flint, Grammar of Ice."[2] He had pleasant visitors in the later summer—Mrs. La Touche, again, and Professor Norton, and Mrs. Burne-Jones, with her daughter, and Mr. Fletcher, keeper of the minerals at the British Museum. Jowett, too, then Vice-Chancellor of the University, came to stay. Jowett's appreciation of his host has already been cited,[3] and the pleasure was mutual. "Vice-Chancellor came yesterday," he notes (September 10)—"very nice;" and again (September 12), "Yesterday most pleasant walk with Vice-Chancellor." But, meanwhile, his lectures for the ensuing term

[1] See Vol. XXXIV.
[2] See Vol. XXVI.
[3] Vol. XVIII. pp. lx.-lxi.

at Oxford were in arrear, and this was to be a cause of much trouble in the immediate future.

Of the manner and reception of his earlier Oxford lectures, an account has been given in an earlier volume. The lectures of his second professorship excited even greater interest in the University. The notices reprinted from the *University Gazette* in the Bibliographical Note (p. 259) show that Ruskin's re-election to the professorship was expected to draw large audiences to his lecture-room. And so it proved to be. There were overflowing audiences, and the lectures were largely reported in the press.[1] The first course—on *The Art of England*—had been carefully written; it was indeed from the text already printed that he read the lectures; in their delivery he allowed himself comparatively few extempore asides, and the lectures were restrained in tone and closely restricted in scope. With the second course, which he entitled *The Pleasures of England*, it all went very differently; and as the lectures proceeded, the strain of lecturing without full preparation, the controversial nature of the thoughts in his mind, the stimulus of the crowded lecture-room, the remonstrances of his friends, and some disputes then current in the University, combined to work Ruskin up into a dangerous state of excitement.

During the term at Oxford, sufficiently exciting in itself, Ruskin made occasional visits to London. He breakfasted sometimes with Leighton, with whom he was co-operating in the collection of drawings by Turner, with which the new water-colour gallery at the Royal Academy was to be opened at the forthcoming "Old Masters" exhibition. Some correspondence on this subject will be found in a

[1] An account of one of the lectures gives a vivid idea of the impression made by them on Ruskin's more emotional hearers: "A lecture theatre crowded from floor to ceiling by an audience unusually representative; youth and maiden, matron and scholar, artist and scientist, all pressed shoulder to shoulder, listening with a hushed intensity almost trance-like; their common gaze focussed upon the gracious, stooping figure of the lecturer—who, golden-voiced, with flowing gown flung back from eager, nervous hands, hands ever moving in suppressed gesticulation, stood in the waning sunshine of that wintry afternoon telling us brave things of art in this our England. There was no pomp of rhetoric, no throwing down of controversy's glove; the quiet voice, almost monotonous, in measured cadence, held the attention by virtue of its message, not by means of any varied or dramatic inflection. And even as his voice held heart and mind, so were our eyes rested and refreshed by his presence—that dignified, gentle presence, so worthy of all reverence in its unfailing courtesy and crystalline earnestness. There remained but few words of the lecture, but who that heard those closing words, spoken in triumphant sincerity, will ever forget them? . . . The grave benedictory voice died away into an unbroken silence. Then a girl, sitting hand in hand with her lover, gave a little sob, and the great audience loosed its pent-up enthusiasm." ("Happy Memories of John Ruskin," by L. Allen Harker, in *The Puritan*, May 1900.) Another account to like effect was printed in *The Review of the Week*, March 29, 1901.

later volume. Ruskin also, during these visits to London, saw much of Froude, whose Life of Carlyle had just been completed. The feud between two of his friends which raged in this connexion was a source of much distress to Ruskin; his sympathies were on the whole, as we shall see from correspondence in a later volume, with Froude and not with Professor Norton.

The crush on the occasion of the second course was as great as before. A letter, written to a girl who had asked for a ticket, has been published, which is typical of Ruskin's pretty way of saying things:—

> "I wonder if you're little enough to go in my breast pocket! I don't in the least know how else to get you in. For I've made a Medo-Persic-Arabic-Moorish-Turkish law that no strangers nor pilgrims are to get into the lectures at all, but only Oxford residents, and even so they can't all get in that want to. Look here, the first lecture, which is next Saturday, will be rather dull, but if you could come on Saturday the 25th, I would take you in myself under my gown, and get you into a corner."[1]

The scope of this second course was very wide, being nothing less than a sketch of the tendencies of national life and character as shown in "The Pleasures of England" during centuries of her history. There was here nothing to check the range of his discursiveness, or restrain the violence of his feelings, and he let himself go freely. The first two lectures were in type before the course began, and in these the line of thought was clear. Two more, which had not been completely written, were yet prepared, though the asides became more and more frequent. He allowed himself greater license in colloquial banter even than was usual with him in his Oxford lectures. The digressions and interpolations sometimes contained passages of serious and telling eloquence. I remember one such in the lecture on "The Pleasures of Faith," when he turned aside from his manuscript notes to refer to General Gordon as a Latter-day Saint whose life still illustrates the age of faith. We are too much in the habit, he had been saying, of "supposing that temporal success is owing either to worldly chance or to worldly prudence, and is never granted in any visible relation to states of religious temper"—as if the whole story of the world, read in the light of Christian faith, did not show "a vividly real yet miraculous tenour" in the contrary direction! "But what need," Ruskin broke off to say, "to go back to the story

[1] "Happy Memories of John Ruskin," as cited above.

of the world when you can see the same evidence in the history of to-day—in the lives and characters of men like Havelock and Gordon?"[1] Often, too, he would lay aside his manuscript at some important point, and giving free play to his feelings, drive it home in burning passages of extempore irony. But at other times there was a lack of restraint.

He was behindhand, as I have said, with the preparation of his lectures, and sometimes he could not even get through the regulation hour by Charles Lamb's expedient of making up for beginning late by ending early. I remember one occasion during the course when he found some difficulty in eking out the time, even with the help of copious extracts from himself and Carlyle; but he kept his audience in good humour by confessing to some "bad shots" in previous lectures; by telling them that all pretty girls were angels; by abusing "the beastly hooter" that woke them every morning, and assuring them that, in spite of appearances, he "really was not humbugging them."

The popularity of the lectures, the applause, the excitement, were in no way diminished—perhaps, as an undergraduate audience is not the most judicious in the world, they were rather increased—by the great man's vagaries. This encouraged Ruskin to discard the work of preparation, and to trust more and more to improvisation. "Lecture fluent," he notes in his diary (November 18), "but very forgetful." At the same time the topics were becoming more and more disturbing to his equanimity. The lecture on "Protestantism" had not been much prepared, but the delivery of it—as might be expected from the subject—caused great stir in his audience; there was a strong contingent of Catholics present, and they cheered loudly the winged words of their fiery ally. Ruskin had always been fond of spicing his lectures with surprise-packets in the matter of illustrations. The little jest in this kind with which he ended the lecture on "Protestantism" created, if much amusement among the undergraduates, yet amazement and scandal among their grave and reverend seniors. Carpaccio's St. Ursula had been shown as "a type of Catholic witness." What, he went on to ask, shall be the types and emblems to represent the spirit of Protestantism? Amidst breathless excitement the Professor proceeded to untie two pictures lying on the table before him. There are two aspects, he went on to say, of the Protestant spirit—the spirit when it is earnest, and the spirit when it is hypocritical. "This," he exclaimed, "is the earnest spirit;" and he showed to an audience, which held its sides, an enlargement of a pig by Bewick. "It is a good little pig,"

[1] For other references to Havelock and Gordon, see Vol. XXXI. p. 386 *n.*

he remarked patronisingly; "a pig which is alert and knows its own limited business. It has a clever snout, eminently adapted to dig up and worry things, and it stands erect and keen, with a knowing curl in its tail, on its own native dunghill." The hypocritical type was Mr. Stiggins, with his shabby gloves, and a concertina. The jest might have passed in the privacy of a class-room; but the lectures were reported in the London papers, and in leading articles a call was made for some kindly and benevolent veto to be placed upon "an academic farce."[1] The subjects of the next lectures had been announced as "The Pleasures of Sense" (Science) and "The Pleasures of Nonsense" (Atheism). Ruskin had let it be known among his friends that he meant to devote these discourses to lashing the men of science, and intervening in the discussion on vivisection, which was then agitating the University, in connexion with a proposal for a physiological laboratory. He was persuaded, sorely against his will, to cancel the lectures, and substitute others on less controversial topics. Various letters of his have been published in which he refers to the scientific party in the University intervening in panic to stop his mouth. "I have been thrown a week out in all my plans," he wrote to Miss Beever (December 1), "by having to write two new lectures, instead of those the University was frightened at. The scientists slink out of my way now, as if I was a mad dog."[2] And similarly to Miss Greenaway:—

> "*December* 1, 1884.—I've been in a hard battle here these eight weeks,—the atheistic scientists all against me, and the young men careless, and everything going wrong—so that I have had to fight with sadness and anger in all my work. My last lecture is to be given to-morrow, but I have been feeling more tired in this cold weather, and the correspondence is terrible. I have never a moment to draw or do anything I like—except throw myself on my bed and rest, or listen to any good music if I can get it quietly."[3]

It need not be supposed that Ruskin meant his remarks to be taken quite literally. In fact, the interposition had come not from opponents but from friends—such as Sir Henry Acland, Mr. Macdonald, and Jowett—and it was made in the interest of his own health, rather than in a desire to shield the scientists (atheistic or otherwise) from his assaults. His private conversation at this time betrayed high

[1] See especially a pungent article in *The World* of November 19, 1884, thus headed.

[2] *Hortus Inclusus*, p. 97 (ed. 3), reprinted in a later volume of this edition.

[3] *Kate Greenaway*, by M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard, p. 138 (No. 53).

mental tension, his behaviour was not free from eccentricity, and those to whose lot it fell to soothe him by music were not wholly successful. At this time Ruskin was much with Jowett, who "entertained him in his house with a watchful and almost tender courtesy," which left on those who saw the two men together "an indelible impression."[1] What his friends feared was that Ruskin might quite break down under a continuation of the strain. With the postponement—*sine die*, as it was destined to be—of the lectures on "Sense" and "Nonsense," the danger was past. That the danger existed is confessed by a good resolve registered three weeks later in his diary: "I must never stir out of quiet work more" (December 23). The last two of the substituted lectures — on "Birds" and "Landscape" respectively — were full of charm, and had a great success. "I gave my fourteenth and last for this year," he wrote to Miss Beever (December 1), "with vigour and effect, and am safe and well, *D.G.*" Two other addresses, however, he gave at Oxford. One was to the members of the St. George's Guild;[2] the other was at a meeting of the Anti-Vivisection Society on December 9; a report of his speech is contained in a later volume (XXXIV.).

On leaving Oxford, Ruskin went for a day or two to Cheltenham, and then to pay a long-promised visit to Farnley—partly in connexion with the loan of Turner drawings for the exhibition, referred to above. Mrs. Fawkes describes her guest as "seeming very worn and tired out," but full of interesting talk. From Farnley Ruskin returned to Brantwood, intending to complete the interrupted course at Oxford during the ensuing term. He first prepared for press the third and the fourth of the lectures already delivered, and these were duly published in February and April. He also was at work on the fifth of the lectures, and fully intended to write and deliver the sixth and the seventh. On March 10, however, "the vote endowing vivisection" was passed,[3] and Ruskin, in wrath and vexation of spirit, shook the dust of his feet off against the University for ever. The letter in which he conveyed his resignation to the Vice-Chancellor has never

[1] *Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett*, by Evelyn Abbott and Lewis Campbell, 1897, vol. ii. p. 75. To like effect, another observer: "The Master—of whom Ruskin always spoke as the 'sweetest of men'—was singularly happy in his influence, gently and imperceptibly leading the conversation away from dangerous or over-exciting topics, and directing his numerous enthusiasms into channels least likely to be disturbing to the peace of the University" ("Happy Memories of John Ruskin," by L. Allen Harker, in *The Puritan*, May 1900).

[2] Printed in Vol. XXX. p. 87.

[3] For some particulars on this subject, see Sir Henry Acland's Preface of 1893 to *The Oxford Museum*, in Vol. XVI. p. 237. The final circulars issued on the two sides (the one against the grant being signed by Ruskin), and a report of the debate and division, are in the *Times* of March 9 and 11, 1885.

seen the light, but Ruskin referred to it in a letter given below.[1] He resigned on March 22, and in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of April 21 it was suggested that Ruskin, in his sixty-seventh year, might well feel that the adequate discharge of the duties of the professorship were no longer compatible with "a just estimate of decline in the energy of advancing age,"[2] and that the resignation would give him leisure to complete his numerous books in the press and to write his autobiography. Four days later the following letter from him appeared in the same newspaper:[3]—

"Brantwood, *April* 24 [1885].

"Sir,—By mischance I have not till to-day seen your kindly-meant paragraphs on my resignation of the Slade Professorship at Oxford. Yet, permit me at once to correct the impression under which they were written. Whatever may be my failure in energy or ability, the best I could yet do was wholly at the service of Oxford; nor would any other designs, or supposed duties, have interfered for a moment with the perfectly manifest duty of teaching in Oxford as much art as she gave her students time to learn. I meant to die in my harness there, and my resignation was placed in the Vice-Chancellor's hands on the Monday following the vote endowing vivisection in the University, solely in consequence of that vote, with distinct statement to the Vice-Chancellor, intended to be read in Convocation, of its being so. This statement I repeated in a letter intended for publication in the *University Gazette*, and sent to its office a fortnight since. Neither of these letters, so far as I know, has yet been made public. It is sufficient proof, however, how far it was contrary to my purpose to retire from the Slade Professorship that I applied in March of last year for a grant to build a well-lighted room for the undergraduates, apart from the obscure and inconvenient Ruskin school; and to purchase for its furniture the two Yorkshire drawings by Turner of Crook of Lune and Kirkby Lonsdale—grants instantly refused on the plea of the University's being in debt.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"John Ruskin."

A few weeks later I reverted to the subject in conversation with Ruskin, and he said oracularly, "Double motives are very useful things;

[1] See also, in a later volume, a letter to Jowett of February 28, 1884.

[2] From the "Advice" of July 1882, issued with the list of his Works.

[3] From the *Pall Mall Gazette*, April 25, 1885. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, December 1890, vol. ii. p. 103; and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 116.

you can do a thing for two that you couldn't for one;" and it is difficult to say which had had the most weight with him, the University's refusal of what he had wanted, or its concession of what he disapproved. He had already in another way visited upon the University its sin, if such it were, in refusing to add any more drawings by Turner to its collections. By a will dated October 23, 1883, he had bequeathed to the Bodleian Library his books, his portrait of the Doge Andrea Gritti by Titian, and the choicest of his Turner drawings. On June 4, 1884, he revoked this bequest. He never set foot in Oxford again.[1]

The severance of his connexion with Oxford left Ruskin free for other work, more especially for the writing of *Præterita;* but with this a new chapter in his life begins, which must be reserved for a later Introduction. Here I pass to some detailed notice of the several books contained in the present volume.

"THE BIBLE OF AMIENS"

The Bible of Amiens, which stands first in the volume, is one of the most popular of Ruskin's later writings—as the account in the Bibliographical Note (pp. 5–17) of its numerous editions sufficiently shows. It owes some of its circulation to use as a guide-book; but it is much more than that, being, as I shall presently suggest, one of the central books in Ruskin's gospel. As a guide-book, indeed, *The Bible of Amiens* is obviously fragmentary, and the visitor to Amiens will readily find other books, both large and small, which cover the descriptive and explanatory ground more fully,[2] though none which will take him more faithfully to the heart of the matter. Ruskin's treatment of the subject is at once more comprehensive, and less complete,

[1] Two years after resigning his Professorship in 1885, he removed from his Drawing School at Oxford a large number of drawings and pictures: see Vol. XXI. p. 307.

[2] Ruskin refers to, and quotes from, three guide-books which may still be consulted: Gilbert's *Description Historique*, 1833 (see p. 134 *n.*); Rozé's little *Visite*, 1877 (see p. 133); and Jourdain et Duval's *Stalles et les Clôtures*, 1867 (see p. 127 *n.*). This latter book is now difficult to obtain; but all other descriptions of the cathedral are now superseded by the elaborate and sumptuously illustrated *Monographie*, in 2 volumes, 1901, by Georges Durand (see p. 141 *n.*). From it M. Durand has abstracted a capital little *Description Abrégée* (Amiens, 1904). Readers who desire to make a comparative study of the iconography in various French cathedrals may be referred to an interesting and well-illustrated book by M. Émile Mâle, entitled *L'Art Réligieux du XIIIe Siecle* (1902). I am indebted for acquaintance with this book, as for one or two notes in the present volume, to M. Marcel Proust's annotated French translation of *The Bible of Amiens* (see p. 15).

than any which may be found elsewhere; and it may be useful, at the outset, to indicate the scope and purpose of the book.

Ruskin's title is, as usual, a sufficient clue to his purpose. *The Bible of Amiens*, it will be noticed, was a sub-title, the principal one being *Our Fathers have Told Us*, which again was explained as indicating "Sketches of the History of Christendom for boys and girls who have been held at its fonts." *The Bible of Amiens* will not be read aright unless it be recognised as one of an intended series which was to deal successively with various local divisions of Christian History, and was to gather "towards their close, into united illustration of the power of the Church in the thirteenth century."[1] *The Bible of Amiens*, it has been well said,[2] "was to be to the *Seven Lamps* what *St. Mark's Rest* was to *Stones of Venice*." As in *St. Mark's Rest* the object was to tell some chapters of "the History of Venice for the help of the few travellers who still care for her monuments"[3]—the monuments described in the *Stones*—so was *The Bible of Amiens* to tell some passages of early Christian history, in order to illustrate the spirit which lit the Lamps of Christian Architecture. At first sight *The Bible of Amiens* seems a somewhat chaotic book. We start at Amiens itself; but before we find ourselves in front of the cathedral again, we have been taken upon journeys "Under the Drachenfels" and over a considerable portion of northern Europe as well, not without some excursion to southern lands, and have made acquaintance with "The Lion Tamer," St. Jerome. There is a sentence in the final chapter of the book which gives the meaning of these excursions into seemingly foreign fields. "Who built it?" asks Ruskin, as he bids us look up to "the Parthenon of Gothic Architecture." "God, and Man," he tells us, "is the first and most true answer. The stars in their courses built it, and the Nations. Greek Athena labours here—and Roman Father Jove, and Guardian Mars. The Gaul labours here, and the Frank: knightly Norman,—mighty Ostrogoth,—and wasted anchorite of Idumea."[4]

The object of his chapters is, then, to trace in broad outline the history and the beliefs of the men and nations whose genius found expression in an exemplary work of perfect art. Taking the Cathedral of Amiens as the representative work of the Franks, he shows us first the state of the country in heathen days (i. § 6). Then he describes

[1] See the Plan of the series included in the book; below, p. 186.
[2] W. G. Collingwood's *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 357.
[3] The sub-title of *St. Mark's Rest* (Vol. XXIV.).
[4] Ch. iv. § 12 (p. 131).

the coming, the preaching, and the martyrdom of St. Firmin—as they are told on the sculptures of the choir (§§ 7, 8). The little chapel raised over the body of the Saint at St. Acheul, near to Amiens, was "the first cathedral of the French nation," and Amiens itself became the first capital of the Franks in France (§§ 8, 9).

The story of the conversion of Clovis, the Frankish king, and the rise of his kingdom are next passed in rapid review (§§ 10–21), and then we are taken back to the legends of St. Martin (§§ 22–31), which also it is needful to know in reading the sculptures of the cathedral. The "history of Christendom" which Ruskin desires to tell is that of its faiths and its virtues; and for insight into these, the Christian legends are a clue: "whether these things ever were so" is immaterial; what matters is the fact that they were believed (§§ 17–19, 23, 25).

The second chapter ("Under the Drachenfels") begins with the story of St. Geneviève (§§ 1–7), and passes to the history of the Franks, describing their home in the heart of the mountainous region stretching eastward from the Drachenfels (§§ 8–26); and their national characteristics (§§ 16, 27–48). Then the story of Clovis is resumed, and is brought into relation with St. Geneviève (§§ 49–55). The gist of the chapter is its sketch of the Frank character; the arrangement, as Ruskin himself remarks, is somewhat devious (§ 39).

The remark applies not less to the third chapter ("The Lion Tamer"). The fact that the book was published in Parts, at considerable intervals of time, and Ruskin's habit of spreading his material over many books, leave their marks very plainly, I think, on *The Bible of Amiens*. Thus, in the present instance, this Chapter iii. would be clearer if it had been combined, in its bird's-eye views of the early Christianised empire, with the similar sketch in *Candida Casa;* and in its discussion of monasticism, with parts of *Valle Crucis* and one of Ruskin's essays in *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*.[1] What Ruskin lacked, said Matthew Arnold, was "the *ordo concatenatioque veri*."[2] I doubt the justice of the criticism in the larger sense implied by the word *veri;* substitute *rerum*, and the criticism is true, especially of his later books, written in broken health. Yet there is throughout *The Bible of Amiens* a clear and a consistent purpose, and this Chapter iii. is essential to it. Who built the Cathedral of Amiens? The faith of the Frank (Ch. ii.) and the labours of the "wasted anchorite of Idumea," through whom "the

[1] See Vol. XXXII. pp. 116–125.
[2] *Letters of Matthew Arnold,* 1895, vol. i. p. 51.

Bible became the library of Europe" (§ 36)—the library of Europe, presented everywhere to the Church as of common authority (§ 39), and everywhere inscribed on the stones of its buildings. "The Life, and Gospel, and Power of it, are all written in the mighty works of its true believers: in Normandy and Sicily, on river islets of France and in the river glens of England, on the rocks of Orvieto, and by the sands of Arno. But of all, the simplest, completest, and most authoritative in its lessons to the active mind of North Europe, is this on the foundation stones of Amiens" (Ch. iv. § 57).

This passage brings us to the point in which Ruskin's description of the Cathedral of Amiens (Ch. iv.) is, as I said, less complete than those which may be found elsewhere. He does, indeed, glance at many of its features, and always in a most suggestive way. His insistence upon the purity of its Gothic (§ 2) served as the starting-point for Mr. Pater's essay on the cathedral.[1] Ruskin's remarks upon the economy of means by which the effect of size was attained by the builders (§ 9) is a happy illustration of a passage in the *Seven Lamps*.[2] Let your building, he there says, "be well gathered together"; for "those buildings seem on the whole the vastest which have been gathered up into a mighty square, and which look as if they had been measured by the angel's rod, 'the length, and the breadth, and the height of it are equal.'" The words must have occurred to many a traveller as on leaving Amiens he has seen the cathedral gather itself into an increasing mass as it recedes from view. Ruskin's description, again, of the wood-carvings of the choir (§ 5) catches in a few lines the very spirit of the wonderful work. To the choir-screen, partly described in Chapter i., he did not revert; a modern writer, it will be remembered, has made it the subject of an interesting chapter.[3] Upon one part of the cathedral, the south door, Ruskin did not here enter, because he had described it already in an earlier book;[4] others he left alone, perhaps because their destruction by restoration was too painful a subject.[5] But his reason for concentrating attention on the quatrefoils of the western façade was that in them is "the series of sculpture in illustration of Apostolic and Prophetic teaching which constitutes what I mean by the 'Bible' of Amiens" (p. 161). It is to them, therefore, that Chapter iv. ("Interpretations") is mainly devoted.

[1] See his *Miscellaneous Studies*, p. 105: "The greatest and purest of Gothic churches, Notre-Dame d'Amiens," etc.
[2] Ch. iii. § 8 (Vol. VIII. p. 108).
[3] *La Cathédrale*, by M. Huysmans, ch. xiii.
[4] *Two Paths*, Vol. XVI. pp. 281, 355–357.
[5] See below, p. 141.

In *The Bible of Amiens* we may find, I think, the final phase, and the central truth, of Ruskin's religious views. The evangelical phase was long passed, and more and more indeed he had come to revolt against narrowness and self-sufficiency in creed. But he had passed also through the phase of rationalism and doubt. For some years, as we have already seen,[1] he had asked his readers to note a more distinctively Christian tone in his teaching. It was, in one sense, a more "Catholic tone." In his *Letters to the Clergy* (1879)[2] he had deplored the changes of the liturgy in the English Book of Common Prayer; he paid more and more attention to the saints and martyrs of mediæval Christendom. It was his friendship with Cardinal Manning, perhaps, that suggested the rumour of his impending reception into the Church of Rome. One letter (1887) in which he denied this very emphatically has been given already;[3] another (1888) will be found in a later volume.[4] A passage from this later letter, in which he explains "the breadth of his communion," should be connected with some words in *The Bible of Amiens*. "I gladly take," he wrote to his correspondent, "the bread, water, wine, or meat of the Lord's Supper with members of my own family or nation who obey Him, and should be equally sure it was His giving, if I were myself worthy to receive it, whether the intermediate mortal hand were the Pope's, the Queen's, or a hedge-side gipsy's." The words throw light on what he says in this book:[5] "All differences of Church put aside, the words 'except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood ye have no life in you' remain in their mystery, to be understood only by those who have learned the sacredness of food, in all times and places, and the laws of life and spirit, dependent on its acceptance, refusal, and distribution." On its acceptance, in the spirit of Longfellow's lines:[6]—

> "A holy family, that makes
> Each meal a Supper of the Lord;"

on its refusal, in a double sense—Ruskin's meaning being, on the one side, that he who refuses "the good gifts of God" shuts himself off from an intended use, and, on the other side, that all immoderate indulgence must be refused both as harmful to the individual and

[1] Vol. XXIII. p. xlvi.
[2] Vol. XXXIV.
[3] Vol. XXIX. p. 92.
[4] In *Arrows of the Chace*, Vol. XXXIV. (No. 142 of the letters in *Ruskiniana*).
[5] See p. 154.
[6] *The Golden Legend*.

as wrongful to others; and thus, lastly, on its distribution, in the spirit of Lowell's lines:[1]—

> "The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
> In whatso we share with another's need."

Here are two aspects of Ruskin's religion, and their point of contact with his social and economic teaching. "All true Christianity," he says in his ninth Letter on the Lord's Prayer, "is known, as its Master was, in breaking of bread, and all false Christianity in stealing it. Let the clergyman only apply—with impartial and level sweep—to his congregation the great pastoral order: 'The man that will not work, neither should he eat': and be resolute in requiring each member of his flock to tell him *what*—day by day—they do to earn their dinners;—and he will find an entirely new view of life and its sacraments open upon him and them."[2] He believed intensely that "every good gift and perfect gift is from above,"[3] and he had little sympathy with the ascetic ideal, which would renounce them. But he believed no less intensely, with his "dear friend and teacher,"[4] Lowell, that faith without works was dead. If his communion was thus broad, so also was his creed. He believed in the universality of inspiration; he attributed it to "the whole body of believers, in so far as they are partakers of the Grace of Christ, the Love of God, and the Fellowship of the Holy Ghost" (p. 115). He believed also in what theologians call, I think, "continuous" or "developing" inspiration; his desire was that his writings should "be found by an attentive reader to bind themselves together into a general system of interpretation of sacred literature,—both classic and Christian, which will enable him without injustice to sympathise in the faiths of candid and generous souls, of every age and every clime" (p. 119). He states no precise dogmas, but in the beautiful passage which closes *The Bible of Amiens* he defines what was to him the substance of religion, and throughout its pages, and those of his other later works, he insists on the revelation of the Divine Spirit as the fact which gives the clue to history, meaning to life, and hope for the future.

The *illustrations* to *The Bible of Amiens* are in this edition very numerous. They fall into three categories. *First*, the Plates which Ruskin included in the book. The *frontispiece* to the volume is that

[1] *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, ii. 8.
[2] Vol. XXXIV.
[3] James i. 17. See Vol. XIX. p. 32, Vol. XXII. p. 435.
[4] Vol. VII. p. 451.

which he used as frontispiece to the book. It is perhaps not without significance, in connexion with foregoing remarks, that he chose as frontispiece to the first volume in a series of sketches of Christian History a picture—Cimabue's—of the Madonna. "After the most careful examination," he writes elsewhere,[1] "neither as adversary nor as friend, of the influences of Catholicism for good and evil, I am persuaded that the worship of the Madonna has been one of its noblest and most vital graces. . . . There has probably not been an innocent cottage home throughout the length and breadth of Europe during the period of vital Christianity, in which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties, and comfort to the sorest trials of the lives of women." The engraving from Ruskin's study of Cimabue's Madonna was given, further, in illustration of his discussion of successive types (see p. 165). Another engraving (Plate II.) was from a drawing of Amiens Cathedral seen from the river, which Ruskin made in 1880. His drawing of the northernmost of the three Western Porches (Plate XI.) is of special interest, as having been made in 1856, before the restoration of the façade. A comparison of it with the photogravure of the restored façade (Plate X.) will show how ruthless was the process of reducing the front to complete regularity. In previous editions of the book, Ruskin's drawing has been represented by Mr. Allen's engraving of it. The steel-plate was found, however, to be too much worn to give a satisfactory result; and a photogravure direct from the drawing (at Oxford[2]) has been substituted. The other Plates included in the earlier editions were the Historical Maps of "The Dynasties of France" (VI.) and the Plan of the Western Porches (XII.).

Secondly, this edition includes 23 Plates, containing the photographs which Ruskin had taken, and which he placed on sale, to illustrate the book. There were in all twenty-six of these, as shown in his Appendix II. (below, p. 178). The first (not there included in the numbered series) was of four scenes from the Life of St. Firmin (Plate IV.). Then came the twenty-one numbered photographs of details of the sculpture on the West Front. Of these, Nos. 1–3 are now given together (Plate XIII.). Nos. 4–21 were of the quatrefoils; these are reproduced on Plates XIV. to XXXI. No. 22 was a general view of the Western Porches (Plate X.). No. 23 was of "The Porch of St. Honoré": this has been given in *The Two Paths*, where the porch is

[1] *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 41 (1874): Vol. XXVIII. p. 82.

[2] Educational Series, No. 51. Ruskin's note upon the old front, now "replaced by a modern design," should be consulted: Vol. XXI. p. 121.

described.[1] No. 24—a view of "The South Transept and Flèche"—is on Plate VIII.; and No. 25—"General View of the Cathedral from the other bank of the Somme"—is on Plate III. In order that the reader may readily be able to find any particular quatrefoil, references to the Plates in the present volume have been added to Ruskin's Index Lists (pp. 179–185).

Thirdly, three other illustrations have been added. One is a steel-engraving (Plate V.) which Ruskin had executed from drawings made for him in 1880 by Mr. Frank Randal, and which he entitled "The Two Dogs"; the dogs occur in the series of sculptures of the Life of St. Firmin (see below, p. 30 *n.*). Another additional Plate (VII.) is from a photograph of part of the choir stalls; while the third (IX.) is a steel-engraving which was made for Ruskin of the Madonna over the South Door.

The *text* of the book is unchanged in this edition, except that a few revisions, noted by Ruskin in his own copies of the book,[2] have been made, and that some misprints—occasionally rather disconcerting to the sense[3]—have been corrected. Particulars on this matter are given in the Bibliographical Note.

The *manuscript* of the greater part of *The Bible of Amiens* is preserved at Brantwood. This MS. includes of *The Bible of Amiens*, the Preface; Ch. i. §§ 1–33; of Chapter ii., a first draft of §§ 8–36, and a fair copy of §§ 8–28: this shows many variations from the printed text, portions of the fair copy having ultimately been transferred to § 10 of Ch. iii. and to §§ 20, 22, 23 of *Candida Casa;* of Ch. iv. §§ 1–33, notes for §§ 34–47, and then §§ 48 to the end. Of Ch. iii. (originally entitled by Ruskin "Monte Cassino") there are only some rough notes. A few additional passages from the MS. are now given as footnotes (see pp. 96, 108, 146); and a page of it is reproduced in *facsimile* (p. 122).

"VALLE CRUCIS"

The Bible of Amiens was, as we have seen, the first Part in a projected series of Studies in Christian History and Architecture. Ruskin's scheme for the series, printed in this volume (p. 186), is very attractive, and of his many Unwritten Books this is perhaps the most to be

[1] Plate XVI. in Vol. XVI. (p. 356).

[2] A copy of chapter ii. slightly revised by the author is in the Ruskin Museum at Coniston.

[3] See pp. 35, 65 *nn.*

regretted. In successive volumes he was to deal with (2) Verona, (3) Rome, (4) Pisa, (5) Florence, (6) the Monastic Architecture of England and Wales, (7) Chartres, (8) Rouen, (9) Lucerne, and (10) Geneva. The titles selected for the volumes give tantalising foretaste of the glamour of historical and poetical association which Ruskin threw over his subjects—the "Ponte della Pietra," for Verona, the bridge which had carried the march alike of Roman armies and of Theodoric the Goth; "Ara Cœli," for Rome, a church full of associations in Ruskin's mind, as we shall see; "Ponte-a-Mare," for Pisa, the bridge built in the fourteenth century, "never more to be seen by living eyes";[1] the "Ponte Vecchio," for Florence; "Valle Crucis," for the monasteries of England and Wales; "the Springs of Eure," for Chartres and its cathedral—the church which he most admired; for Rouen, "Domrémy," in whose forests the Maid of Orleans learnt her woodnotes wild;[2] for the pastoral forms of Catholicism, "The Bay of Uri," so beautiful in Turner's drawings and Ruskin's description;[3] and for the pastoral Protestantism of Savoy, "The Bells of Cluse"—the bells from the towers of Maglans, whose harmonious chime once "filled the whole valley with sweet sound,"[4] "the sound of church bells, that peculiar creation of mediæval age, which falls upon the ear like the echo of a vanished world."[5] The list of titles is as of the chapters in Ruskin's life and studies which comprise his deepest associations and fondest thoughts. The books were, too, to have been largely illustrated. He had by him many drawings of his own which would have found place in the series, and his Museum at Sheffield is rich in records which St. George's artists had made under his directions.[6] He mentions, in an essay of 1887, that his assistant Arthur Burgess had been "employed at Rouen in directing the photography for which I had obtained permission to erect scaffolding before the north gate of the west front";[7] and he "hoped with his help to carry out the design of *Our Fathers have Told Us*."[8] He hoped, too, to issue coloured outlines of painted glass windows.[9] But these plans, of which the realisation might have occupied many years of his fullest working life, were destined, in the

[1] *Val d'Arno*, § 282 (Vol. XXIII. p. 165).
[2] See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 8 (Vol. XXVII. p. 138), and compare *Sesame and Lilies*, § 82 (Vol. XVIII. p. 133).
[3] See *Modern Painters*, vol. v. (Vol. VII. p. 144).
[4] See *Deucalion*, i. ch. v. ("The Valley of Cluse"): Vol. XXVI. p. 151.
[5] Froude's *History of England*, ch. i.
[6] See Vol. XXX.
[7] See Plate IX. in Vol. XXX. (p. 189).
[8] Vol. XIV. pp. 355–356.
[9] See (in a later volume of this edition) a letter of December 4, 1881, to the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe.

actual circumstances of his broken health and scattered energies, to remain only a beautiful dream.[1]

Some little contribution towards its realisation Ruskin did, however, succeed in making, and it is this which forms the Second Part in the present volume.

First are some pages for *Ara Cæli*, the intended Third Part of *Our Fathers have Told Us*. The pages were to have come in the second chapter of the book, which chapter Ruskin had hoped to have ready for publication in 1884.[2] The pressure of his Oxford work in that year, and illness in the year succeeding, prevented this purpose. The chapter, so far as Ruskin had prepared it for press, is now printed for the first time (pp. 192–202); I have prefixed some introductory remarks (p. 191) to explain the place and significance of *Ara Cæli* in Ruskin's scheme.

The next chapters were intended for *Valle Crucis*, the Sixth Part of *Our Fathers*, which was to have dealt with the monastic architecture of England and Wales. The first chapter (pp. 205–226) is an introduction to a sketch of early Christianity, especially monastic Christianity, in Britain. It is entitled from "Candida Casa," the White House being the ancient name of Whithorn or Whitherne Abbey on the Solway, the famous foundation of St. Ninian in the fourth century, as Bede relates. The place had a personal interest for Ruskin as the home of one branch of his family. A female ancestor was a cousin of Sir Andrew Agnew, the last hereditary sheriff of Wigtownshire. Her grandson had been minister of Whithorn. In a later generation, Mr. George Agnew, father of Mrs. Arthur Severn, was hereditary sheriff-clerk of Wigtown. Ruskin, as we have seen (p. xlviii.), was at Whithorn in October 1883, and in the number of *Fors* written at the time he recorded some impressions of his visit.[3] He had some of the pages of *Candida Casa* set up in type, probably at about the same time, and he was at work upon them, as his diary shows, in April 1886, but he never completed the chapter, though his notes for it exist. The pages were published in 1894 as a chapter in *Verona and other Lectures*,[4] and the editor of that volume (Mr. Collingwood) constructed from Ruskin's notes the missing conclusion of the chapter; and it is here appended (p. 202) to Ruskin's text.

[1] Among the MSS. at Brantwood are some sheets on which he had begun to make notes from Gibbon and other sources under the several titles of his projected books.

[2] As he states in *Roadside Songs:* see Vol. XXXII. p. 119 *n.*

[3] Letter 92 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 450–451).

[4] See the Bibliographical Note in Vol. XIX. p. 427.

In the second chapter of *Valle Crucis*, Ruskin intended to recommence with the history of the Anglo-Saxon Church, but for this chapter there are no materials in completed form.

The third or fourth chapter[1] would have been the lecture on "Cistercian Architecture," already referred to (p. xlv.). A summary of this (by Mr. Wedderburn) had appeared, under that title, in the *Art Journal* of February 1883. Subsequently Ruskin set up in type the full text, and the lecture was referred to in Letter 93 (Christmas 1883) of *Fors* as "forthcoming."[2] It was not, however, published till 1894, when it appeared as Chapter v. in *Verona and other Lectures*, under a new title, "Mending the Sieve," with reference to the miracle of St. Benedict's ministry mentioned in § 11 (p. 236). It is this latter text—the text of the lecture as written—which is here given (pp. 227–249); but several passages from the report of the lecture as reported, and some others from the MS., are appended in footnotes (pp. 227, 228, 231, 233, 235, 242, 245, 246, 249).

The Plate (XXXII.) included in this Part of the present volume gives a Plan of the Abbey of St. Gall, adapted by Ruskin from Viollet-le-Duc's Dictionary of Architecture; it "may stand for the general plan of a Benedictine abbey of any place or time" (p. 241).

The *manuscript* of *Ara Cœli* is at Brantwood, now bound up in a volume containing other material for *Our Fathers have Told Us;* that of *Candida Casa* and *Mending the Sieve* is bound up separately in a volume (also at Brantwood) lettered *Valle Crucis.* Among the MSS. are an index to leading topics in Gibbon, which Ruskin made for his own use; tables of dates which he put together from other sources; notes on early British and French history, collected from various books; extracts from Palgrave's *Arabia;* and many other memoranda of a like kind.

"THE ART OF ENGLAND"

The lectures with which Ruskin inaugurated his second tenure of the Slade Professorship at Oxford were written under promise, as it were, of good behaviour. He struck this note in the first of them,

[1] So the notes suggest; but in the passage of *Fors* cited below Ruskin refers to the lecture on Cistercian Architecture as "the second forthcoming number of *Valle Crucis.*" His order of publication of Parts did not, however, always correspond with the ultimate arrangement.

[2] See Vol. XXIX. p. 475.

when he proceeded to relieve the minds of his audience from "unhappily too well-grounded panic," and to assure them that he had "no intention of making his art lectures any more one-half sermons" (p. 279). His message in that sort had, he felt, been delivered; "nor," he added, "have I any more either strength or passion to spare in matters capable of dispute." This self-denying ordinance was not, as we have already seen, kept in force for very long, but it governed the scope and tenour of the lectures which he delivered upon phases of English art in the nineteenth century. Eight years before, he had had the idea of writing "an entirely good-humoured sketch" of modern English painting; but the Academy Notes of 1875 hardly answered to this description; the object was more nearly attained, as has been remarked in an earlier volume,[1] in the present course of lectures.

Among his objects was to give "some permanently rational balance between the rhapsodies of praise and blame" which had been printed in connexion with the exhibition of Rossetti's works at the Royal Academy in the winter of 1883, and the tone which he adopted was throughout "advisedly courteous" (§ 192). Always urbane in private intercourse, Ruskin knew well—no writer perhaps better—how to be the same—when he chose—on paper; and these lectures are a principal example of his more polite and courtly style. Their felicity in praise, their adroitness—sometimes in selection, sometimes in reserve—their delicate touch—now of flattery, and now in censure—must, I think, strike every reader. To the friends, and to the friends of the friends, whose work Ruskin had occasion to notice, the lectures gave the liveliest pleasure. Mr. Holman Hunt wrote to Ruskin expressing in the most generous terms the help which he had derived from the praises of his friend. The lecture on Mr. Hunt's "Triumph of the Innocents" gave fresh confidence to the artist's patrons, and encouraged the artist himself to persevere with the completion both of the original design and of the second version painted from it.[2] Upon the work of Burne-Jones Ruskin did not, as we have seen (p. xlvi.), say within the necessary limits of time all that he had hoped; but the appreciation, as it stood, even in a compressed report in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, greatly pleased the artist's friends. "A spirit moves me," wrote Mr. Swinburne to his friend in the "palace of painting,"[3] "to write a line to you, not of congratulation (which would be indeed an absurd impertinence), on the admirable words which I have just read in this evening's paper's

[1] Vol. XIV. pp. xxix.–xxx.
[2] See below, p. 277 *n.*
[3] See the "Dedication" in *Poems and Ballads*.

report of Ruskin's second Oxford lecture, but to tell you how glad I was to read them. If I may venture to say as much without presumption, I never did till now read anything in praise of your work that seemed to me really and perfectly apt and adequate. I do envy Ruskin the authority and the eloquence which give such weight and effect to his praise. It is just what I 'see in a glass darkly' that he brings out and lights up with the very best words possible; while we others (who cannot draw), like Shakespeare, have eyes for wonder but lack tongues to praise."[1]

Miss Kate Greenaway's delight in Ruskin's appreciation will be the more fully understood when the story of her friendship with him is told in a later volume. His appreciation of her work,[2] it may be remarked, was prior to the personal friendship, which in its turn was largely directed on his side to criticism and stimulus, as often hortatory and reproachful as complimentary. With Leighton's art, or rather with the directions in which for the most part he employed it, Ruskin had no special sympathy; the critic's tact, in only hinting disagreement and in selecting points for pleasant notice, must have appealed to one who was himself a master in these graceful arts—though, to be sure, Leighton was wont to paint in such matters with a fuller brush. To Ruskin's praise of his friend, Miss Alexander, sufficient notice has been called in the preceding volume.

Of the *manuscript* of *The Art of England*, several sheets are preserved at Brantwood. These contain of Lecture III., §§ 61–67; of Lecture V., §§ 124–131, 132–139, 144–147, 150–154; of Lecture VI., the latter part of § 157 and §§ 158 to nearly the end of 169; and of the Appendix, § 193 to the middle of § 204. A comparison of the MS. with the printed text shows much minor revision. A page of the MS. of Lecture III. is given in *facsimile* (p. 308).

The Plates illustrating *The Art of England* are for the first time introduced in this edition. The first (XXXIII.) is a photogravure of Holman Hunt's "Triumph of the Innocents." There are two principal pictures by the artist of this subject; that here reproduced is the completion of the one which was seen and described by Ruskin. The second (XXXIV.) is a photogravure of a drawing by Rossetti, described in the text, which was in Ruskin's collection.

[1] *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. p. 132.

[2] They had met shortly before the lecture; but in the lecture Ruskin was only formulating opinions previously formed.

The lecture on Burne-Jones is illustrated by a photogravure (XXXV.) of a pencil-study by the artist, in the Ruskin Drawing School at Oxford, for one of the Days of Creation—a series of designs referred to in the lecture (pp. 298, 303). Leighton is represented by a photogravure (XXXVIII.) of his pencil drawing of a Lemon Tree, which, as Ruskin mentions in the lecture, was for a while lent to him for exhibition at Oxford; it is here included through the kindness of Mr. S. Pepys Cockerell. The steel-plate (XXXIX.), "In Fairy Land," is a collection of figures by Miss Kate Greenaway, which were engraved for Ruskin by Mr. Roffe; they would have been used in *Fors Clavigera* had the Letters been carried further. Of the other two Plates, one (XXXVI.) is a *facsimile* of the beautiful design by Richter, described in the text (p. 300); the other (XXXVII.) is a photogravure from the copy (at Oxford) by Mr. Fairfax Murray of one of Botticelli's frescoes now in the Louvre. The copy is of particular interest as showing the fresco before the "restoration" to which it has now been subjected (pp. 313–314).

"THE PLEASURES OF ENGLAND"

The last book contained in this volume is unfortunately a fragment; the conditions and circumstances which caused *The Pleasures of England* to be interrupted have already been detailed. There are those who have regretted, with some bitterness, that "some of Ruskin's force which might have been spent in masterly analysis of mediæval aims and aspirations," was diverted by the interference of friends to "courteous tone of comment on contemporary work."[1] This is as it may be; but it is certainly much to be regretted that Ruskin never adequately fulfilled the scheme of these later lectures. Their intention was to tell in broad outline the history of the making of Christian England, and the theme was to be illustrated at each stage by reference to the arts of successive epochs, as reflecting and satisfying the popular instincts; hence, as Ruskin explains (§ 8), the title—*The Pleasures of*

[1] See an admirable appreciation of the book in the *Architectural Review* of December 1898. "The superb manner," says the writer ("H. R."), "in which the 1000 years are told, leaves one full of ungrateful but irresistible regrets that this is all we shall ever get now from his pen. I close the book—and the story of the battle of Civitella in the cadence of his utterance, wise, wilful, and tender, floats round my ears an aureole of memory. . . . His political economy—his biographies are his alone. The bits of history inlaid in his writings—in *Fors Clavigera* especially—can never be continued, will never be repeated. Ruskin stands with the poets."

England. The execution of this scheme, even as far as it was carried, is somewhat fragmentary, and the illustrative references to the arts of the time are less abundant than a reader could wish. It should be remembered, however, that at the actual lectures many photographs, drawings, and illuminated manuscripts were shown—now irrecoverable for purposes of reproduction.[1] A needful caution was interposed by Ruskin in an aside at one of the lectures: "rough generalizations of four centuries in so many minutes must not be understood without exceptions or taken *au pied de la lettre*."[2] The lectures, as revised by Ruskin for publication, are, however, full of suggestive insight into the heart, hopes, and fears of bygone times. They found a very sympathetic reader in Cardinal Manning, who told Ruskin that he had "read the four lectures with pleasure and delight." Ruskin's own verdict upon the lectures, when in course of preparation, was delivered to Professor Norton: "I'm pretty well forward with them,—but they're not up to my best work."[3]

The lectures as delivered differed a good deal from the finally printed text. Of the original lectures, it was my duty (without Ruskin's assistance, however) to prepare "digested plans," as he called them,[4] for the *Pall Mall Gazette.* Where these reports contain substantial variations from the lectures as published, footnotes are given to Ruskin's text (see, *e.g.*, pp. 462, 478, 481, 503). The report of the fifth lecture, which Ruskin did not include in the book, is added, with further passages from the MS. (pp. 505–510). He meant to

[1] See, for instance, Ruskin's own note at p. 476.

[2] From the report of the third lecture, *Studies in Ruskin,* p. 236.

[3] See in a later volume the letter of October 7, 1884.

[4] See his letter in the Bibliographical Note, p. 414. Some of the reports in the papers may well have caused confusion in the mind of readers. Thus Ruskin's reference to "Sir Herbert Edwardes," in connexion with British rule in India (§ 80), appeared in one report as "Prince Albert Edward." At other times, sarcastic comments were founded in the newspapers on mere failure to catch Ruskin's references. The *Saturday Review,* for instance, of October 25, 1884, made fun of Ruskin's "dark saying" about "three whale's cubs combined by boiling"; not remembering the passage in Carlyle, which the lecturer was quoting (see p. 426 *n.*). So, again, a heavily-sarcastic article in the *St. James's Gazette* (November 17, 1884) was founded on Ruskin's supposed selection of Goethe as "a representative Protestant." The *Gazette's* reporter had put down "Goethe" where Ruskin said "Gotthelf." Wiser people were sometimes equally at sea in their criticisms of Ruskin's lectures. Professor Freeman wrote (*Contemporary Review,* February 1891, vol. 59, p. 196): "Very soon after I came back to Oxford in 1884, I heard one of Mr. Ruskin's last lectures in the chair of Fine Art. He spoke of many things, amongst others the care which the mother of Theodoric the East-Goth took of her son's clothes." Freeman had got hold of the wrong end of the story, as the reader will see below (p. 434); and Ruskin's point is one of which Gibbon also makes much, but perhaps his offence was in saying "Ostrogoth" instead of "East-Goth."

publish the lecture, and his material for it is now included (pp. 510–520). This is fragmentary; consisting, apparently, of two alternative beginnings for the lecture, written either before the delivery of the actual lecture, or, at a later date, when he intended to publish it. The passages are, however, very characteristic of their author; especially in his insistence upon the principle that in history, as in art, things themselves should be studied, and not the corruptions of them (p. 518). Ruskin makes the same point elsewhere in this volume (pp. 24, 431). This is one of many instances in which (as already indicated above, p. lix.) the collocation in a single volume of closely allied studies by the author will, it is believed, enhance their interest.

The *manuscript* of §§ 1–22 of the first lecture of *The Pleasures of England*, and of § 33 of the second, is at Brantwood; some passages from it are added below the text (pp. 424, 425). There are also in the possession of Mr. J. H. Whitehouse, of Toynbee Hall, printed proofs of the first three lectures; a note from this is now given (p. 439).

The *illustration* is a reproduction, by chromo-lithography, reduced in scale, of a page in an Antiphonarie of 1290 (see p. 489).

FINAL OXFORD LECTURES

When the course upon *The Pleasures of England* was interrupted, Ruskin, as has already been said (p. liv.), substituted three other lectures. Reports of these are included in this volume—again from the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Studies in Ruskin*. For the preparation of the report of the lecture on "Birds," Ruskin lent me his MS. notes; while that on "Landscape" was revised by him.

E. T. C.

I

"OUR FATHERS HAVE TOLD US"

THE BIBLE OF AMIENS

(1880–1885)

"OUR FATHERS HAVE TOLD US"

SKETCHES OF

THE HISTORY OF CHRISTENDOM FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHO HAVE BEEN HELD AT ITS FONTS.

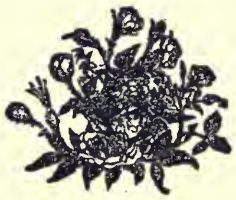
BY

JOHN RUSKIN,

HONORARY STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, HONORARY FELLOW OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, AND SLADE PROFESSOR OF FINE ART, OXFORD.

PART I.

THE BIBLE OF AMIENS.



GEORGE ALLEN,
SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.
1884.

[*Bibliographical Note.—The Bible of Amiens* was intended to be, and is described on the title-page as, Part I. of a series of sketches of Christian Art and History, entitled *Our Fathers have Told Us;* but no other Part was issued by Ruskin, though some chapters intended for the work were printed (see below, p. 190).

A lecture on "Amiens" was given by Ruskin at Eton College on Saturday, November 6, 1880. The minute-book of the Eton Literary and Scientific Society contains the following account of the lecture:—

> "On Saturday, November 6th, Professor Ruskin gave a most interesting lecture on 'Amiens.' After premising that, the written lecture not having arrived, he could hardly do justice to his subject (a prediction which was by no means realized), the lecturer described first the position held by Amiens in the Middle Ages, as the Venice of France, and proceeded to draw out the contrast between the thirteenth and nineteenth centuries, which 'the intelligent traveller sees so strongly marked nowadays in passing through the town in the shape of fifty black smoking chimneys, and in the midst a tall fair minaret, that does not smoke.' Then after dwelling for a little on the general features of the Cathedral, the lecturer passed on to describe the statues of the Apostles in the Central Porch of the West Front, each statue with its representative virtue and opposite vice below it. A sketch of the legend of St. Firmin, the patron saint of the place, next led to a stirring description of true martyrs. And then followed a description of some of the eventful mediæval history connected with the Cathedral, and especially the arbitration of St. Louis between Henry III. and his barons.[1] In conclusion, Mr. Ruskin spoke of the coinage of the earlier English kings and its various mottoes,[2] exhibiting in illustration a groat of Henry V. This coin he most kindly presented to the Literary Society to form a nucleus for a collection of English coins. He has also given to the School Library some beautiful photographs and a book illustrative of the stalls and carving in Amiens Cathedral. At the conclusion of the lecture the Head Master, who had kindly consented to take the chair, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Ruskin, which was carried by acclamation.
>
> "H. B. Smith, *Secretary.*"

This report is here reprinted from *The Bookman*, March 1900, pp. 175–176.

A shorter sketch of the lecture appeared in *The Eton College Chronicle*, December 9, 1880.

The Bible of Amiens has been published:—(1) in five separate octavo "Parts"; (2) in a collected volume; (3) in a smaller "Travellers' Edition" (Chapter iv. only).

[1] See below, p. 233.
[2] See Vol. XXX. pp. 268–277.

ISSUE IN PARTS

Part I., comprising Chapter i. and Preface.

First Edition (December 21, 1880).—The title-page of this Part was as follows:—

> "Our Fathers have Told Us." | Sketches of | the History of Christendom | for Boys and Girls | who have been held at its fonts. | By | John Ruskin, | Honorary Student of Christ Church, and Honorary Fellow of Corpus | Christi College, Oxford. | Part I.—The Bible of Amiens. | Chapter I.—By the Rivers of Waters. | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. | 1880.

Octavo, pp. vii. + 40. Issued (as also the subsequent Parts) in buff-coloured paper wrappers, with the title-page (enclosed in a plain double-ruled frame) repeated upon the front cover; the *Rose* being added above the publisher's imprint. 2000 copies. Price Tenpence.

In January 1881 the following "Advice" was issued, printed on one side of an octavo leaf:—

> "It is intended to issue this book in the same form as the original numbers of 'Fors,' with an illustration of some kind to each number, at the price of 'Fors'—viz., tenpence—with a French edition similarly at a franc in France.
>
> "The first number is, however, published without its illustration (Plate I.), that it may be in time for Christmas; two plates (map and plan) will be given with the second number, and probably some of the author's architectural studies as the work proceeds.
>
> "In connection with its issue, a series of illustrative photographs will be prepared and sold by Mr. Ward. The author has already given a commission at Amiens, for upwards of thirty plates, to be taken from the bas-reliefs of the Cathedral front, forming a series like that which he has already taken and illustrated from the Tower of Giotto; and he trusts that his final efforts (made under much difficulty and discouragement) to preserve some record of thirteenth-century sculpture may be at least so far encouraged by the public as to admit of their continuance without serious loss to himself. Profit in such undertakings cannot be looked for; nor, for special reason, does the author intend, from this work—text, plate, or photograph—himself to receive any."

The proposed French edition was never issued.

Second Edition (November 1883).—2000 copies. There were no alterations of the text in this edition; but the words "Second Edition" were added on the title-page of the Part, and the date was altered to "1883."

Third Edition (June 1893).—350 copies.

The sections (§§) of Chapter i. were not numbered in any of the above editions.

The next chapter issued (November 1881) was Chapter IV. in a separate Travellers' Edition: see below, p. 11.

Part II., comprising Chapter ii.

First Edition (December 1881).—The title-page was the same as that of Part I., except for the altered words "Chapter II.—Under the Drachenfels," and the date "1881."

Octavo, pp. 41–88. 2000 copies. Price Tenpence. The sections of this chapter were numbered.

With this Part the following circular was issued, printed on both sides of an octavo leaf:—

"'OUR FATHERS HAVE TOLD US'

ADVICE

The three chapters[1] of 'Our Fathers have Told Us,' now submitted to the public, are enough to show . . . [as now printed in Appendix III., p. 186] . . . united illustration of the power of the Church in the Thirteenth Century.

The next chapter, which I hope to issue soon after Christmas, completes the first part, descriptive of . . . [again as now printed on p. 186] . . . preparatory chapters.

One illustration at least will be given with each chapter,* . . . [again as on p. 187] . . . subscribers only.

Published by George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent: price Tenpence per chapter.

Carriage Paid to any place in the United Kingdom. Each Bookseller, Mr. Ruskin expects, will add such commission for his own profit as he may deem necessary.

Post Office Orders payable to George Allen at Chief Office, London. Cheques crossed Loudon and County Bank.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.—To save the inconvenience of small remittances, and ensure the delivery of each chapter as it appears, Mr. Allen will be glad to receive subscriptions in advance for at least one part (comprising four chapters). Should the work not be proceeded with, all balances of subscriptions will be returned.

Christmas 1881."

The notice was reprinted in March 1882, when the following note was added at the words "given with each chapter":—

* The first Plate for *The Bible of Amiens*, curiously enough, failed in the engraving; and I shall probably have to etch it myself. It will be issued with the fourth, in the full-size edition of the fourth chapter.

Second Edition (May 1885).—2000 copies. There were no alterations in the text.

With this Part was issued as frontispiece "Northern Porch before Restoration" (here Plate XI.).

[1] Viz., Chapters I. and II., and the separate Travellers' Edition of Chapter IV.

Part III., comprising Chapter iii.

First Edition (September 1882).—The title-page differed only in the words "Chapter III.—The Lion Tamer," and the date "1882."
Octavo, pp. 89–136. 2000 copies.

Second Edition (August 1885).—2000 copies. A few small alterations were made in the text; these are noted below (p. 16).
With this Part was issued as frontispiece "Amiens: Jour des Trépassés" (here Plate II.).

Part IV., comprising Chapter iv.

First Edition[1] (October 1883).—The title-page, after the author's name, proceeded :—

> Honorary Student of Christ Church, Honorary Fellow of Corpus Christi | College, and Slade Professor of Fine Art, Oxford. | Part I.—The Bible of Amiens. | Chapter IV.—Interpretations. | George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. | 1883.

Octavo, pp. 137–216 (last page blank). 3000 copies.
The text of the chapter was revised for this issue (see below, pp. 16, 17).
With this Part was issued the following "Publisher's Note" :—

> "Subscribers to 'Our Fathers have Told Us' are requested to note that the present portion of the work ('The Bible of Amiens') will be shortly completed by the publication of a final number containing the author's epilogue, further engravings, appendices explanatory of the photographs and other matters referred to in the body of the work, and a full index to the entire volume. The price of this appendix will be 1s. 8d., remittance for which should be sent in advance to Mr. Allen; the cost of the whole volume thus amounting to 5s., or in plain cloth, 6s.
>
> "SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.
>
> "Post Office Orders payable to George Allen, at Chief Office, London. Cheques crossed London and County Bank. Stamps not accepted for sums over Five Shillings."

The promised "author's epilogue" was never written.

Second Edition (June 1893).—350 copies.

In May 1884 an octavo fly-sheet was issued, headed, "'Our Fathers have Told Us.' Advice." This was a revision of the similar Advice issued with Part II. (see above, p. 7). It is identical with the text of Appendix III. (here pp. 186, 187), except that for "The first part of 'Our Fathers . . .'" it reads, "The four chapters of 'Our Fathers . . .'"; it does not contain the words "contrary to my usual custom" before "I now invite subscription"; nor, after those words, the passage "because . . . supporters." Instead of "The present volume completes," it reads, "The Appendix, which will be issued shortly, completes." And finally, instead of the two

[1] That is, first edition in the octavo form. The chapter had been issued in another form in 1881 (see p. 11).

last sentences as they now stand in Appendix III., it reads, "One illustration will be given with each chapter," adding as a footnote, "The first plate for 'The Bible of Amiens' will be issued with Appendix."

Part V., prepared for Ruskin by Mr. Wedderburn, comprising the Appendices, Index, and Preliminary Matter.

First Edition (June 1885).—On the cover was:—

> "Our Fathers have Told Us." | Sketches of | The History of Christendom | For boys and girls | who have been held at its fonts. | By | John Ruskin, | Honorary Student of Christ Church, Honorary Fellow of Corpus Christi | College, and Slade Professor of Fine Art, Oxford. | Part I. The Bible of Amiens. | Appendix. | [*Rose.*] | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. | 1885.

There was no separate title-page. Octavo, pp. i.–viii., 219–263. For collation of pp. i.–viii., see below. On p. 217, list of "Appendices"; p. 218, blank; Appendix I., pp. 219, 220; Appendix II., pp. 221–230; Appendix III., pp. 231, 232; p. 233, "Index"; p. 234, blank; Index (by Mr. Wedderburn), pp. 235–263.

3000 copies. Price 1s. 8d.

With this Part were issued a frontispiece, "St. Mary. By Cimabue, at Assisi" (now Frontispiece to this volume); Plate I., "The Dynasties of France" (here Plate VI.)—a leaf was inserted after Plate I. containing a "Notice" with reference to the subjects represented on it (see now, p. 33 *n.*); and "Plan of West Porches," which was a double-page Plate (unnumbered), folded (here Plate XII.).

There was a confusing misprint in Appendix II., List ii., photograph "18" being misprinted "13." This misprint has been repeated in all the small editions.

IN VOLUME FORM

The Bible of Amiens, being thus completed, was now issued in volume form, bearing the date "1884," though not issued till the next year. The title-page is as here given on p. 3.

Octavo, pp. xiv. + 263. The collation of pp. 1–263 has been already given. Half-title (with blank reverse), *unnumbered*; Title-page (with imprint at foot of the reverse, repeated at the foot of p. 263—"Printed by Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Limited, London and Aylesbury), pp. i., ii.; Corrigenda (with blank reverse), *unnumbered* (see p. 10); Contents (with blank reverse), *unnumbered*; Preface (here, pp. 21–24), pp. iii.–vii.; p. viii. is blank. The headlines are, on the left-hand pages, "The Bible of Amiens," except that in the cases of the Notes to Chapter i., Appendices and Index, the headlines are "Notes," "Appendices," "Index" on both left-hand and right-hand pages; on the right-hand pages, the title of the chapter occupying them.

Issued in June 1885 in cloth boards (red, brown, or green), lettered across the back, "Ruskin | 'Our Fathers | have Told Us' | I | The Bible | of Amiens." Issued also in mottled-grey paper boards, with white paper label on the back. Price 6s.

The list of Corrigenda was as follows; references to the sections and lines in the present edition being now added at the end of each entry:—

Page 8, lines 8 and 9, *for* "our first photograph (see prefatory references)," *read* "our first choir photograph"[1] (*N.B.*—This series is not yet arranged, but is distinct from that referred to in Chapter iv. See Appendix II.).—§ 7, line 18.
,, 19, line 12, *for* a young person, *read* young persons.—§ 18, line 8.
,, 25, line 16, *for* who accusing him, *read* on whose accusation of.—§ 24, line 18.
,, 34, The plan for numbered and lettered references is not followed after the first chapter.—This was added as a note in small ed.; see now, p. 48 *n.*
,, 44, lines 8 and 9, *for* armies reverberated, *read* armies, reverberate.—Ch. ii. § 4, last line.
,, 48, line 8, *for* nomade, *read* nomad.—Ch. ii. § 10, line 5.
,, 58, line 18, *for* Eisenbach, *read* Eisenach.—Ch. ii. § 24, line 22.
,, 58, line 20, *for* by, *read* beyond.—*Ibid.*, line 24.
,, 61, note, *for* Actuarii, *read* Attuarii.—Ch. ii. § 28, line 4 of note.
,, 62, note, *for* brise, *read* bise.—*Ibid.*, p. 68, line 2 of quotation in note.
,, 62, note, *for* coulous, *read* coulons.—*Ibid.*, line 8.
,, 78, line 20, *for* Batoerans, *read* Batavians.—Ch. ii. § 45, line 3.
,, 89, line 11, *for* burrow; *read* burrow,—Ch. iii. § 1, line 9.
,, 186, line 21, *for* herself, *read* himself.—Ch. iv. § 41, 8 B, line 1.
,, 190, note, *for* No. 10, *read* No. 9.—Ch. iv. § 42, 16 B, line 2 of note.
,, 192, line 7, *for* (2 Kings), *read* (1 Kings).—Ch. iv. § 43, 20 A.
,, 195, line 3, *for* Two more are, *read* Another is.—Ch. iv. § 43, 24 B.

SMALL EDITION (1897)[2]

The Bible of Amiens was next issued in a smaller form, uniform with the "Small Edition" of Ruskin's other books. It was called (not quite correctly) "Third" Edition. The title-page is:—

"Our Fathers have | Told Us" | Sketches of the History of Christendom | for Boys and Girls who have been | held at its Fonts | By | John Ruskin, LL.D., D.C.L. | Honorary Student of Christ Church, Oxford; and | Honorary Fellow of Corpus Christi | College, Oxford | The Bible of Amiens | Third Edition | George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington | and | 156, Charing Cross Road, London | 1897 | [*All rights reserved*].

Crown 8vo, pp. xvi.+310. Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. i., ii.; Title-page (with imprint at the foot of the reverse—"Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co. | At the Ballantyne Press"), pp. iii., iv. On p. v. (blank reverse) is the following:—

EDITOR'S NOTE TO THE 1897 EDITION

In this edition, Chapter I. has, for convenience of reference in the Index, been divided into numbered sections, and the references are throughout to the section of each chapter, and not to the page. Otherwise the text is unaltered, save for the correction of misprints in earlier editions, and one or two notes (marked Ed. 1897) added by the compiler of Appendix I., the two lists in Appendix II., and the Index.

Preface, pp. vii.–xi. (blank reverse); Contents, pp. xiii.–xiv.; List of Illustrations, p. xv. (blank reverse). Text, pp. 1–256.[3] On p. 257 is the "Plan of West Porches," reduced in scale from the octavo edition. On p. 259 is fly-title for Appendices. Appendix I., pp. 261–262; Appendix II.,

[1] The correction here itself has been corrected; for it was misprinted in the list, which read (among other typographical errors) "our first choice photographs."
[2] Though the title-page bears the date "1897," the book was not in fact issued till 1898.
[3] Curiously, there are no pages 49 or 50.

pp. 263–274; Appendix III., pp. 275–277; Index, pp. 279–310. The imprint is repeated at the foot of the last page.

Issued on June 9, 1898, in green cloth boards, lettered on the back, "Ruskin | 'Our Fathers | have Told Us' | The Bible | of Amiens." 2000 copies. Price 5s.

A curious error crept into the Small Edition of 1897. In Appendix I., the references had in the octavo editions been to *pages*. They were now altered to *sections* (§§); but whereas in the text the sections of the chapters were not numbered continuously, but separately for each chapter, some of the references in this Appendix were given as if the continuous plan had been adopted. This error has continued until the present edition.

Reprinted in November 1902, without alteration except of the date on the title-page and of the addition of the words "Seventh Thousand." This edition is still current. The price was reduced in January 1904 to 4s., and in July 1907 to 3s. 6d.

POCKET EDITION

From the electrotype plates of the Small Edition, a Pocket Edition was issued in 1907, uniform with other volumes in the same edition (see Vol. XV. p. 6). The title-page is:—

> "Our Fathers have Told Us" | The Bible of Amiens | By | John Ruskin | London: George Allen.

Foolscap 8vo, pp. xv. + 310. On the reverse of the title-page, "June 1907 | Eleventh Thousand | All rights reserved." Price 2s. 6d. 4000 copies.

SEPARATE TRAVELLERS' EDITION OF CHAPTER IV. (1881)

This is, as already explained, the first edition of Chapter iv., which was not issued uniformly with the other chapters until 1883. The title-page is:—

> "Our Fathers have Told Us." | Part I. | The Bible of Amiens. | Chapter IV. | Interpretations. | (*Separate Travellers' Edition, to serve as Guide to the* | *Cathedral.*) | By | John Ruskin, LL.D., | Honorary Student of Christ Church, Oxford, and Honorary | Fellow of Corpus Christi College. | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. | 1881.

Crown 8vo, pp. iv. + 75. ("Our Fathers have Told Us.") Half-title with blank reverse, pp. i., ii.; Title-page (with imprint at the foot of the reverse, repeated at the foot of p. 75—"Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Printers, London and Aylesbury"), pp. iii., iv.; text, pp. 1–75. The headline on the left-hand pages is "The Bible of Amiens"; on the right-hand pages, "Interpretations."

Issued (in November 1881) in red leatherette covers (similar to those of the original issues of *Mornings in Florence* and *St. Mark's Rest*); lettered, in gold, on the front: "The Bible of Amiens. | No. 4. Interpretations. | Separate Travellers' Edition. | By J. R. | 1881." The edges were cut and gilt. 2000 copies. Price 10d.

Second Edition (November 1890).—2000 copies.

Third Edition (1897).—This is a newly-set edition. The title-page is :—

"Our Fathers have | Told Us" | The Bible of Amiens | Chapter IV | Interpretations | (*Separate Travellers' Edition, to serve as* | Guide to the *Cathedral*) | By | John Ruskin, LL.D., D.C.L. | Honorary Student of Christ Church, Oxford ; and | Honorary Fellow of Corpus Christi | College, Oxford | Third Edition | George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington | and | 156, Charing Cross Road, London | 1897 | [*All rights reserved*].

Crown 8vo, pp. iv. + 98. Half-title ("The Bible of Amiens | Guide to Cathedral"), with blank reverse, pp. i., ii. ; Title-page (with imprint at foot of the reverse—"Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co. | At the Ballantyne Press"), pp. iii., iv. ; text, pp. 1–93. On p. 94 is the "Plan of West Porches." On pp. 95–98, is the Advice, as described below (p. 14). Imprint repeated at foot of p. 98.

Issued in 1897, in red leatherette, and lettered as before. 2000 copies.

ADVICE TO CHAPTER IV

With the Separate Travellers' Edition an "Advice" was issued.

First Edition (November 1881).—There was no title-page, but on p. 1 was the following drop-title :—

Part I. | *The Bible of Amiens.* | Chap. IV. | Interpretations. | (*Separate Travellers' Edition, to serve as Guide to the* | *Cathedral*) | Advice.

Crown 8vo, pp. 4. There are no headlines, pp. 2–4 being numbered centrally.

The substance of this "Advice" was embodied in Appendix II. of the complete work, but as there are many variations, the original Advice is here reprinted :—

PART I.

THE BIBLE OF AMIENS.

CHAP. IV.

INTERPRETATIONS.

(*Separate Travellers' Edition, to serve as Guide to the Cathedral.*)

ADVICE.

THIS fourth number of the BIBLE OF AMIENS is printed before the second and third, (on which I am earnestly occupied,) in a reduced size for the convenience of travellers, who may wish to possess this number only as a guide to the Cathedral, without bringing the whole work. It will, however, be printed uniformly with the rest, for the subscribers to the complete series. The second number is finished in MS., but I find correction of press very irksome, and can only add a very little of that work to the task of composition, besides that I am at last completing the second volume of the small edition of the 'Stones of Venice.'

The quatrefoils on the foundation of the west front of Amiens Cathedral,

described in the course of this number, had never been engraved or photographed, in any form accessible to the public, until last year, when I commissioned M. Kaltenbacher (6, Passage du Commerce), who had photographed them for M. Viollet-le-Duc, to obtain negatives of the entire series, with the central pedestal of the Christ.

The proofs are entirely satisfactory to me, and extremely honourable to M. Kaltenbacher's skill: and it is impossible to obtain any more instructive and interesting, in exposition of the manner of central thirteenth-century sculpture.

I directed their setting so that the entire succession of the quatrefoils might be included in eighteen plates: the front and two sides of the pedestal raise their number to twenty-one: the whole costing in Amiens, at M. Goyer's, 2, Place St. Denis, four napoleons, unmounted, and in London, sold by my agent Mr. Ward (the negatives being my own property) for four pounds; or separately, each five francs at Amiens, and five shillings in London.

Besides these of my own, I have chosen four general views of the cathedral from M. Kaltenbacher's formerly-taken negatives, which, together with the first-named series, (twenty-five altogether,) will form a complete body of illustrations for this fourth number of the BIBLE OF AMIENS; costing in all a hundred francs at Amiens, and five pounds forwarded free by post from Mr. Ward's (2, Church Terrace, Richmond, Surrey).

The following list of the plates, with reference to the pages where they are described, will enable any readers to choose what they like: but I have marked with an asterisk those which are especially desirable.

1. (Central Porch) *Virtues and Vices* (pp. 44–5):—
   Courage, Patience, Gentillesse;
   Fear, Anger, Rudeness.
2. (Central Porch) *Virtues and Vices* (pp. 45–6):—
   Love, Obedience, Constancy;
   Discord, Disobedience, Heresy.
3. (Central Porch) *Virtues and Vices* (pp. 48–9):—
   Humility, Temperance, Chastity;
   Pride, Gluttony, Lust.
4. (Central Porch) *Virtues and Vices* (pp. 47–8):—
   Charity, Hope, Faith;
   Avarice, Despair, Idolatry.
5. (Southern Porch, p. 66):—
   Daniel, Gideon, Zacharias, Zacharias;*
   Moses, Aaron, Joseph, Zacharias.
6. (Southern Porch, p. 67):—
   Flight into Egypt, Fall of Idols, Amos;
   Christ and Doctors, Return to Nazareth, Amos.
7. (Southern Porch, p. 67):—
   Obadiah, Solomon, Solomon;
   Obadiah, Queen of Sheba, Solomon.
8. (Southern Porch).—Herod and the Magi (p. 67).
9. (Central Porch).—The double quatrefoils of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Micah* (pp. 50–1).
10. (Central Porch).—The double quatrefoils of Nahum, Daniel, and Ezekiel (p. 51).
11. (Northern Porch) *Months and their signs*:—
    December, January, February, March (p. 62).
12. (Northern Porch) *Months and signs*:—
    April, May: Double quatrefoils of Zephaniah (p. 62).
13. (Northern Porch) *Months and signs*:—
    Double quatrefoils of Haggai. June, July (p. 62).
14. (Northern Porch) *Months and signs*:—
    August, September, October, November (pp. 62–3).
15. (Façade) Double quatrefoils of Hosea, Joel, Amos (pp. 52–3).
16. (Façade) Double quatrefoils of Obadiah, Jonah, Micah* (pp. 53–4–5).
17. (Façade) Double quatrefoils of Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah* (pp. 55–6).
18. (Façade) Double quatrefoils of Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi (pp. 57–8).
19. (Central pedestal, right side)—Lily and Cockatrice* (pp. 34–5).
20. (Central pedestal, left side)—Rose and Adder* (pp. 34–5).
21. (Central pedestal, front)—David. The Lion and Dragon (pp. 33–4).
22. General view of the cathedral from the other bank of the Somme.
23. The South Transept and Flèche.
24. The Porch of St. Honoré.*
25. The Western Porches.*

Second Edition (November 1886).—This shows various alterations, consequent on the completion of the book since the first edition of the "Advice." On p. 1 are the following notice and drop-title:—

> *N.B.*—Intending purchasers will kindly quote the numbers | given in this Advice, and not those in the Appendix | to "The Bible of Amiens." | Our Fathers have Told Us. | Part I. | *The Bible of Amiens.* | Chap. IV. | Interpretations. | (*Separate Travellers' Edition, to serve as Guide to the* | *Cathedral.*) | Advice by Mr. Ruskin.

The text is slightly revised, as follows:—

> "The fourth chapter of the BIBLE OF AMIENS is printed in a reduced size for the convenience of travellers, who may wish to possess this number only as a guide to the Cathedral, without bringing the whole work.
>
> "The quatrefoils . . . twenty-one [as in ed. 1]: the whole unmounted, sold by my agent Mr. Ward (the negatives being my own property) for four guineas; or separately, each five shillings.
>
> "Besides these . . . [as in ed. 1] costing in all five guineas, forwarded free by post from Mr. Ward* (Bedford Chambers, 28, Southampton Street, Strand, London). Also the photograph of the four scenes from the life of St. Firmin, mentioned on page 8 of Chapter I.; price five shillings.
>
> "The following . . . desirable [as in ed. 1].
>
> * "Who supplies photographs to illustrate 'Fors Clavigera,' 'The Laws of Fésole,' 'St. Mark's Rest,' 'Mornings in Florence,' 'The Stones of Venice,' etc., and of whom a list may be obtained on application."

Then follows the list of photographs 1–25, as in ed. 1. In the Appendix (1885) to *The Bible of Amiens*, however, the numbers of the photographs had been changed; hence the notice given at the head of this second edition of the "Advice." The following table shows the changes:—

No. in Advice (eds. 1 and 2)	No. in Appendix	No. in Advice (eds. 1 and 2)	No. in Appendix
1	4	14	17
2	5	15	10
3	6	16	11
4	7	17	12
5	18	18	13
6	19	19	2
7	20	20	3
8	21	21	1
9	8	22	25
10	9	23	24
11	14	24	23
12	15	25	22
13	16		

Third Edition (August 1897).—At the end of the third edition of the Separate Travellers' Edition of Chapter iv., a third edition of the "Advice" was incorporated (see above, p. 12). The heading now became:—

> *Publisher's Note.* | N.B.—*Intending purchasers of the photographs* | *will kindly quote the numbers given in* | *this Advice.* | Our Fathers have Told Us. | *The Bible of Amiens.* | (*Separate Travellers' Edition, to serve as Guide to* | *the Cathedral, price tenpence.*) | Photographs of Amiens | Cathedral.

The text again shows several revisions, thus:—

> "The fourth chapter of the 'Bible of Amiens'* . . . [as in ed. 2] until the year 1880, when Mr. Ruskin had negatives taken of the entire series, with the central pedestal of the Christ.
>
> "Mr. Ruskin wrote at that time: 'It is impossible to obtain any more instructive and interesting photographs, in exposition of the manner of central thirteenth-century sculpture.'
>
> "The entire succession of the quatrefoils are included in eighteen plates; the front and two sides of the pedestal raise their number to twenty-one.
>
> "Besides these there are four general views of the Cathedral, making twenty-five altogether, which form a complete body of illustrations for the 'Bible of Amiens'; costing in all five guineas; or separately five shillings each. Also the photograph of the four scenes from the life of St. Firmin, mentioned in Chapter I.; price five shillings.
>
> "The following list of the photos, with reference to the pages where they are described, will enable any readers to choose what they like; but those which are specially desirable are marked with an asterisk.
>
> * "The Photographs,—as well as the complete book, price 5s., which contains four steel engravings and the plan of the Western Porches—may be obtained of George Allen, 156, Charing Cross Road, London."

Then follows the list of photographs 1–25, the numbers being now changed so as to agree with the arrangement in the Appendix to *The Bible of Amiens*. At the end of the last page is the date "August 1897" and Messrs. Ballantyne's imprint.

Fourth Edition (May 1898).—This is a reprint of the edition last described, the pages being numbered 1–4. The setting of the heading shows some trifling alterations, and at the end of p. 4 is (instead of the printers' imprint): "George Allen, | 156, Charing Cross Road, London | *May* 1898." This "Advice" is still current, and it is the numbers given in the Appendix to *The Bible of Amiens* (and in eds. 3 and 4 of the "Advice") that should be quoted in ordering the photographs.

An edition set up in France.—This (called in the heading "Second Edition") is a combination of the English editions 2 and 3, with an addition, and a blunder, of its own. The heading corresponds with that of ed. 2 (except for the addition of "Second Edition"). The text also follows that of ed. 2, except that it adds the following note on p. 1: "This chapter and the entire Work, containing four steel engravings and plan of the Western Porches, price 6s., may be obtained of George Allen, Orpington, Kent, and 8, Bell Yard, Temple Bar, London." The list of photographs follows the numbers in the Appendix to *The Bible of Amiens;* but although this alteration is made, the prefatory note is retained, as if the two lists still differed.

PHOTOGRAPHS

The photographs mentioned in the "Advice" were thus sold by Mr. Ward (as announced in successive issues of his List):—

THE BIBLE OF AMIENS.

Twenty-five Photographs to illustrate the above, unmounted . each	£0	5	0
The set of 21	4	4	0
The set of 25	5	5	0
The Life of St. Firmin	0	5	0
The set mounted on thick toned boards, half morocco, lettered folio, leather flaps . . . . . extra	2	2	0

A *French translation* of *The Bible of Amiens* appeared in 1903, with the following title-page:—

> John Ruskin | La | Bible d'Amiens | Traduction, Notes et Préface | par Marcel Proust | Paris | Société du Mercure de France | XXVI., Rue de Condé, XXVI.

Issued in the ordinary yellow paper covers. Price 3 fr. 50, pp. 349. M. Proust's introduction ("Avant-Propos") occupies pp. 9–14, and his Preface ("Notre-dame d'Amiens selon Ruskin"), pp. 15–95.

A fourth edition of the translation is dated 1904. There were also issued seven copies on "papier de Hollande."

There have been several *unauthorized American* editions of *The Bible of Amiens*.

Reviews of *The Bible of Amiens* appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, July 21, 1883 ("With Mr. Ruskin at Amiens"; see also an illustrated article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of August 10, 1886); and in the *Art Journal*, N.S., vol. ii. pp. 205–207.

Variæ Lectiones.—The principal variations in the text, between the several editions issued by Ruskin, are those noted in the list of "Corrigenda" issued in June 1885 with Part V. These related for the most part to chapters i. and ii., both of which were already in a second edition; the last four corrections were of mistakes which had escaped notice in the revision in 1885 of Chapter iv. References to the present edition have been added to the list, above (p. 10), and it is therefore unnecessary to repeat the variations here.

These corrections (mainly, though not entirely, of misprints) were noted by Ruskin, when revising the book in 1885. At the same time he made a few revisions in Chapters iii. and iv. The following is a list of them (not including some minor matters of punctuation and references):—

Chapter iii. § 1, line 6, the word "circumstances" was placed in inverted commas. § 15, line 8, "its" was italicised. § 19, the note † was added. § 28, the note * was added. § 29, note, the last words (in brackets) were added. § 33, lines 3, 4, "the desire . . . universal" were italicised. § 39, line 4, "presentation . . . authority" were italicised. § 39, note †, last line, see p. 110 *n.* § 48, note, lines 23–26, in ed. 1 only the word "rather" was italicised.

Chapter iv. The author's note to § 1 read in ed. 1: "I have lost my reference to the place, in his great work, the *Dictionary of Architecture*, where this expression occurs; but in the article 'Cathédrale,' where a complete account of the plan and building is given, it is called (p. 330) 'L'église ogivale par excellence.'"

In the author's note to § 2, the last passage was not italicised.

In § 3, last line but one, "compatriot" was "compatriote."

§ 4, line 5, "that" appeared before "in the."

§ 5, line 15, "trained" was not italicised.

§ 12, lines 16 and 17, ed. 1 had ". . . about the edifice. Robert . . . no stone of it. But when . . ."; line 23, "not at all that of" for "not the least like that of."

§ 14, author's footnote, "See my own first chapter" for "See the first chapter of this book."

§ 23, author's footnote, after "Les deux doigts qui manquent" were the words "(do they so still?)"

§ 24, the fourth line of Bishop Everard's epitaph ran: "A pious man, the protector of the afflicted and the widow; of the orphan . . ."

§ 26, the second line of Bishop Geoffroy's epitaph ran: "Whether he seem less than, or like to, all of us."

§ 29, line 14, "James the less" for "James the Bishop."

§ 36, in the author's footnote †, the reference to Viollet-le-Duc was ". . . article 'Sculpture'"; footnote ‡, line 5, ". . . not ranks, except that the cherubim are in the Byzantine circle first. . . ."

In §§ 39 *seq.*, black letters were substituted on the occasion of this revision.

§ 39, 6 B, "Heresy" instead of "Atheism."

§ 40, 25 B, "locusts" instead of "beasts."

§ 42, the author's footnote ended, ". . . the photograph, No. 4 of my series. (See terminal announcements.)"

§ 43, line 2, after "minor prophets," ". . .; see in my series of photographs, Nos. 15 to 18."

§ 44, the saints enumerated had no numbers; neither had the months in § 47.

§ 47, lines 12 and 13 ran: ". . . as I have arranged them, this series of signs and months are Nos. 11–14, each containing six quatrefoils reading round the porch from left to right; and the bas-reliefs may be studied in them nearly as well. . . ."

§ 49, author's footnote, the reference to *Stones of Venice* was erroneously to "first" volume.

§§ 50, 51, there were no numbers to the statues and quatrefoils (except that those now numbered 35, 36, 37 were numbered "1, 2, 3."

§ 50, Nos. 30, 31, 33, "The Madonna" in each case instead of "Virgin."

Next, a few alterations were made by Mr. Wedderburn in editing the Small Edition (see above, p. 10) for Ruskin in 1897. Thus, the note to ch. i. § 34 was then added. In ch. ii. § 47 *n.*, line 4, "engineer" (in the quotation from Gibbon) was corrected to "engineers." § 49, a reference to Gibbon "(6,297)"—now restored—was omitted. The sections in ch. i. were numbered. The references to the pages in Appendix I. were altered (see above, p. 11). An explanatory note was added towards the beginning of Appendix II.

In the present edition, the following alterations and corrections (other than minor matters of spelling, punctuation, and references) have been made:—

Quotations from other books are as usual in this edition set in smaller type.

Ch. i. § 14, last lines, see p. 35 *n.*

Ch. i. § 16, line 4, the word "common" is inserted before "post-house" in accordance with Ruskin's own copy of the book.

Ch. i. § 23 *n.*, the reference to Mrs. Jameson has hitherto been erroneously given as "p. 721," and in § 28 *n.*, as "p. 722."

Ch. ii. § 3, line 41, "Nor" is Ruskin's correction in his copy for "Since, not." § 5, line 17, "are," which has hitherto appeared in all eds. (ungrammatically), was struck out by him. § 7, lines 7 and 8, he italicised "belief" instead of "credible" (as in all eds. hitherto). § 10, last line but one, he substituted "north" for "one side." § 20, line 15, the punctuation hitherto has obscured the sense ("the Rosin mountain, 'Hartz' shadowy still to the north . . ."). Hartz is the Rosin mountain. § 24, line 24, "Wartburg" is a correction for "Wartzburg." § 32, lines 15, 16, the place of the quotation marks has here been altered, to correspond with actual quotations from Favine. § 25, line 10, for an important correction here, see p. 65 *n.* § 42, last line, Ruskin in his copy italicises "rises." § 43, line 18, he struck out an "and" after "our own day," which, curiously, has stood in all eds. hitherto. § 44, lines 5–7, the punctuation is here revised in accordance with Ruskin's copy.

Ch. iii. § 17 *n.*, "W. G. Palgrave" is a correction for "Sir F. Palgrave."

Ch. iv. § 28, in place of the editorial note, there was in editions after 1885, the note "* See now the plan at the end of this chapter." § 41, 6 A, "grandest" was misprinted "grandes" in the small edition; 8 A, "fahn" has hitherto been misprinted "fahr."

Appendix I. For an error in some previous editions, see above, p. 11. The list has now been corrected and supplemented, and references to the pages of the present volume are added.

Appendix II. Some confusion has been caused by the use of the same black-letter numerals both for Ruskin's index numbers of the statues (as shown on his Plan), and for the numbers (which do not correspond) of his series of photographs. In this edition the black-letter is reserved for the former numerals. References to the Plates on which the photographs are reproduced are added. For a misprint of "13" for "18," see above, p. 9.]

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PREFACE

1. THE long abandoned purpose, of which the following pages begin some attempt at fulfilment, has been resumed at the request of a young English governess,[1] that I would write some pieces of history which her pupils could gather some good out of;—the fruit of historical documents placed by modern educational systems at her disposal, being to them labour only, and sorrow.[2]

What else may be said for the book, if it ever become one, it must say for itself: preface, more than this, I do not care to write: and the less, because some passages of British history, at this hour under record,[3] call for instant, though brief, comment.

I am told that the Queen's Guards have gone to Ireland; playing "God save the Queen." And being, (as I have declared myself in the course of some letters to which public attention has been lately more than enough directed,[4]) to the best of my knowledge, the staunchest Conservative in England, I am disposed gravely to question the propriety of the mission of the Queen's Guards on the employment commanded them. My own Conservative notion of the function of the Guards is that they should

[1] [Miss Jessie Leete, who had first written to Ruskin in this same year (1880), and was afterwards a guest at Brantwood.]

[2] [Psalms xc. 10.]

[3] [Ruskin wrote this Preface, as his diary shows, in December 1880. The "land war" organised by the Irish Land League was then raging; Captain Boycott was being besieged (November); agrarian outrages were frequent; and the *Times* of December 23 reported "the departure of several battalions of the Household Troops for service in Ireland."]

[4] [The letters written in June, September, and October 1880 with reference to the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University; reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. ii. pp. 282–284, and in Vol. XXXIV. of this edition.]

guard the Queen's throne and life, when threatened either by domestic or foreign enemy: but not that they should become a substitute for her inefficient police force, in the execution of her domiciliary laws.

2. And still less so, if the domiciliary laws which they are sent to execute, playing "God save the Queen," be perchance precisely contrary to that God the Saviour's law: and therefore, such as, in the long run, no quantity either of Queens, or Queen's men, *could* execute. Which is a question I have for these ten years been endeavouring to get the British public to consider—vainly enough hitherto; and will not at present add to my own many words on the matter.[1] But a book has just been published by a British officer, who, if he had not been otherwise and more actively employed, could not only have written all my books about landscape and picture, but is very singularly also of one mind with me, (God knows of how few Englishmen I can now say so,) on matters regarding the Queen's safety, and the Nation's honour. Of whose book (*Far Out: Rovings Retold*),[2] since various passages will be given in my subsequent terminal notes, I will content myself with quoting for the end of my Preface, the memorable words which Colonel Butler himself quotes, as spoken to the British Parliament by its last Conservative leader, a British officer who had also served with honour and success.

3. The Duke of Wellington said: "It is already well

[1] [See, *e.g.*, *Mornings in Florence*, § 135 (13), Vol. XXIII. p. 426, and *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 7 and 10 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 131, 180).]

[2] [A collection of papers of travel, published in 1880 by Lieutenant-Colonel (now General Sir) W. F. Butler, author of *The Great Lone Land*, *The Wild North Land*, etc. The supposed quotation from the Duke of Wellington is at pp. 304–305 (in a paper entitled "A Plea for the Peasant"). The prohibition against the enlistment of Roman Catholic soldiers was removed in 1800, and "in the fourteen years of war following, not less than 100,000 Irish peasants offered for the army." For other quotations from Sir William Butler's book, see below, p. 49; and *A Knight's Faith*, ch. xii. (Vol. XXXI. p. 480 *n.*). "In a letter written to his friend, Ruskin said: 'Heaven knows you could have written all my books, if you hadn't been at harder work,' adding, 'I am profoundly thankful for the blessing of power that is now united in your wife and you. What may you not do for England, the two of you!'" (*Daily Chronicle*, October 24, 1901). Sir William Butler had in 1877 married Miss Elizabeth Thompson, the artist, for whom see Vol. XIV. pp. 306, 308.]

known to your Lordships that of the troops which our gracious Sovereign did me the honour to entrust to my command at various periods during the war—a war undertaken for the express purpose of securing the happy institutions and independence of the country—at least one half were Roman Catholics. My Lords, when I call your recollection to this fact I am sure all further eulogy is unnecessary. Your Lordships are well aware for what length of period and under what difficult circumstances they maintained the Empire buoyant upon the flood which overwhelmed the thrones and wrecked the institutions of every other people;—how they kept alive the only spark of freedom which was left unextinguished in Europe. . . . My Lords, it is mainly to the Irish Catholics that we all owe our proud predominance in our military career, and that I personally am indebted for the laurels with which you have been pleased to decorate my brow. . . . We must confess, my Lords, that without Catholic blood and Catholic valour no victory could ever have been obtained, and the first military talents might have been exerted in vain."[1]

4. Let these noble words of tender Justice be the first example to my young readers of what all History ought to be. It has been told them, in *The Laws of Fésole*, that all great Art is Praise.[2] So is all faithful History,

[1] [The attribution of these words to the Duke of Wellington cannot be accepted. Sir William Butler made his extracts from a speech as printed at pp. 615–616 *n.* of J. C. O'Callaghan's *History of the Irish Brigades* (Glasgow, 1870), where it is given as spoken by the Duke "in 1829 when addressing the House of Lords in favour of Catholic emancipation." But O'Callaghan (who does not give his authority) was mistaken. No such words occur in any of the numerous reports of the Duke's speeches on Catholic emancipation, and the rhetoric would have been uncongenial to him. In the House of Commons on February 22, 1837 (on an Irish Municipal Reform Bill), Richard Lalor Sheil, referring to Lord Lyndhurst's description of the Irish as "aliens," exclaimed that the Duke ought to have risen from his seat at the word and said that he "had seen the aliens do their duty." Sheil then followed with a celebrated passage describing the speech which the Duke might have made. Sheil's oration may be found in the volume of his speeches edited by Thomas Macnevin (Dublin, 1845), and the passage in question is included in Bell's *Standard Elocutionist*. It is precisely similar in sentiment to the apocryphal speech attributed by O'Callaghan, Butler, and Ruskin to the Duke, but the rhetoric is finer and more impassioned. O'Callaghan's quotation may have come from some other rhetorical exercise of the kind, but search both at Dublin and in the British Museum has failed to discover its source.]

[2] [See Vol. XV. p. 351.]

and all high Philosophy. For these three, Art, History, and Philosophy, are each but one part of the Heavenly Wisdom, which sees not as man seeth, but with Eternal Charity; and because she rejoices not in Iniquity, *therefore* rejoices in the Truth.[1]

For true knowledge is of Virtues only:[2] of poisons and vices, it is Hecate who teaches, not Athena. And of all wisdom, chiefly the Politician's must consist in this divine Prudence; it is not, indeed, always necessary for men to know the virtues of their friends, or their masters; since the friend will still manifest, and the master use. But woe to the Nation which is too cruel to cherish the virtue of its subjects, and too cowardly to recognize that of its enemies!

[1] [1 Samuel xvi. 7; 1 Corinthians xiii. 6.]
[2] [Compare *Pleasures of England*, § 20 (below, p. 431).]

G. Allen
Allen & Co. Sc.

Amiens.

Jour des Trépassés, 1880

THE BIBLE OF AMIENS

CHAPTER I

BY THE RIVERS OF WATERS[1]

1. THE intelligent English traveller, in this fortunate age for him, is aware that, half-way between Boulogne and Paris, there is a complex railway-station, into which his train, in its relaxing speed, rolls him with many more than the average number of bangs and bumps prepared, in the access of every important French *gare*, to startle the drowsy or distrait passenger into a sense of his situation.

He probably also remembers that at this halting-place in mid-journey there is a well-served buffet, at which he has the privilege of "Dix minutes d'arrêt."

He is not, however, always so distinctly conscious that these ten minutes of arrest are granted to him within not so many minutes' walk of the central square of a city which was once the Venice of France.

2. Putting the lagoon islands out of question, the French River-Queen was nearly as large in compass as Venice herself; and divided, not by slow currents of ebbing and returning tide, but by eleven beautiful trout streams, of which some four or five are as large, each separately, as our Surrey Wandle,[2] or as Isaac Walton's Dove; and which, branching out of one strong current above the city, and uniting again after they have eddied through its streets, are bordered, as they flow down, (fordless except where the

[1] [Song of Solomon, v. 12.]

[2] [For other references to the Wandle, see Vol. XVIII. p. 385, and the first chapter of *Præterita*.]

two Edwards rode them, the day before Crécy,[1]) to the sands of St. Valery, by groves of aspen, and glades of poplar,[2] whose grace and gladness seem to spring in every stately avenue instinct with the image of the just man's life,—"Erit tanquam lignum quod plantatum est secus decursus aquarum."[3]

But the Venice of Picardy owed her name, not to the beauty of her streams merely, but to their burden. She was a worker, like the Adriatic princess, in gold and glass, in stone, wood, and ivory; she was skilled like an Egyptian in the weaving of fine linen; dainty as the maids of Judah in divers colours of needlework. And of these, the fruits of her hands, praising her in her own gates, she sent also portions to stranger nations, and her fame went out into all lands.[4]

"Un réglement de l'échevinage, du 12me avril 1566, fait voir qu'on fabriquait à cette époque [à Amiens, des *satins changeants damassés*,][5] des velours de toutes couleurs pour meubles, des *colombettes* à grands et petits carreaux; des burailles croisées, qu'on expédiait en Allemagne, en Espagne, en Turquie et en Barbarie!"*

All-coloured velvets, pearl-iridescent colombettes! (I wonder what they may be?) and sent to vie with the variegated carpet of the Turk, and glow upon the arabesque towers of Barbary!† Was not this a phase of provincial Picard life which an intelligent English traveller might do well to inquire into? Why should this fountain

* M. H. Dusevel, *Histoire de la Ville d'Amiens*. Amiens, Caron et Lambert, 1848; p. 305. [Vol. i. p. 533, ed. 1832.]

† Carpaccio trusts for the chief splendour of any festa in cities to the patterns of the draperies hung out of windows.[6]

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[1] [See Vol. XIX. p. 244 *n*.]

[2] [Compare, on the grace of the poplars of Amiens, Vol. V. p. 237, and Vol. VI. p. 423.]

[3] [Psalms i. 3; quoted also in *Lectures on Art*, § 118 (Vol. XX. p. 109).]

[4] [See Judges v. 30; Proverbs xxxi. 31; 1 Chronicles xiv. 17.]

[5] [The words now inserted in brackets in the above quotation were omitted by Ruskin. He takes "colombettes" to mean little doves (hence "pearl-iridescent"). "Colombelles" is, however, the word which bears that meaning. Littré throws no light on the use of "colombettes" (ordinarily meaning a kind of mushroom) or "colombelles" in the present connexion.]

[6] [Compare Vol. XXIV. pp. 342–343.]

of rainbows leap up suddenly here by Somme; and a little Frankish maid write herself the sister of Venice, and the servant of Carthage and of Tyre?

3. And if she, why not others also of our northern villages? Has the intelligent traveller discerned anything, in the country, or in its shores, on his way from the gate of Calais to the *gare* of Amiens, of special advantage for artistic design, or for commercial enterprise? He has seen league after league of sandy dunes. We also, we, have our sands by Severn, by Lune, by Solway. He has seen extensive plains of useful and not unfragrant peat,—an article sufficiently accessible also to our Scotch and Irish industries. He has seen many a broad down and jutting cliff of purest chalk; but, opposite, the perfide Albion gleams no whit less blanche beyond the blue. Pure waters he has seen, issuing out of the snowy rock; but are ours less bright at Croydon, at Guildford, or at Winchester? And yet one never heard of treasures sent from Solway sands to African; nor that the builders at Romsey could give lessons in colour to the builders at Granada? What can it be, in the air or the earth—in her stars or in her sunlight—that fires the heart and quickens the eyes of the little white-capped Amienoise soubrette, till she can match herself against Penelope?[1]

4. The intelligent English traveller has of course no time to waste on any of these questions. But if he has bought his ham-sandwich, and is ready for the "En voiture, messieurs," he may perhaps condescend for an instant to hear what a lounger about the place, neither wasteful of his time, nor sparing of it, can suggest as worth looking at, when his train glides out of the station.

He will see first, and doubtless with the respectful admiration which an Englishman is bound to bestow upon such objects, the coal-sheds and carriage-sheds of the station itself, extending in their ashy and oily splendours for about a quarter of a mile out of the town; and then, just as the

[1] [Compare "The Story of Arachne," § 18 (Vol. XX. p. 375).]

train gets into speed, under a large chimney tower, which he cannot see to nearly the top of, but will feel overcast by the shadow of its smoke, he *may* see, if he will trust his intelligent head out of the window, and look back, fifty or fifty-one (I am not sure of my count to a unit) similar chimneys, all similarly smoking, all with similar works attached, oblongs of brown brick wall, with portholes numberless of black square window. But in the midst of these fifty tall things that smoke, he will see one, a little taller than any, and more delicate, that does not smoke;[1] and in the midst of these fifty masses of blank wall, enclosing "works"—and doubtless producing works profitable and honourable to France and the world—he will see *one* mass of wall—not blank, but strangely wrought by the hands of foolish men of long ago, for the purpose of enclosing or producing no manner of profitable work whatsoever, but one—

"This is the work of God; that ye should believe on Him whom He hath sent!"[2]

5. Leaving the intelligent traveller now to fulfil his vow of pilgrimage to Paris,—or wherever else God may be sending him,—I will suppose that an intelligent Eton boy or two,[3] or thoughtful English girl, may care quietly to walk with me as far as this same spot of commanding view, and to consider what the workless—shall we say also worthless?—building, and its unshadowed minaret, may perhaps farther mean.

Minaret I have called it, for want of better English word. Flèche—arrow—is its proper name; vanishing into the air you know not where, by the mere fineness of it. Flameless—motionless—hurtless—the fine arrow; unplumed, unpoisoned, and unbarbed; aimless—shall we say also, readers young and old, travelling or abiding? It, and the

[1] [Compare *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 73 (Vol. XVIII. p. 448).]
[2] [John vi. 29.]
[3] [Some part of *The Bible of Amiens* had originally been given as a lecture at Eton College: see the Bibliographical Note, above, p. 5.]

The Cathedral of Amiens.

walls it rises from—what have they once meant? What meaning have they left in them yet, for you, or for the people that live round them, and never look up as they pass by?

Suppose we set ourselves first to learn how they came there.

6. At the birth of Christ, all this hillside, and the brightly-watered plain below, with the corn-yellow champaign above, were inhabited by a Druid-taught race, wild enough in thoughts and ways, but under Roman government, and gradually becoming accustomed to hear the names, and partly to confess the power, of Roman gods. For three hundred years after the birth of Christ they heard the name of no other God.

Three hundred years! and neither apostles nor inheritors of apostleship had yet gone into all the world and preached the gospel to every creature.[1] Here, on their peaty ground, the wild people, still trusting in Pomona for apples, in Silvanus for acorns, in Ceres for bread, and in Proserpina for rest, hoped but the season's blessing from the Gods of Harvest, and feared no eternal anger from the Queen of Death.

But at last, three hundred years being past and gone, in the year of Christ 301, there came to this hillside of Amiens, on the sixth day of the Ides of October, the Messenger of a new Life.

7. His name, Firminius (I suppose) in Latin, Firmin in French,—so to be remembered here in Picardy. Firmin, not Firminius; as Denis, not Dionysius; coming out of space—no one tells what part of space. But received by the pagan Amienois with surprised welcome, and seen of them—Forty days—many days, we may read—preaching acceptably, and binding with baptismal vows even persons in good society: and that in such numbers, that at last he is accused to the Roman governor, by the priests of

[1] [See Mark xvi. 15.]

Jupiter and Mercury, as one turning the world upside-down.[1] And in the last day of the Forty—or of the indefinite many meant by Forty—he is beheaded, as martyrs ought to be, and his ministrations in a mortal body ended.

The old, old story, you say? Be it so; you will the more easily remember it. The Amienois remembered it so carefully, that, twelve hundred years afterwards, in the sixteenth century, they thought good to carve and paint the four stone pictures, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 of our first choir photograph.[2] Scene 1st, St. Firmin arriving; scene 2nd, St. Firmin preaching; scene 3rd, St. Firmin baptizing; and scene 4th, St. Firmin beheaded, by an executioner with very red legs, and an attendant dog of the character of the dog in *Faust* of whom we may have more to say presently.[3]

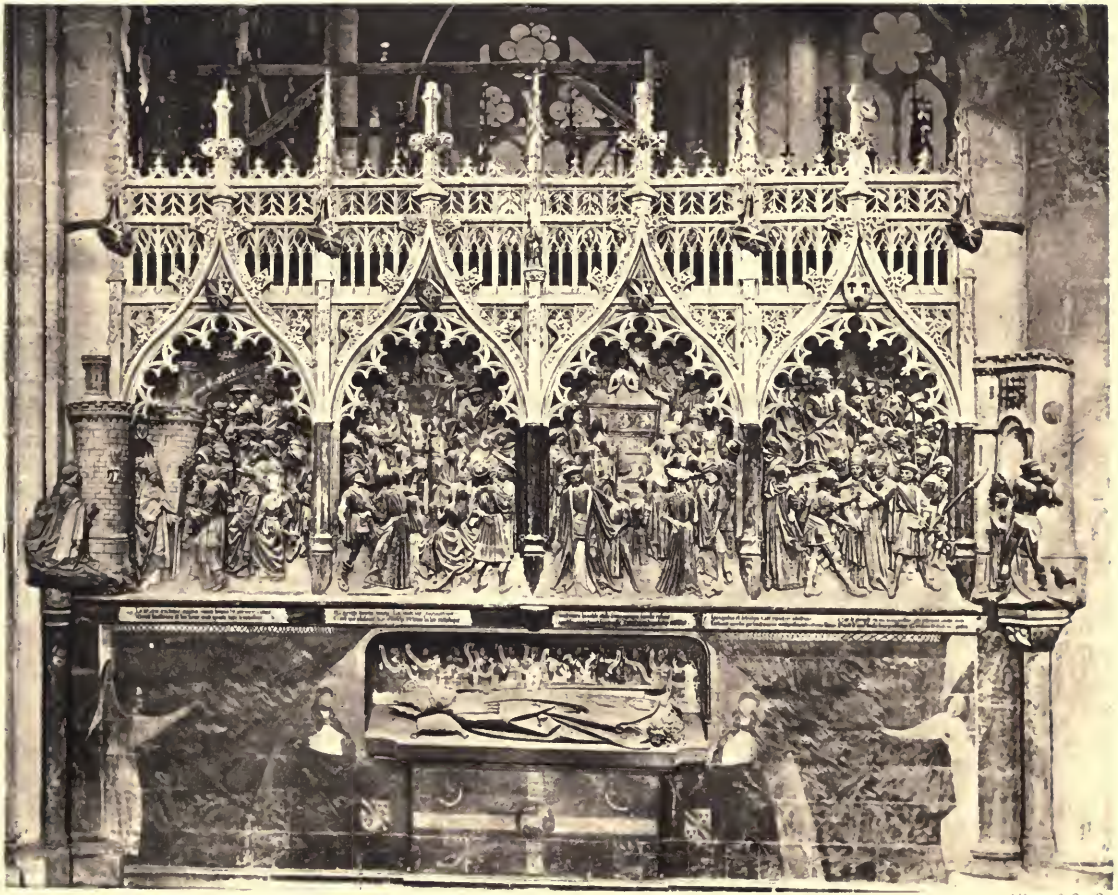
8. Following in the meantime the tale of St. Firmin, as of old time known, his body was received, and buried, by a Roman senator, his disciple (a kind of Joseph of Arimathea to St. Firmin), in the Roman senator's own garden. Who also built a little oratory over his grave. The Roman senator's son built a church to replace the oratory, dedicated it to Our Lady of Martyrs, and established it as an episcopal seat—the first of the French nation's. A very notable spot for the French nation, surely? One deserving, perhaps, some little memory or monument,—cross, tablet, or the like? Where, therefore, do you suppose this first cathedral of French Christianity stood, and with what monument has it been honoured?

It stood where we now stand, companion mine, whoever you may be; and the monument wherewith it has been honoured is this—chimney, whose gonfalon of smoke

[1] [Acts xvii. 6.]

[2] [Plate IV. For the list of photographs issued in connexion with *The Bible of Amiens*, see below, pp. 178–181.]

[3] [Ruskin does not, however, return to the dog, nor indeed to the exterior decoration of the choir-screen at all. But he had employed Mr. Randal to make drawings of two dogs (which he called respectively "The Fine Lady's Dog" and "The Executioner's"), sculptured in the scenes describing the life of St. Firmin, and these were engraved to illustrate the intended further notice. The Plate is now included (V.). The "fine lady's dog" is in one of the scenes on the other side of the choir.]



Allen & Co. Sc

The Story of St. Firmin.

overshadows us—the latest effort of modern art in Amiens, the chimney of St. Acheul.[1]

The first cathedral, you observe, of the *French* nation; more accurately, the first germ of cathedral *for* the French nation—who are not yet here; only this grave of a martyr is here, and this church of Our Lady of Martyrs, abiding on the hillside, till the Roman power pass away.

Falling together with it, and trampled down by savage tribes, alike the city and the shrine; the grave forgotten,—when at last the Franks themselves pour from the north, and the utmost wave of them, lapping along these downs of Somme, is *here* stayed, and the Frankish standard planted, and the French kingdom throned.

9. Here their first capital, here the first footsteps* of the Frank in his France! Think of it. All over the south are Gauls, Burgundians, Bretons, heavier-hearted nations of sullen mind:—at their outmost brim and border, here at last are the Franks, the source of all Franchise,[2] for this our Europe. You have heard the word in England, before now, but English word for it is none! *Honesty* we have of our own; but *Frankness* we must learn of these: nay, all the western nations of us are in a few centuries more to be known by this name of Frank. Franks, of Paris that is to be, in time to come; but French of Paris is in year of grace 500 an unknown tongue in Paris, as much as in Stratford-att-ye-Bowe. French of Amiens is the kingly and courtly form of Christian speech, Paris lying yet in Lutetian clay, to develop into tile-field,[3] perhaps, in due time. Here, by soft-glittering Somme, reign Clovis and his Clotilde.

And by St. Firmin's grave speaks now another gentle

* The first fixed and set-down footsteps; wandering tribes called of Franks, had overswept the country, and recoiled, again and again. But *this* invasion of the so-called Salian Franks never retreats again.

[1] [St. Acheul, 1¼ mile south-east of Amiens, on a hill 90 feet above the Somme: see below, p. 134.]

[2] [Compare, below, ch. ii. § 28 *n.* (p. 68).]

[3] [For the Tuileries, compare Vol. XX. p. 308, and Vol. XXVII. p. 105.]

evangelist, and the first Frank king's prayer to the King of kings is made to Him, known only as "the God of Clotilde."[1]

10. I must task the reader's patience now with a date or two, and stern facts—two—three—or more.

Clodion, the leader of the first Franks who reach irrevocably beyond the Rhine, fights his way through desultory Roman cohorts as far as Amiens, and takes it,[2] in 445.*

Two years afterwards, at his death, the scarcely asserted throne is seized—perhaps inevitably—by the tutor of his children, Merovée, whose dynasty is founded on the defeat of Attila at Chalons.

He died in 457. His son Childeric, giving himself up to the love of women, and scorned by the Frank soldiery, is driven into exile, the Franks choosing rather to live under the law of Rome than under a base chief of their own. He receives asylum at the court of the king of Thuringia, and abides there. His chief officer in Amiens, at his departure, breaks a ring in two, and, giving him the half of it, tells him, when the other half is sent, to return.

And, after many days, the half of the broken ring is sent, and he returns, and is accepted king by his Franks.

The Thuringian queen follows him, (I cannot find if her husband is first dead—still less, if dead, how dying,) and offers herself to him for his wife.

"I have known thy usefulness, and that thou art very strong; and I have come to live with thee. Had I known, in parts beyond sea, any one more useful than thou, I should have sought to live with *him*."[3]

* See note at end of chapter,[4] as also for the allusions in § 13 to the battle of Soissons.

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[1] [See below, p. 34 and *n.*]

[2] [The MS. gives a reference to "*Gesta Francorum*, quoted in [Dusevel's] *Histoire d'Amiens*, p. 50": "Ingressus Ambianorum urbem, ibidem et regni sedem statuit."]

[3] [See Gregory of Tours, *Historiæ Francorum*, Book ii. ch. 12: "Novi utilitatem tuam, quod sis valde strenuus: ideoque veni ut habitem tecum: nam noveris, si in transmarinis partibus aliquem cognovissem utiliorem te, expetissem utique cohabitationem ejus."]

[4] [Below, p. 48; where, however, the story of Soissons is postponed; it is ultimately given at p. 77.]

F Randal

Hugh Allen

The Two Dogs

He took her for his wife, and their son is Clovis.

11. A wonderful story; how far in literalness true is of no manner of moment to us; the myth, and power of it, *do* manifest the nature of the French kingdom, and prophesy its future destiny. Personal valour, personal beauty, loyalty to kings, love of women, disdain of unloving marriage, note all these things for true, and that in the corruption of these will be the last death of the Frank, as in their force was his first glory.

Personal valour, worth. *Utilitas*, the keystone of all. Birth nothing, except as gifting with valour;—Law of primogeniture unknown;—Propriety of conduct, it appears, for the present, also nowhere! (but we are all pagans yet, remember).

12. Let us get our dates and our geography, at any rate, gathered out of the great "nowhere" of confused memory, and set well together, thus far.

457. Merovée dies. The useful Childeric, counting his exile, and reign in Amiens, together, is King altogether twenty-four years, 457 to 481, and during his reign Odoacer ends the Roman empire in Italy, 476.

481. Clovis is only fifteen when he succeeds his father, as King of the Franks in Amiens. At this time a fragment of Roman power remains isolated in central France, while four strong and partly savage nations form a cross round this dying centre: the Frank on the north, the Breton on the west, the Burgundian on the east, the Visigoth, strongest of all and gentlest, in the south, from Loire to the sea.

Sketch for yourself, first, a map of France, as large as you like, as in Plate VI.,* Fig. 1, marking only the courses

* The first four figures in this illustration are explained in the text. The fifth represents the relations of Normandy, Maine, Anjou, and Aquitaine; see Viollet-le-Duc, *Dict. Arch.*, vol. i. p. 136.[1]

[1] [Where a map of the divisions of France at the end of the tenth century is given. For another reference to the maps on the present plate, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 95 (Vol. XXIX. p. 504), and compare Vol. XXVII. pp. lxx.–lxxiii.]

of the five rivers, Somme, Seine, Loire, Saone, Rhone; then, rudely, you find it was divided at the time thus, Fig. 2: Fleur-de-lysée part, Frank; \\\, Breton; ///, Burgundian; ≡, Visigoth. I am not sure how far these last reached across Rhone into Provence, but I think best to indicate Provence as semée with roses.

13. Now, under Clovis, the Franks fight three great battles. The first, with the Romans, near Soissons, which they win, and become masters of France as far as the Loire. Copy the rough map Fig. 2, and put the fleur-de-lys all over the middle of it, extinguishing the Romans (Fig. 3). This battle was won by Clovis, I believe, before he married Clotilde. He wins his princess by it: cannot get his pretty vase, however, to present to her.[1] Keep that story well in your mind, and the battle of Soissons, as winning mid-France for the French, and ending the Romans there, for ever. Secondly, after he marries Clotilde, the wild Germans attack *him* from the north, and he has to fight for life and throne at Tolbiac. This is the battle in which he prays to the God of Clotilde,[2] and quits himself of the Germans by His help. Whereupon he is crowned in Rheims by St. Remy.

And now, in the new strength of his Christianity, and his twin victory over Rome and Germany, and his love for his queen, and his ambition for his people, he looks south on that vast Visigothic power, between Loire and the snowy mountains. Shall Christ, and the Franks, not be stronger than villainous Visigoths "who are Arians also"?[3] All his Franks are with him, in that opinion. So he marches against the Visigoths, meets them and their Alaric at Poitiers, ends

[1] [See, however, below, p. 77, where Ruskin corrects this statement.]

[2] ["Oh Jesus Christ! whom Clotilda declares to be the son of the living God, who art said to give help to the weary, and victory to them that trust in thee, I humbly pray for thy glorious aid, and promise that if thou wilt indulge me with the victory over these enemies, I will believe in thee and be baptized in thy name. For I have called on my own gods, and have found that they are of no power and do not help those who call upon them" (Hodgkin's *Theodoric the Goth*, p. 189).]

[3] [See Gibbon, ch. xxxviii. (vol. vi. p. 312).]

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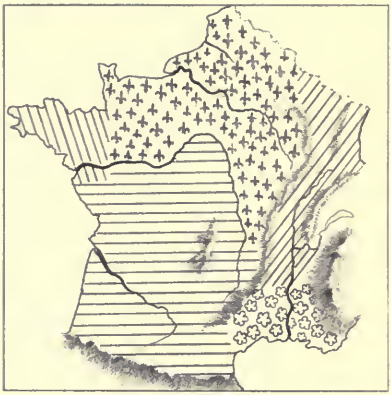

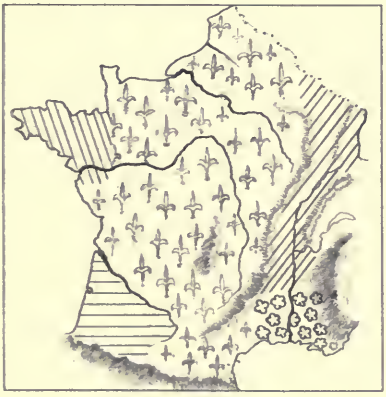

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5

THE DYNASTIES OF FRANCE.

To the close of the Tenth Century.

their Alaric and their Arianism, and carries his faithful Franks to the Pic du Midi.

14. And so now you must draw the map of France once more [Fig. 4], and put the fleur-de-lys all over its central mass from Calais to the Pyrenees: only Brittany still on the west, Burgundy in the east, and the white Provence rose beyond Rhone. And now poor little Amiens has become a mere border town like our Durham, and Somme a border streamlet like our Tyne. Loire and Seine have become the great French rivers, and men will be minded to build cities by these; where the well-watered plains, not of peat, but richest pasture, may repose under the guard of saucy castles on the crags, and moated towers on the islands. But now let us think a little more closely what our changed symbols in the map may mean—fleur-de-lys for level bar.[1]

They don't mean, certainly, that all the Goths are gone, and nobody but Franks in France? The Franks have not massacred Visigothic man, woman, and child, from Loire to Garonne. Nay, where their own throne is still set by the Somme, the peat-bred people whom they found there, live there still, though subdued. Frank, or Goth, or Roman, may fluctuate hither and thither, in chasing or flying troops: but, unchanged through all the gusts of war, the rural people whose huts they pillage, whose farms they ravage, and over whose arts they reign, must still be diligently, silently, and with no time for lamentation, ploughing, sowing, cattle-breeding!

Else how could Frank or Hun, Visigoth or Roman, live for a month, or fight for a day?

15. Whatever the name, or the manners, of their masters, the ground delvers must be the same; and the goat-herd of the Pyrenees, and the vine-dresser of Garonne, and the milkmaid of Picardy, give them what lords you may, abide

[1] [In all editions hitherto, "five fleur-de-lys for level bar.' The word "five" (which must have puzzled readers who compared the map) is a mistake; Ruskin struck out the word in his copy of the book.]

in their land always, blossoming as the trees of the field, and enduring as the crags of the desert. And these, the warp and first substance of the nation, are divided, not by dynasties, but by climates; and are strong here, and helpless there, by privileges which no invading tyrants can abolish, and through faults which no preaching hermit can repress. Now, therefore, please let us leave our history a minute or two, and read the lessons of constant earth and sky.

16. In old times, when one posted from Calais to Paris, there was about half an hour's trot on the level, from the gate of Calais to the long chalk hill, which had to be climbed before arriving at the first common post-house in the village of Marquise.

That chalk rise, virtually, is the front of France; that last bit of level north of it, virtually the last of Flanders; south of it, stretches now a district of chalk and fine building limestone,—(if you keep your eyes open, you may see a great quarry of it on the west of the railway, halfway between Calais and Boulogne, where once was a blessed little craggy dingle opening into velvet lawns;)—this high, but never mountainous, calcareous tract, sweeping round the chalk basin of Paris away to Caen on one side, and Nancy on the other, and south as far as Bourges, and the Limousin. This limestone tract, with its keen fresh air, everywhere arable surface, and everywhere quarriable banks above well-watered meadow, is the real country of the French. Here only are their arts clearly developed. Farther south they are Gascons, or Limousins, or Auvergnats, or the like. Westward, grim-granitic Bretons; eastward, Alpine-bearish Burgundians: here only, on the chalk and finely-knit marble, between, say, Amiens and Chartres one way, and between Caen and Rheims on the other, have you real *France.*

17. Of which, before we carry on the farther vital history, I must ask the reader to consider with me a little, how history, so called, has been for the most part written, and of what particulars it usually consists.

Suppose that the tale of King Lear were a true one; and that a modern historian were giving the abstract of it in a school manual, purporting to contain all essential facts in British history valuable to British youth in competitive examination. The story would be related somewhat after this manner:—

"The reign of the last king of the seventy-ninth dynasty closed in a series of events with the record of which it is painful to pollute the pages of history. The weak old man wished to divide his kingdom into dowries for his three daughters; but on proposing this arrangement to them, finding it received by the youngest with coldness and reserve, he drove her from his court, and divided the kingdom between his two elder children.

"The youngest found refuge at the court of France, where ultimately the prince royal married her. But the two elder daughters, having obtained absolute power, treated their father at first with disrespect, and soon with contumely. Refused at last even the comforts necessary to his declining years, the old king, in a transport of rage, left the palace, with, it is said, only the court fool for an attendant, and wandered, frantic and half naked, during the storms of winter, in the woods of Britain.

"Hearing of these events, his youngest daughter hastily collected an army, and invaded the territory of her ungrateful sisters, with the object of restoring her father to his throne: but, being met by a well-disciplined force, under the command of her eldest sister's paramour, Edmund, bastard son of the Earl of Gloucester, was herself defeated, thrown into prison, and soon afterwards strangled by the adulterer's order. The old king expired on receiving the news of her death; and the participators in these crimes soon after received their reward; for the two wicked queens being rivals for the affections of the bastard, the one of them who was regarded by him with less favour poisoned the other, and afterwards killed herself. Edmund afterwards met his death at the hand of his brother, the legitimate son

of Gloucester, under whose rule, with that of the Earl of Kent, the kingdom remained for several succeeding years."

18. Imagine this succinctly graceful recital of what the historian conceived to be the facts, adorned with violently black and white woodcuts, representing the blinding of Gloucester, the phrenzy of Lear, the strangling of Cordelia, and the suicide of Goneril, and you have a type of popular history in the nineteenth century; which is, you may perceive after a little reflection, about as profitable reading for young persons (so far as regards the general colour and purity of their thoughts) as the Newgate Calendar would be; with this farther condition of incalculably greater evil, that, while the calendar of prison-crime would teach a thoughtful youth the dangers of low life and evil company, the calendar of kingly crime overthrows his respect for any manner of government, and his faith in the ordinances of Providence itself.

19. Books of loftier pretence, written by bankers, members of Parliament, or orthodox clergymen, are of course not wanting; and show that the progress of civilization consists in the victory of usury over ecclesiastical prejudice, or in the establishment of the Parliamentary privileges of the borough of Puddlecombe, or in the extinction of the benighted superstitions of the Papacy by the glorious light of Reformation. Finally, you have the broadly philosophical history, which proves to you that there is no evidence whatever of any overruling Providence in human affairs; that all virtuous actions have selfish motives; and that a scientific selfishness, with proper telegraphic communications, and perfect knowledge of all the species of Bacteria, will entirely secure the future well-being of the upper classes of society, and the dutiful resignation of those beneath them.

Meantime, the two ignored powers—the Providence of Heaven, and the virtue of men—have ruled, and rule, the world, not invisibly; and they are the only powers of which history has ever to tell any profitable truth. Under all sorrow, there is the force of virtue; over all ruin, the

restoring charity of God. To these alone we have to look; in these alone we may understand the past, and predict the future, destiny of the ages.

20. I return to the story of Clovis, king now of all central France. Fix the year 500 in your minds as the approximate date of his baptism at Rheims, and of St. Remy's sermon to him, telling him of the sufferings and passion of Christ, till Clovis sprang from his throne, grasping his spear, and crying, "Had I been there with my brave Franks, I would have avenged His wrongs."[1]

"There is little doubt," proceeds the cockney historian, "that the conversion of Clovis was as much a matter of policy as of faith."[2] But the cockney historian had better limit his remarks on the characters and faiths of men to those of the curates who have recently taken orders in his fashionable neighbourhood, or the bishops who have lately preached to the population of its manufacturing suburbs. Frankish kings were made of other clay.

21. The Christianity of Clovis does not indeed produce any fruits of the kind usually looked for in a modern convert. We do not hear of his repenting ever so little of any of his sins, nor resolving to lead a new life[3] in any the smallest particular. He had not been impressed with convictions of sin at the battle of Tolbiac; nor, in asking for the help of the God of Clotilde, had he felt or professed the remotest intention of changing his character, or abandoning his projects. What he was, before he believed in his queen's God, he only more intensely afterwards became, in the confidence of that before unknown God's supernatural help. His natural gratitude to the Delivering Power, and pride in its protection, added only fierceness to his soldiership, and deepened his political enmities with the rancour of religious indignation. No more dangerous snare is set by the fiends for human frailty than the belief

[1] [See Gibbon, ch. xxxviii.: vol. vi. pp. 301–302.]

[2] [*The Pictorial History of France*, by G. M. Bussey and T. Garpey, 2 vols., 1843, ch. ii. (vol. i. p. 58).]

[3] [See the Exhortation preceding the Communion Service.]

that our own enemies are also the enemies of God; and it is perfectly conceivable to me that the conduct of Clovis might have been the more unscrupulous, precisely in the measure that his faith was more sincere.

Had either Clovis or Clotilde fully understood the precepts of their Master, the following history of France, and of Europe, would have been other than it is. What they could understand, or in any wise were taught, you will find that they obeyed, and were blessed in obeying. But their history is complicated with that of several other persons, respecting whom we must note now a few too much forgotten particulars.

22. If from beneath the apse of Amiens Cathedral we take the street leading due south, leaving the railroad station on the left, it brings us to the foot of a gradually ascending hill, some half a mile long—a pleasant and quiet walk enough, terminating on the level of the highest land near Amiens; whence, looking back, the Cathedral is seen beneath us, all but the flèche, our gained hill-top being on a level with its roof-ridge: and, to the south, the plain of France.

Somewhere about this spot, or in the line between it and St. Acheul, stood the ancient Roman gate of the Twins, whereon were Romulus and Remus being suckled by the wolf; and out of which, one bitter winter's day—a hundred and seventy years ago when Clovis was baptized—had ridden a Roman soldier, wrapped in his horseman's cloak,* on the causeway which was part of the great Roman road from Lyons to Boulogne.

23. And it is well worth your while also, some frosty autumn or winter day when the east wind is high, to feel the sweep of it at this spot, remembering what chanced here, memorable to all men, and serviceable, in that winter of the year 332, when men were dying for cold in Amiens

* More properly, his knight's cloak; in all likelihood the trabea, with purple and white stripes, dedicate to the kings of Rome, and chiefly to Romulus.

streets:—namely, that the Roman horseman, scarce gone out of the city gate, was met by a naked beggar, shivering with cold; and that, seeing no other way of shelter for him, he drew his sword, divided his own cloak in two, and gave him half of it.[1]

No ruinous gift, nor even enthusiastically generous: Sidney's cup of cold water[2] needed more self-denial, and I am well assured that many a Christian child of our day, himself well warmed and clad, meeting one naked and cold, would be ready enough to give the *whole* cloak off his own shoulders to the necessitous one, if his better-advised nurse, or mamma, would let him. But this Roman soldier was no Christian, and did his serene charity in simplicity, yet with prudence.

Nevertheless, that same night, he beheld in a dream the Lord Jesus, who stood before him in the midst of angels, having on His shoulders the half of the cloak he had bestowed on the beggar.

And Jesus said to the angels that were around Him, "Know ye who hath thus arrayed me? My servant Martin, though yet unbaptized, has done this." And Martin after this vision hastened to receive baptism, being then in his twenty-third year.*

Whether these things ever were so, or how far so, credulous or incredulous reader, is no business whatever of yours or mine. What is, and shall be everlastingly, *so*,—namely, the infallible truth of the lesson herein taught, and the actual effect of the life of St. Martin on the mind of Christendom,—is, very absolutely, the business of every rational being in any Christian realm.

24. You are to understand, then, first of all, that the especial character of St. Martin is a serene and meek charity to all creatures. He is not a preaching saint—still less a persecuting one: not even an anxious one. Of his

* Mrs. Jameson, *Sacred and Legendary Art*, vol. ii. p. 351 (ed. 1, 1848).

[1] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 61 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 485).]
[2] [See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 36 (Vol. XXVII. p. 671).]

prayers we hear little—of his wishes, nothing. What he does always, is merely the right thing at the right moment; —rightness and kindness being in his mind one: an extremely exemplary saint, to my notion.

Converted and baptized—and conscious of having seen Christ—he nevertheless gives his officers no trouble whatever—does not try to make proselytes in his cohort. "It is Christ's business, surely!—if He wants them, He may appear to them as He has to me," seems the feeling of his first baptized days. He remains seventeen years in the army, on those tranquil terms.

At the end of that time, thinking it might be well to take other service, he asks for his dismissal from the Emperor Julian,—on whose accusation of faint-heartedness, Martin offers, unarmed, to lead his cohort into battle, bearing only the sign of the cross. Julian takes him at his word,—keeps him in ward till time of battle comes; but, the day before he counts on putting him to that war ordeal, the barbarian enemy sends embassy with irrefusable offers of submission and peace.

25. The story is not often dwelt upon: how far literally true, again observe, does not in the least matter;—here *is* the lesson for ever given of the way in which a Christian soldier should meet his enemies. Which, had John Bunyan's Mr. Greatheart understood,[1] the Celestial gates had opened by this time to many a pilgrim who has failed to hew his path up to them with the sword of sharpness.

But true in some practical and effectual way the story *is;* for after a while, without any oratorizing, anathematizing, or any manner of disturbance, we find the Roman Knight made Bishop of Tours, and becoming an influence of unmixed good to all mankind, then, and afterwards. And virtually the same story is repeated of his bishop's robe as of his knight's cloak,—not to be rejected because so probable an invention; for it is just as probable an act.

[1] [For Ruskin's numerous references to *The Pilgrim's Progress*, see the General Index; compare, below, p. 428.]

26. Going, in his full robes, to say prayers in church, with one of his deacons, he came across some unhappily robeless person by the wayside; for whom he forthwith orders his deacon to provide some manner of coat, or gown.

The deacon objecting that no apparel of that profane nature is under his hand, St. Martin, with his customary serenity, takes off his own episcopal stole, or whatsoever flowing stateliness it might be, throws it on the destitute shoulders, and passes on to perform indecorous public service in his waistcoat, or such mediæval nether attire as remained to him.

But, as he stood at the altar, a globe of light appeared above his head; and when he raised his bare arms with the Host—the angels were seen round him, hanging golden chains upon them, and jewels, not of the earth.[1]

27. Incredible to you, in the nature of things, wise reader, and too palpably a gloss of monkish folly on the older story?

Be it so: yet in this fable of monkish folly, understood with the heart, would have been the chastisement and check of every form of the Church's pride and sensuality, which in our day have literally sunk the service of God and His poor into the service of the clergyman and his rich; and changed what was once the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, into the spangling of Pantaloons in an ecclesiastical Masquerade.

28. But one more legend,—and we have enough to show us the roots of this saint's strange and universal power over Christendom:—

"What peculiarly distinguished St. Martin was his sweet, serious, unfailing serenity; no one had ever seen him angry, or sad, or gay; there was nothing in his heart but piety to God and pity for men. The Devil, who was particularly envious of his virtues, detested above all his exceeding

[1] [For a reference to this miracle, see "The Story of Lucia" in *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* (Vol. XXXII. p. 61).]

charity, because it was the most inimical to his own power, and one day reproached him mockingly that he so soon received into favour the fallen and the repentant. But St. Martin answered him sorrowfully, saying, 'Oh most miserable that thou art! if *thou* also couldst cease to persecute and seduce wretched men, if thou also couldst repent, thou also shouldst find mercy and forgiveness through Jesus Christ.'" *

29. In this gentleness was his strength; and the issue of it is best to be estimated by comparing its scope with that of the work of St. Firmin. The impatient missionary riots and rants about Amiens' streets—insults, exhorts, persuades, baptizes,—turns everything, as aforesaid,[1] upside down for forty days: then gets his head cut off, and is never more named, *out* of Amiens. St. Martin teazes nobody, spends not a breath in unpleasant exhortation, understands, by Christ's first lesson to himself, that undipped people may be as good as dipped if their hearts are clean; helps, forgives, and cheers, (companionable even to the loving-cup,) as readily the clown as the king; he is the patron of honest drinking; the stuffing of your Martinmas goose is fragrant in his nostrils, and sacred to him the last kindly rays of departing summer.[2] And somehow—the idols totter before him far and near—the Pagan gods fade, *his* Christ becomes all men's Christ—his name is named over new shrines innumerable in all lands; high on the Roman hills, lowly in English fields;—St. Augustine baptized his first English converts in St. Martin's church at Canterbury; and the Charing Cross station itself has not yet effaced wholly from London minds his memory or his name.

30. That story of the Episcopal Robe is the last of St. Martin respecting which I venture to tell you that it is wiser to suppose it literally true than a *mere* myth;

* Mrs. Jameson, vol. ii. p. 352.

[1] [See above, § 7.]

[2] [For another reference to the "vein of gaiety and natural humour" in St. Martin, see *A Knight's Faith* (Vol. XXXI. p. 386 *n.*).]

myth, however, of the deepest value and beauty it remains assuredly: and this really last story I have to tell, which I admit you will be wiser in thinking a fable than exactly true, nevertheless had assuredly at its root some grain of fact (sprouting a hundred-fold[1]) cast on good ground by a visible and unforgetable piece of St. Martin's actual behaviour in high company; while, as a myth, it is every whit and for ever valuable and comprehensive.

St. Martin, then, as the tale will have it, was dining one day at the highest of tables in the terrestrial globe—namely, with the Emperor and Empress of Germany! You need not inquire what Emperor, or which of the Emperor's wives! The Emperor of Germany is, in all early myths, the expression for the highest sacred power of the State, as the Pope is the highest sacred power of the Church. St. Martin was dining then, as aforesaid, with the Emperor, of course sitting next him on his left—Empress opposite on his right: everything orthodox. St. Martin much enjoying his dinner, and making himself generally agreeable to the company: not in the least a John Baptist sort of a saint. You are aware also that in Royal feasts in those days persons of much inferior rank in society were allowed in the hall: got behind people's chairs, and saw and heard what was going on, while they unobtrusively picked up crumbs, and licked trenchers.

When the dinner was a little forward, and time for wine came, the Emperor fills his own cup—fills the Empress's—fills St. Martin's,—affectionately hobnobs with St. Martin. The equally loving, and yet more truly believing, Empress, looks across the table, humbly, but also royally, expecting St. Martin, of course, next to hobnob with *her*. St. Martin looks round, first, deliberately;—becomes aware of a tatterdemalion and thirsty-looking soul of a beggar at his chair side, who has managed to get *his* cup filled somehow, also—by a charitable lacquey.

[1] [Matthew xiii. 8.]

St. Martin turns his back on the Empress, and hobnobs with *him!*[1]

31. For which charity—mythic if you like, but evermore exemplary—he remains, as aforesaid, the patron of good-Christian topers to this hour.

As gathering years told upon him, he seems to have felt that he had carried weight of crozier long enough—that busy Tours must now find a busier Bishop—that, for himself, he might innocently henceforward take his pleasure and his rest where the vine grew and the lark sang. For his episcopal palace, he takes a little cave in the chalk cliffs of the up-country river: arranges all matters therein, for bed and board, at small cost. Night by night the stream murmurs to him, day by day the vine-leaves give their shade; and, daily by the horizon's breadth so much nearer Heaven, the fore-running sun goes down for him beyond the glowing water;—there, where now the peasant woman trots homewards between her panniers, and the saw rests in the half-cleft wood, and the village spire rises grey against the farthest light, in Turner's "Loireside."*

32. All which things, though not themselves without profit, my special reason for telling you now, has been that you might understand the significance of what chanced first on Clovis' march south against the Visigoths.

Having passed the Loire at Tours, he traversed the lands of the abbey of St. Martin, which he declared inviolate, and refused permission to his soldiers to touch anything, save water and grass for their horses. So rigid were his orders, and the obedience he exacted in this respect, that

* *Modern Painters,* Plate 73. [Vol. VII. p. 218.]

[1] ["On some occasion the emperor invited him to a banquet, and, wishing to show the saint particular honour, he handed the wine-cup to him before he drank, expecting, according to the usual custom, that St. Martin would touch it with his lips, and then present it respectfully to his imperial host; but, equally to the astonishment and admiration of the guests, St. Martin turned round and presented the brimming goblet to a poor priest who stood behind him. From this incident, St. Martin has been chosen as the patron saint of drinking, and of all jovial meetings" (Mrs. Jameson, vol. ii. p. 353).]

a Frankish soldier having taken, without the consent of the owner, some hay which belonged to a poor man, saying in raillery "that it was but grass," he caused the aggressor to be put to death, exclaiming that "Victory could not be expected, if St. Martin should be offended."

33. Now, mark you well, this passage of the Loire at Tours is virtually the fulfilment of the proper bounds of the French kingdom, and the sign of its approved and securely set power is "Honour to the poor!" Even a little grass is not to be stolen from a poor man, on pain of Death. So wills the Christian knight of Roman armies; throned now high with God. So wills the first Christian king of far victorious Franks;—here baptized to God in Jordan of his goodly land, as he goes over to possess it.

How long?

Until that same Sign should be read backwards from a degenerate throne;—until, message being brought that the poor of the French people had no bread to eat, answer should be returned to them "They may eat grass."[1] Whereupon—by St. Martin's faubourg, and St. Martin's gate—there go forth commands from the Poor Man's Knight against the King—which end *his* feasting.

And be this much remembered by you, of the power over French souls, past and to come, of St. Martin of Tours.

[1] [The saying attributed to Foulon (1788): see Carlyle's *French Revolution*, Book iii. ch. ix. and Book v. ch. iv.]

NOTES TO CHAPTER I

34. The reader will please observe that notes immediately necessary to the understanding of the text will be given, with *numbered* references, under the text itself; while questions of disputing authorities, or quotations of supporting documents, will have *lettered* references, and be thrown together at the end of each chapter. One good of this method * will be that, after the numbered notes are all right, if I see need of farther explanation, as I revise the press, I can insert a letter referring to a *final* note without confusion of the standing types. There will be some use also in the final notes, in summing the chapters, or saying what is to be more carefully remembered of them. Thus just now it is of no consequence to remember that the first taking of Amiens was in 445, because that is not the founding of the Merovingian dynasty; neither that Merovæus seized the throne in 447 and died ten years later. The real date to be remembered is 481, when Clovis himself comes to the throne, a boy of fifteen; and the three battles of Clovis' reign to be remembered are Soissons, Tolbiac, and Poitiers —remembering also that this was the first of the three great battles of Poitiers;—how the Poitiers district came to have such importance as a battle-position, we must afterwards discover if we can.[1] Of Queen Clotilde and her flight from Burgundy to her Frank lover we must hear more in next chapter,—the story of the vase at Soissons is given in *The Pictorial History of France*, but must be deferred also, with such comment as it needs, to next chapter;[2] for I wish the reader's mind, in the close of this first number, to be left fixed on two descriptions of the modern "Frank" (taking that word in its Saracen sense[3]), as distinguished from the modern Saracen. The first description is by Colonel Butler, entirely true and admirable, except in the implied extension of the contrast to olden time: for the Saxon soul under Alfred, the Teutonic under Charlemagne, and the Frank under St. Louis, were quite as religious as any Asiatic's, though more practical; it is only the modern mob of kingless miscreants in the West, who have sunk themselves by gambling, swindling, machine-making, and gluttony, into the scurviest louts[4] that have ever fouled the Earth with the carcases she lent them.

* This method is not, however, followed in the succeeding chapters.—Ed. (1897).

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[1] [To this subject, however, Ruskin did not revert, except incidentally in ch. ii. § 53 (p. 84).]

[2] See below, p. 77.]

[3] [That is, in the sense in which Turks and other Levantine nations use the word to describe all western peoples: "all European nations that live among them are called Franks" (North's *Lives*, 1734, vol. ii. p. 456). Compare Gibbon's "Saracens and Franks," as quoted below, p. 95 *n.*]

[4] [Ruskin defends and explains these words in *Love's Meinie*, § 133 (Vol. XXV. p. 126).]

35. "Of the features of English character brought to light by the spread of British dominion in Asia, there is nothing more observable than the contrast between the religious bias of Eastern thought and the innate absence of religion in the Anglo-Saxon mind. Turk and Greek, Buddhist and Armenian, Copt and Parsee, all manifest in a hundred ways of daily life the great fact of their belief in a God. In their vices as well as in their virtues the recognition of Deity is dominant.

"With the Western, on the contrary, the outward form of practising belief in a God is a thing to be half-ashamed of—something to hide. A procession of priests in the Strada Reale would probably cause an average Briton to regard it with less tolerant eye than he would cast upon a Juggernaut festival in Orissa: but to each alike would he display the same iconoclasm of creed, the same idea, not the less fixed because it is seldom expressed in words: 'You pray; therefore I do not think much of you.' But there is a deeper difference between East and West lying beneath this incompatibility of temper on the part of modern Englishmen to accept the religious habit of thought in the East. All Eastern peoples possess this habit of thought. It is the one tie which links together their widely differing races. Let us give an illustration of our meaning. On an Austrian Lloyd's steamboat in the Levant a traveller from Beyrout will frequently see strange groups of men crowded together on the quarter-deck. In the morning the missal books of the Greek Church will be laid along the bulwarks of the ship, and a couple of Russian priests, coming from Jerusalem, will be busy muttering mass. A yard to right or left a Turkish pilgrim, returning from Mecca, sits a respectful observer of the scene. It is prayer, and therefore it is holy in his sight. So, too, when the evening hour has come, and the Turk spreads out his bit of carpet for the sunset prayers and obeisance towards Mecca, the Greek looks on in silence, without trace of scorn in his face, for it is again the worship of the Creator by the created. They are both fulfilling the *first* law of the East—prayer to God; and whether the shrine be Jerusalem, Mecca, or Lhassa, the sanctity of worship surrounds the votary, and protects the pilgrim.

"Into this life comes the Englishman, frequently destitute of one touch of sympathy with the prayers of any people, or the faith of any creed; hence our rule in the East has ever rested, and will ever rest, upon the bayonet. We have never yet got beyond the stage of conquest; never assimilated a people to our ways, never even civilized a single tribe around the wide dominion of our empire. It is curious how frequently a well-meaning Briton will speak of a foreign church or temple as though it had presented itself to his mind in the same light in which the City of London appeared to Blucher—as something to loot. The other idea, that a priest was a person to hang, is one which is also often observable in the British brain. On one occasion, when we were endeavouring to enlighten our minds on the Greek question, as it had presented itself to a naval officer whose vessel had been stationed in Greek and Adriatic waters during our occupation of Corfu and the other Ionian Isles, we could only elicit from our informant the fact that one morning before breakfast he had hanged seventeen priests."[1]

36. The second passage which I store in these notes for future use, is

[1] ["A Trip to Cyprus," in *Far Out: Rovings Retold*, 1880, pp. 361–363.]

the supremely magnificent one, out of a book full of magnificence,—if truth be counted as having in it the strength of deed: Alphonse Karr's *Grains de Bon Sens.* I cannot praise either this or his more recent *Bourdonnements* to my own heart's content, simply because they are by a man utterly after my own heart, who has been saying in France, this many a year, what I also, this many a year, have been saying in England, neither of us knowing of the other, and both of us vainly. (See pages 11 and 12 of *Bourdonnements.*[1]) The passage here given is the sixty-third clause in *Grains de Bon Sens*:—

"Et tout cela, monsieur, vient de ce qu'il n'y a plus de croyances—de ce qu'on ne croit plus à rien.

"Ah! saperlipopette, monsieur, vous me la baillez belle! Vous dites qu'on ne croit plus à rien! Mais jamais, à aucune époque, on n'a cru à tant de billevesées, de bourdes, de mensonges, de sottises, d'absurdités qu'aujourd'hui.

"D'abord, on *croit* à l'incrédulité—l'incrédulité est une croyance, une religion trés exigeante, qui a ses dogmes, sa liturge, ses pratiques, ses rites! . . . son intolérance, ses superstitions. Nous avons des incrédules et des impies Jésuites, et des incrédules et des impies jansénistes; des impies molinistes, et des impies quiétistes; des impies pratiquants, et non pratiquants; des impies indifférents et des impies fanatiques; des incrédules cagots et des impies hypocrites et tartuffes.—La religion de l'incrédulité ne se refuse même pas le luxe des hérésies.

"On ne croit plus à la bible, je le veux bien, mais on *croit* aux 'écritures' des journaux, on croit au 'sacerdoce' des gazettes et carrés de papier, et à leurs 'oracles' quotidiens.

"On *croit* au 'baptême' de la police correctionnelle et de la Cour d'assises—on appelle 'martyrs' et 'confesseurs' les 'absents' à Nouméa et les 'frères' de Suisse, d'Angleterre et de Belgique—et, quand on parle des 'martyrs de la Commune,' ça ne s'entend pas des assassinés, mais des assassins.

"On se fait enterrer 'civilement,' on ne veut plus sur son cercueil des prières de l'Eglise, on ne veut ni cierges, ni chants religieux,—mais on veut un cortège portant derrière la bière des immortelles rouges;—on veut une 'oraison,' une 'prédication' de Victor Hugo qui a ajouté cette spécialité

[1] [The following is the passage referred to:—

"C'est ce chagrin, c'est cette irritation que j'éprouve lorsque vivant dans la retraite, étudiant, méditant, cherchant sans cesse,—demandant à la sagesse des anciens, assidûment feuilletés—

"'Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurna'

"Et à ma propre experience, quelque reméde pour la maladie regnante, j'ai la conviction que j'ai trouvé ce remède.

"Lorsque ayant visité la maison par le dedans et par le dehors, muni de cette lampe qui s'allume, hélas! bien tard, la sagesse de l'experience,—je dis avec certitude: ça c'est une fenêtre par laquelle vous tomberez broyé sur le pavé,—ici est un escalier, puis une porte par laquelle vous sortirez sans danger de la vieille maison.

"Et lorsque je le dis en vain."

It may be added that Ruskin purchased some twenty copies of both the books above mentioned, and had them strongly bound as gifts for his friends.]

à ses autres spécialités, si bien qu'un de ces jours derniers, comme il suivait un convoi en amateur, un croque-mort s'approcha de lui, le poussa du coude, et lui dit en souriant: 'Est-ce que nous n'aurons pas quelque chose de vous, aujourd'hui?'—Et cette prédication il la lit ou la récite—ou, s'il ne juge pas à propos 'd'officier' lui-même, s'il s'agit d'un mort de plus, il envoie pour la psalmodier M. Meurice ou tout autre 'prêtre' ou 'enfant de cœur' du 'Dieu.'—A défaut de M. Hugo, s'il s'agit d'un citoyen obscur, on se contente d'une homélie improvisée pour la dixième fois par n'importe quel député intransigeant—et le *Miserere* est remplacé par les cris de 'Vive la République!' poussés dans le cimetière.

"On n'entre plus dans les églises, mais on fréquente les brasseries et les cabarets; on y officie, on y célèbre les mystères, on y chante les louanges d'une prétendue république *sacro-sainte*, une, indivisible, démocratique, sociale, athénienne, intransigeante, despotique, invisible quoique étant partout. On y communie sous différentes espèces; le matin (*matines*) on 'tue le ver' avec le vin blanc,—il y a plus tard les vêpres de l'absinthe, auxquelles on se ferait un crime de manquer d'assiduité.

"On ne croit plus en Dieu, mais on *croit* pieusement en M. Gambetta, en MM. Marcou, Naquet, Barodet, Tartempion, etc., et en toute une longue litanie de saints et de *dii minores* tels que Goutte-Noire, Polosse, Boriasse et Silibat, le héros lyonnais.

"On *croit* à 'l'immuabilité' de M. Thiers, qui a dit avec aplomb 'Je ne change jamais,' et qui aujourd'hui est à la fois le protecteur et le protégé de ceux qu'il a passé une partie de sa vie à fusiller, et qu'il fusillait encore hier.

"On *croit* au républicanisme 'immaculé' de l'avocat de Cahors qui a jeté par-dessus bord tous les principes républicains,—qui est à la fois de son côté le protecteur et le protégé de M. Thiers, qui hier l'appelait 'fou furieux,' déportait et fusillait ses amis.

"Tous deux, il est vrai, en même temps protecteurs hypocrites, et protégés dupés.

"On ne croit plus aux miracles anciens, mais on *croit* à des miracles nouveaux.

"On *croit* à une république sans le respect religieux et presque fanatique des lois.

"On *croit* qu'on peut s'enrichir en restant imprévoyants, insouciants et paresseux, et autrement que par le travail et l'économie.

"On se *croit* libre en obéissant aveuglément et bêtement à deux ou trois coteries.

"On se *croit* indépendant parce qu'on a tué ou chassé un lion, et qu'on l'a remplacé par deux douzaines de caniches teints en jaune.

"On *croit* avoir conquis le 'suffrage universel' en votant par des mots d'ordre qui en font le contraire du suffrage universel,—mené au vote comme on mène un troupeau au pâturage, avec cette différence que ça ne nourrit pas.—D'ailleurs, par ce suffrage universel qu'on croit avoir et qu'on n'a pas,—il faudrait *croire* que les soldats doivent commander au général, les chevaux mener le cocher;—*croire* que deux radis valent mieux qu'une truffe, deux cailloux mieux qu'un diamant, deux crottins mieux qu'une rose.

"On se *croit* en République, parce que quelques demi-quarterons de farceurs occupent les mêmes places, émargent les mêmes appointements, pratiquent les mêmes abus que ceux qu'on a renversés à leur bénéfice.

"On se *croit* un peuple opprimé, héroïque, que brise ses fers, et n'est qu'un domestique capricieux qui aime à changer de maîtres.

"On *croit* au génie d'avocats de sixième ordre, qui ne se sont jetés dans la politique et n'aspirent au gouvernement despotique de la France que faute d'avoir pu gagner honnêtement, sans grand travail, dans l'exercice d'une profession correcte, une vie obscure humectée de chopes.

"On *croit* que des hommes dévoyés, déclassés, décavés, fruits secs, etc., qui n'ont étudié que le 'domino à quatre' et le 'bezigue en quinze cents' se réveillent un matin,—après un sommeil alourdi par le tabac et la bière—possédant la science de la politique, et l'art de la guerre; et aptes à être dictateurs, généraux, ministres, préfets, sous-préfets, etc.

"Et les soi-disant conservateurs eux-mêmes *croient* que la France peut se relever et vivre tant qu'on n'aura pas fait justice de ce prétendu suffrage universel qui est le contraire du suffrage universel.

"Les croyances ont subi le sort de ce serpent de la fable—coupé, haché par morceaux, dont chaque tronçon devenait un serpent.

"Les croyances se sont changées en monnaie—en billon de crédulités.

"Et pour finir la liste bien incomplète des croyances et des crédulités—vous *croyez*, vous, qu'on ne croit à rien!"

CHAPTER II

UNDER THE DRACHENFELS

1. Without ignobly trusting the devices of artificial memory —far less slighting the pleasure and power of resolute and thoughtful memory—my younger readers will find it extremely useful to note any coincidences or links of number which may serve to secure in their minds what may be called Dates of Anchorage, round which others, less important, may swing at various cables' lengths.

Thus, it will be found primarily a most simple and convenient arrangement of the years since the birth of Christ, to divide them by fives of centuries,—that is to say, by the marked periods of the fifth, tenth, fifteenth, and, now fast nearing us, twentieth centuries.

And this—at first seemingly formal and arithmetical—division, will be found, as we use it, very singularly emphasized by signs of most notable change in the knowledge, disciplines, and morals of the human race.

2. All dates, it must farther be remembered, falling within the fifth century, begin with the number 4 (401, 402, etc.); and all dates in the tenth century with the number 9 (901, 902, etc.); and all dates in the fifteenth century with the number 14 (1401, 1402, etc.).

In our immediate subject of study, we are concerned with the first of these marked centuries—the fifth—of which I will therefore ask you to observe two very interesting divisions.

All dates of years in that century, we said, must begin with the number 4.

If you halve it for the second figure, you get 42.

And if you double it for the second figure, you get 48.

Add 1, for the third figure, to each of these numbers, and you get 421[1] and 481, which two dates you will please fasten well down, and let there be no drifting about of them in your heads.

For the first is the date of the birth of Venice herself, and her dukedom, (see *St. Mark's Rest*, Part I., p. 30);[2] and the second is the date of birth of the French Venice, and her kingdom; Clovis being in that year crowned in Amiens.

3. These are the great Birthdays—Birth-dates—in the fifth century, of Nations. Its Deathdays we will count, at another time.[3]

Nor for dark Rialto's dukedom, nor for fair France's kingdom, only, are these two years to be remembered above all others in the wild fifth century; but because they are also the birth-years of a great Lady, and greater Lord, of all future Christendom—St. Geneviève, and St. Benedict.

Geneviève, the "white wave"[4] (Laughing water)—the purest of all the maids that have been named from the sea-foam or the rivulet's ripple, unsullied,—not the troubled and troubling Aphrodite, but the Leucothea of Ulysses,[5] the guiding wave of deliverance.

White wave on the blue—whether of pure lake or sunny sea—(thenceforth the colours of France, blue field with white lilies,) she is always the type of purity, in active brightness of the entire soul and life—(so distinguished from the quieter and restricted innocence of St. Agnes),—and all the traditions of sorrow in the trial or failure of noble womanhood are connected with her name; Ginevra, in Italian, passing into Shakespeare's Imogen; and Guinevere, the torrent wave of the British mountain streams, of

[1] [Ruskin here notes in his copy that "St. Jerome died 420."]

[2] [See now, § 30: Vol. XXIV. p. 232.]

[3] [This, however, was not done.]

[4] [So Miss Yonge translates the name, in the Glossary prefixed to her *History of Christian Names*; and Ruskin compares it with the Indian name, "Laughing Water," in Longfellow's *Hiawatha* (see Vol. XXIV. p. 278).]

[5] [*Odyssey*, v. 333 *seq.* Compare *Munera Pulveris*, Vol. XVII. p. 291; *St. Mark's Rest*, § 76 (Vol. XXIV. p. 267); and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 78 (Vol. XXIX. p. 127).]

whose pollution your modern sentimental minstrels chant and moan to you, lugubriously useless;[1]—but none tell you, that I hear, of the victory and might of this white wave of France.

4. A shepherd maid she was—a tiny thing, barefooted, bareheaded—such as you may see running wild and innocent, less cared for now than their sheep, over many a hillside of France and Italy. Tiny enough;—seven years old, all told, when first one hears of her: "Seven times one are seven, (I am old, you may trust me, linnet, linnet,*)" and all around her—fierce as the Furies, and wild as the winds of heaven—the thunder of the Gothic armies reverberate over the ruins of the world.

5. Two leagues from Paris, (*Roman* Paris, soon to pass away with Rome herself,[2]) the little thing keeps her flock, not even her own, nor her father's flock, like David; she is the hired servant of a richer farmer of Nanterre. Who can tell me anything about Nanterre?[3]—which of our pilgrims of this omni-speculant, omni-nescient age has thought of visiting what shrine may be there? I don't know even on what side of Paris it lies,† nor under which heap of railway cinders and iron one is to conceive the sheep-walks and blossomed fields[4] of fairy Saint Phyllis. There were such left, even in my time, between Paris and St. Denis, (see the prettiest chapter in all the *Mysteries of Paris* where Fleur de Marie runs wild in them for the first time,[5]) but now, I suppose, Saint Phyllis's native earth is all thrown up into bastion and glacis, (profitable and blessed

* Miss Ingelow.

† On inquiry, I find in the flat between Paris and Sèvres.

[1] [The reference is to a song "Guinevere," which Ruskin disliked, by Sir Arthur Sullivan (words by Lionel H. Lewin).]

[2] [Clovis expelled the Romans from Parisii in 496; Rome in the early years of the following century was laid waste by the Goths.]

[3] [The question was answered by a correspondent in *Fors Clavigera:* see Letter 96, § 2 (Vol. XXIX. p. 518).]

[4] [They are still shown at Nanterre under the names Parc de Sainte-Geneviève and Clos de Sainte-Geneviève.]

[5] [Part i. ch. viii.: Ruskin refers to the same chapter in *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 372 *n.*).]

of all saints, and her, as *these* have since proved themselves!), or else covered with manufactories and cabarets. Seven years old she was, then, when on his way to *England* from Auxerre, St. Germain passed a night in her village, and among the children who brought him on his way in the morning in more kindly manner than Elisha's convoy,[1] noticed this one—wider-eyed in reverence than the rest; drew her to him, questioned her, and was sweetly answered, That she would fain be Christ's handmaid. And he hung round her neck a small copper coin, marked with the cross. Thenceforward Geneviève held herself as "separated from the world."[2]

6. It did not turn out so, however. Far the contrary. You must think of her, instead, as the first of Parisiennes. Queen of Vanity Fair, that was to be, sedately poor St. Phyllis, with her copper crossed farthing about her neck! More than Nitocris was to Egypt, more than Semiramis to Nineveh, more than Zenobia to the city of palm trees—this seven-years-old shepherd maiden became to Paris and her France. You have not heard of her in that kind?—No: how should you?—for she did not lead armies, but stayed them, and all her power was in peace.

7. There are, however, some seven or eight and twenty lives of her, I believe; into the literature of which I cannot enter, nor need, all having been ineffective in producing any clear picture of her to the modern French or English mind; and leaving one's own poor sagacities and fancy to gather and shape the sanctity of her into an intelligible, I do not say a credible, form; for there is no question here about *belief*,—the creature is as real as Joan of Arc, and far more powerful;—she is separated, just as St. Martin is, by his patience, from too provocative prelates—by her quietness of force, from the pitiable crowd of feminine martyr saints.

There are thousands of religious girls who have never

[1] [See 2 Kings ii. 23.]
[2] [Mrs. Jameson, *Sacred and Legendary Art*, ed. 1850, p. 455.]

got themselves into any calendars, but have wasted and wearied away their lives—heaven knows why, for *we* cannot; but here is one, at any rate, who neither scolds herself to martyrdom, nor frets herself into consumption, but becomes a tower of the Flock,[1] and builder of folds for them all her days.

8. The first thing, then, you have to note of her, is that she is a pure native *Gaul.* She does not come as a missionary out of Hungary, or Illyria, or Egypt, or ineffable space; but grows at Nanterre, like a marguerite in the dew, the first "Reine Blanche"[2] of Gaul.

I have not used this ugly word "Gaul" before, and we must be quite sure what it means, at once, though it will cost us a long parenthesis.

9. During all the years of the rising power of Rome, her people called everybody a Gaul who lived north of the sources of Tiber. If you are not content with that general statement, you may read the article "Gallia" in Smith's dictionary,[3] which consists of seventy-one columns of close print, containing each as much as three of my pages; and tells you at the end of it, that "though long, it is not complete." You may, however, gather from it, after an attentive perusal, as much as I have above told you.

But, as early as the second century after Christ, and much more distinctly in the time with which we are ourselves concerned—the fifth—the wild nations opposed to Rome, and partially subdued, or held at bay by her, had resolved themselves into two distinct masses, belonging to two distinct *latitudes.* One, *fixed* in habitation of the pleasant temperate zone of Europe—England with her western mountains, the healthy limestone plateaux and granite mounts of France, the German labyrinths of woody hill and winding thal, from the Tyrol to the Hartz, and all

[1] [Micah iv. 8.]

[2] ["Reine Blanche," because named "white wave" (§ 3) and here called white as a daisy; but the phrase is generally used with reference to the white, instead of black, mourning of the widowed Queens of France.]

[3] [*Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography,* by William Smith, 1856, vol. i. pp. 934–970.]

the vast enclosed basin and branching valleys of the Carpathians. Think of these four districts, briefly and clearly, as "Britain," "Gaul," "Germany," and "Dacia."[1]

10. North of these rudely, but patiently, *resident* races, possessing fields and orchards, quiet herds, homes of a sort, moralities and memories not ignoble, dwelt, or rather drifted, and shook, a shattered chain of gloomier tribes, piratical mainly, and predatory, nomad essentially; homeless, of necessity, finding no stay nor comfort in earth, or bitter sky: desperately wandering along the waste sands and drenched morasses of the flat country stretching from the mouths of the Rhine to those of the Vistula, and beyond Vistula nobody knows where, nor needs to know. Waste sands and rootless bogs their portion, ice-fastened and cloud-shadowed, for many a day of the rigorous year: shallow pools and oozings and windings of retarded streams, black decay of neglected woods, scarcely habitable, never loveable; to this day the inner mainlands little changed for good *—and their inhabitants now fallen even on sadder times.

11. For in the fifth century they had herds of cattle † to drive and kill, unpreserved hunting-grounds full of game and wild deer, tameable reindeer also then, even so far in the south; spirited hogs, good for practice of fight as in Meleager's time, and afterwards for bacon; furry creatures innumerable, all good for meat or skin. Fish of the infinite sea breaking their back-fibre nets; fowl innumerable, migrant in the skies, for their flint-headed arrows; bred

* See generally any description that Carlyle has had occasion to give of Prussian or Polish ground, or edge of Baltic shore.[2]

† Gigantic—and not yet fossilized! See Gibbon's note on the death of Theodebert: "The King pointed his spear—the Bull *overturned a tree on his head*,—he died the same day."—vii. 255.[3] The Horn of Uri and her shield, with the chiefly towering crests of the German helm, attest the terror of these aurochs herds.

[1] [See, further, ch. iii.; below, p. 90.]

[2] [See, for instance, the description of "Preussen" in Book ii. ch. ii. of *Friedrich*.]

[3] [Chapter 41 (a note). Ruskin's references are to Milman's edition of Gibbon (Murray, 1838): see below, p. 219 *n*. On the Horn of Uri, see Vol. XII. p. 194, and *Præterita*, iii. § 36 (Vol. XXXV.)]

horses for their own riding; ships of no mean size, and of all sorts, flat-bottomed for the oozy puddles, keeled and decked for strong Elbe stream and furious Baltic on the north,—for mountain-cleaving Danube and the black lake of Colchos on the south.

12. And they were, to all outward aspect, and in all *felt* force, the living powers of the world, in that long hour of its transfiguration. All else known once for awful, had become formalism, folly, or shame:—the Roman armies, a mere sworded mechanism, fast falling confused, every sword against its fellow;—the Roman civil multitude, mixed of slaves, slave-masters, and harlots; the East, cut off from Europe by the intervening weakness of the Greek. These starving troops of the Black forests and White seas, themselves half wolf, half drift-wood, (as *we* once called ourselves Lion-hearts, and Oak-hearts, so they,) merciless as the herded hound, enduring as the wild birch-tree and pine. You will hear of few beside them for five centuries yet to come: Visigoths, west of Vistula;—Ostrogoths, east of Vistula; radiant round little Holy Island (Heligoland), our own Saxons, and Hamlet the Dane, and his foe the sledded Polack on the ice,[1]—all these south of Baltic; and, pouring *across* Baltic, constantly, her mountain-ministered strength Scandinavia, until at last *she* for a time rules all, and the Norman name is of disputeless dominion, from the North Cape to Jerusalem.

13. *This* is the apparent, this the only recognized world history, as I have said, for five centuries to come. And yet the real history is underneath all this. The wandering armies are, in the heart of them, only living hail, and thunder, and fire along the ground.[2] But the Suffering Life, the rooted heart of native humanity, growing up in eternal gentleness, howsoever wasted, forgotten, or spoiled,—itself neither wasting, nor wandering, nor slaying, but unconquerable by grief or death, became the seed ground of all love,

[1] [*Hamlet*, Act i. sc. 1, 63.]
[2] [Exodus ix. 23.]

that was to be born in due time; giving, then, to mortality, what hope, joy, or genius it could receive; and—if there be immortality—rendering out of the grave to the Church her fostering Saints, and to Heaven her helpful Angels.

14. Of this low-nestling, speechless, harmless, infinitely submissive, infinitely serviceable order of being, no Historian ever takes the smallest notice, except when it is robbed, or slain. I can give you no picture of it, bring to your ears no murmur of it, nor cry. I can only show you the absolute "must have been" of its unrewarded past, and the way in which all we have thought of, or been told, is founded on the deeper facts in its history, unthought of, and untold.

15. The main mass of this innocent and invincible peasant life is, as I have above told you, grouped in the fruitful and temperate districts of (relatively) mountainous Europe,—reaching, west to east, from the Cornish Land's End to the mouth of the Danube. Already, in the times we are now dealing with, it was full of native passion—generosity—and intelligence capable of all things. Dacia gave to Rome the four last of her great Emperors,*—Britain to Christianity the first deeds, and the final legends, of her chivalry,—Germany, to all manhood, the truth and the fire of the Frank,[1]—Gaul, to all womanhood, the patience and strength of St. Geneviève.

16. The *truth*, and the fire, of the Frank,—I must repeat with insistence,—for my younger readers have probably

* Claudius, Aurelian, Probus, Constantius; and after the division of the empire, to the East, Justinian. "The emperor Justinian was born of an obscure race of Barbarians, the inhabitants of a wild and desolate country, to which the names of Dardania, of Dacia, and of Bulgaria have been successively applied. The names of these Dardanian peasants are Gothic, and almost English. Justinian is a translation of Uprauder (upright); his father, Sabatius,—in Græco-barbarous language, Stipes—was styled in his village 'Istock' (Stock)."—Gibbon, beginning of chap. xl. and note.

[1] [In the first draft of this chapter Ruskin here went on (1) with matter afterwards used (in a revised form) in *Candida Casa*, § 20; then (2) with that in *Bible of Amiens*, iii. § 10 (also revised); next (3) with *Candida Casa*, §§ 22, 23; then resuming at § 17 here. See, therefore, below, pp. 219, 91, 221.]

been in the habit of thinking that the French were more polite than true. They will find, if they examine into the matter, that only Truth *can* be polished: and that all we recognize of beautiful, subtle, or constructive, in the manners, the language, or the architecture of the French, comes of a pure veracity in their nature, which you will soon feel in the living creatures themselves if you love them: if you understand even their worst rightly, their very Revolution was a revolt against lies; and against the betrayal of Love. No people had ever been so loyal in vain.

17. That they were originally Germans, they themselves I suppose would now gladly forget; but how they shook the dust of Germany off their feet—and gave themselves a new name—is the first of the phenomena which we have now attentively to observe respecting them.

"The most rational critics," says Mr. Gibbon in his tenth chapter, "*suppose* that *about* the year 240" (*suppose* then, we, for our greater comfort, say *about* the year 250, half-way to end of fifth century, where we are,—ten years less or more, in cases of "supposing about," do not much matter, but some floating buoy of a date will be handy here).

"About" A.D. 250, then, "a new confederacy was formed under the name of Franks, by the old inhabitants of the lower Rhine and the Weser."

18. My own impression, concerning the old inhabitants of the lower Rhine and the Weser, would have been that they consisted mostly of fish, with superficial frogs and ducks; but Mr. Gibbon's note on the passage informs us that the new confederation composed itself of human creatures, in these items following:—

1. The Chauci, who lived we are not told where.
2. The Sicambri „ in the Principality of Waldeck.
3. The Attuarii „ in the Duchy of Berg.
4. The Bructeri „ on the banks of the Lippe.
5. The Chamavii „ in the country of the Bructeri.
6. The Catti „ in Hessia.

All this I believe you will be rather easier in your minds if you forget than if you remember; but if it please you to read, or re-read, (or best of all, get read to you by some real Miss Isabella Wardour,) the story of Martin Waldeck in *The Antiquary*,[1] you will gain from it a sufficient notion of the central character of "the Principality of *Waldeck*" connected securely with that important German word; "woody"—or "wood*ish*," I suppose?—descriptive of rock and half-grown forest; together with some wholesome reverence for Scott's instinctively deep foundations of nomenclature.[2]

19. But for our present purpose we must also take seriously to our maps again, and get things within linear limits of space.

All the maps of Germany which I have myself the privilege of possessing, diffuse themselves, just north of Frankfort, into the likeness of a painted window broken small by Puritan malice, and put together again by ingenious churchwardens with every bit of it wrong side upwards;—this curious vitrerie purporting to represent the sixty, seventy, eighty, or ninety dukedoms, marquisates, counties, baronies, electorates, and the like, into which hereditary Alemannia cracked itself in that latitude. But under the mottling colours, and through the jotted and jumbled alphabets of distracted dignities—besides a chain-mail of black railroads over all, the chains of it not in links, but bristling with legs, like centipedes,[3]—a hard forenoon's work with good magnifying-glass enables one approximately to make out the course of the Weser, and the names of certain towns near its sources, deservedly memorable.

20. In case you have not a forenoon to spare, nor eyesight to waste, this much of merely necessary abstract must serve you,—that from the Drachenfels and its six

[1] [See chapter xviii.]
[2] [On this subject, see *Val d'Arno*, § 213 (Vol. XXIII. p. 125).]
[3] [Compare Ruskin's description of the ordinary maps of France in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 95 (Vol. XXIX. p. 505).]

brother felsen,[1] eastward, trending to the north, there runs and spreads a straggling company of gnarled and mysterious craglets, jutting and scowling above glens fringed by coppice, and fretful or musical with stream: the crags, in pious ages, mostly castled, for distantly or fancifully Christian purposes;—the glens, resonant of woodmen, or burrowed at the sides by miners, and invisibly tenanted farther, underground, by gnomes, and, above, by forest and other demons. The entire district, clasping crag to crag, and guiding dell to dell, some hundred and fifty miles (with intervals) between the Dragon mountain above Rhine, and the Rosin mountain—"Hartz"—shadowy still, to the south of the riding grounds of Black Brunswickers of indisputable bodily presence;—shadowy anciently with "Hercynian" (hedge, or fence) forest, corrupted or coinciding into Hartz, or Rosin forest, haunted by obscurely apparent foresters of at least resinous, not to say sulphurous, extraction.

21. A hundred and fifty miles east to west, say half as much north to south—about a thousand square miles in whole—of metalliferous, coniferous, and Ghostiferous mountain, fluent, and diffluent for us, both in mediæval and recent times, with the most Essential oil of Turpentine, and Myrrh or Frankincense of temper and imagination, which may be typified by it, producible in Germany;—especially if we think how the more delicate uses of Rosin, as indispensable to the Fiddle-bow, have developed themselves, from the days of St. Elizabeth of Marburg to those of St. Mephistopheles of Weimar.[2]

22. As far as I know, this cluster of wayward cliff and dingle has no common name as a group of hills; and it is quite impossible to make out the diverse branching of it in any maps I can lay hand on: but we may remember easily, and usefully, that it is *all* north of the Main,—that

[1] [For the Siebengebirge, see Vol. XII. p. 377 *n.*]

[2] [From the days, that is, when St. Elizabeth of Hungary (for whom, see Vol. XIX. p. 14) lived and died at the castle of Marburg—"in a most melodiously pious sort," says Carlyle (*Friedrich*, Book ii. ch. vii.)—to those of the very different melodies of Goethe's Mephistopheles; or to put the contrast in another way, from *The Saint's Tragedy* (in which Kingsley tells her story) to *Faust*.]

it rests on the Drachenfels at one end, and tosses itself away to the morning light with a concave swoop, up to the Hartz, (Brocken summit, 3700 feet above sea, nothing higher): with one notable interval for Weser stream, of which presently.[1]

23. We will call this, in future, the chain, or company, of the Enchanted Mountains; and then we shall all the more easily join on the Giant mountains, Riesen-Gebirge, when we want them: but these are altogether higher, sterner, and not yet to be invaded; the nearer ones, through which our road lies, we might perhaps more patly call the Goblin mountains; but that would be scarcely reverent to St. Elizabeth, nor to the numberless pretty chatelaines of towers, and princesses of park and glen, who have made German domestic manners sweet and exemplary, and have led their lightly rippling and translucent lives down the glens of ages, until enchantment becomes, perhaps, too canonical, in the Almanach de Gotha.

We will call them therefore the Enchanted Mountains, not the Goblin; perceiving gratefully also that the Rock spirits of them have really much more of the temper of fairy physicians than of gnomes: each—as it were with sensitive hazel wand instead of smiting rod—beckoning, out of sparry caves, effervescent Brunnen, beneficently salt and warm.

24. At the very heart of this Enchanted chain, then—(and the beneficentest, if one use it and guide it rightly, of all the Brunnen there,) sprang the fountain of the earliest Frank race; "in the principality of Waldeck,"[2]—you can trace their current to no farther source; there it rises out of the earth.

"Frankenberg" (Burg), on right bank of the Eder, nineteen miles north of Marburg, you may find marked clearly in the map No. 18 of Black's General Atlas,[3] wherein the cluster of surrounding bewitched mountains,

[1] [See below, §§ 24–26.]
[2] [See above, pp. 61, 62.]
[3] [The edition of 1860.]

and the valley of Eder-stream, otherwise (as the village higher up the dell still calls itself) "Engel-Bach," "Angel Brook," joining that of the Fulda, just above Cassel, are also delineated in a way intelligible to attentive mortal eyes. I should be plagued with the names in trying a woodcut; but a few careful pen-strokes, or wriggles, of your own off-hand touching, would give you the concurrence of the actual sources of Weser in a comfortably extricated form, with the memorable towns on them, or just south of them, on the other slope of the watershed, towards Main. Frankenberg and Waldeck on Eder, Fulda and Cassel on Fulda, Eisenach on Werra,[1] who accentuates himself into Weser after taking Fulda for bride, as Tees the Greta,[2] beyond Eisenach, under the Wartburg, (of which you have heard as a castle employed on Christian mission and Bible Society purposes[3]):—town-streets below hard paved with basalt—name of it, Iron-ach, significant of Thuringian armouries in the old time,—it is active with mills for many things yet.

25. The rocks all the way from Rhine, thus far, are jets and spurts of basalt through irony sandstone, with a strip of coal or two northward, by the grace of God not worth digging for; at Frankenberg even a gold mine; also, by Heaven's mercy, poor of its ore; but wood and iron always to be had for the due trouble; and, of softer wealth above ground,—game, corn, fruit, flax, wine, wool, and hemp! Monastic care over all, in Fulda's and Walter's houses[4]—which I find marked by a cross as built by some pious Walter, Knight or Minnesinger on this Boden-wasser,[5]

[1] [Eisenach is in fact on the Hörsel, which joins the Werra some distance below the town.]

[2] [See the lines from Scott quoted in *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. pp. 340–341).]

[3] [The allusion seems to be to the fact that Luther worked at his translation of the Bible in the Castle (May 4, 1521–March 6, 1522). The room which he occupied is still shown, with various relics of the Reformer.]

[4] [The town of "Waltershausen." At Fulda there was a Benedictine monastery.]

[5] [All editions hitherto have read:—

"... Walter's houses—which I find marked by a cross as built by some pious Walter, Knight of Meiningen on the Boden-wasser, ..."

The MS., however, shows that the passage has been misprinted; the words actually

Bottom water, as of water having found its way well down at last: so "Boden-See," of Rhine well got down out of Via Mala.

26. And thus, having got your springs of Weser clear from the rock; and, as it were, gathered up the reins of your river, you can draw for yourself, easily enough, the course of its farther stream, flowing virtually straight north, to the North Sea. And mark it strongly on your sketched map of Europe, next to the border Vistula, leaving out Elbe yet for a time. For now, you may take the whole space between Weser and Vistula (north of the mountains), as wild barbarian (Saxon or Goth); but, piercing the source of the Franks at Waldeck, you will find them gradually, but swiftly, filling all the space between Weser and the mouths of Rhine, passing from mountain foam into calmer diffusion over the Netherland, where their straying forest and pastoral life has at last to embank itself into muddy agriculture, and, in bleak-flying sea mist, forget the sunshine on its basalt crags.

27. Whereupon, *we* must also pause, to embank ourselves somewhat; and before other things, try what we can understand in this name of Frank, concerning which Gibbon tells us, in his sweetest tones of satisfied moral serenity—"The love of liberty was the ruling passion of these Germans. They deserved, they assumed, they maintained, the honourable epithet of Franks, or Freemen."[1] He does not, however, tell us in what language of the time—

written by Ruskin are now substituted in the text. The passage is still not very clear. Ruskin appears to have been drawing on his fancy in connexion with the cross which he noticed in the map (what, however, Ruskin took for a cross is the end of a hatched line indicating a railway). He ascribes the foundation of Waltershausen to some Knight or Minnesinger, building a House on the river. We may suppose that the name Walter had brought into his mind the thought of the Minnesinger, Walter von der Vogelweid (for whom see Vol. XII. p. 508), in the age of the second Frederick, who held his court sometimes on the shores of the Lake of Constance (Boden-see). German legends of the lake—such as Schwab's well-known poem, *Der Reiter und der Boden See*—may also have come into Ruskin's mind; and thus, as he was dealing with the "springs of Weser," he calls the river "this Boden-wasser," explaining it as in the text; with which explanation, compare a note in *Ulric*, Vol. XXXII. p. 368 *n*. Waltershausen is in fact on a streamlet, tributary to the Hörsel.]

[1] [Ch. x.; vol. i. p. 435 (ed. 1838).]

Chaucian, Sicambrian, Chamavian, or Cattian[1]—"Frank" ever meant Free: nor can I find out myself what tongue of any time it first belongs to; but I doubt not that Miss Yonge (*History of Christian Names*, Articles on Frey and Frank[2]) gives the true root, in what she calls the High German "Frang," Free *Lord*. Not by any means a Free *Commoner*, or anything of the sort! but a person whose nature and name implied the existence around him, and beneath, of a considerable number of other persons who were by no means "Frang," nor Frangs. His title is one of the proudest then maintainable;—ratified at last by the dignity of age added to that of valour, into the Seigneur, or Monseigneur, not even yet in the last cockney form of it, "Mossoo," wholly understood as a republican term!

28. So that, accurately thought of, the quality of Frankness glances only with the flat side of it into any meaning of "Libre," but with all its cutting edge, determinedly, and to all time, it signifies Brave, strong, and honest, above other men.* The old woodland race were never

* Gibbon touches the facts more closely in a sentence of his 22nd chapter. "The independent warriors of Germany, *who considered truth as the noblest of their virtues*, and freedom as the most valuable of their possessions."[3] He is speaking especially of the Frankish tribe of the Attuarii, against whom the Emperor Julian had to re-fortify the Rhine from Cleves to Basle: but the first letters of the Emperor Jovian, after Julian's death, "delegated the military command of *Gaul* and Illyrium (what a vast one it was, we shall see hereafter[4]), to Malarich, a *brave and faithful* officer of the nation of the Franks;"[5] and they remain the loyal allies of Rome in her last struggle with Alaric.[6] Apparently for the sake only of an interesting variety of language,—and at all events without intimation of any causes of so great a change in the national character,—we find Mr. Gibbon in his next volume suddenly adopting the abusive epithets of Procopius, and calling the Franks "a light and perfidious nation" (vii. 251). The only traceable

[1] [See above, p. 61.]
[2] [See p. 297 (ed. 1884). See further on the derivation of the word *Frank*, *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 43, § 15 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 122–123).]
[3] [Vol. iv. p. 5.]
[4] [See below, p. 99.]
[5] [Ch. xxv.; vol. iv. p. 219.]
[6] [See Gibbon, ch. xxx.; vol. v. p. 215. Ruskin's following reference is to vol. vii.; not therefore the "next volume."]

in any wolfish sense "free," but in a most human sense Frank, outspoken, meaning what they had said, and standing to it, when they had got it out. Quick and clear in word and act, fearless utterly, and restless always;—but idly lawless, or weakly lavish, neither in deed nor word. Their frankness, if you read it as a scholar and a Christian, and not like a modern half-bred, half-brained infidel, knowing no tongue of all the world but in the slang of it, is really opposed, not to Servitude,—but to Shyness!* It is to this day the note of the sweetest and Frenchest of French character, that it makes simply perfect *Servants.* Unwearied in protective friendship, in meekly dextrous omnificence, in latent tutorship; the lovingly availablest of valets,—the

grounds for this unexpected description of them are that they refuse to be bribed either into friendship or activity, by Rome or Ravenna; and that in his invasion of Italy, the grandson of Clovis[1] did not previously send exact warning of his proposed route, nor even entirely signify his intentions till he had secured the bridge of the Po at Pavia; afterwards declaring his mind with sufficient distinctness by "assaulting, almost at the same instant, the hostile camps of the Goths and Romans, who, instead of uniting their arms, fled with equal precipitation."[2]

* For detailed illustration of the word, see *Val d'Arno,* Lecture viii. [Vol. XXIII. pp. 116 *seq.*]; *Fors Clavigera,* Letters 46 and 77 [Vol. XXVIII. p. 179, and Vol. XXIX. p. 115]; and Chaucer, *Romaunt of Rose,* 1212—"Next *him*" (the knight sibbe to Arthur) "daunced dame Franchise;"—the English lines are quoted and commented on in the first lecture of *Ariadne Florentina,* § 26[3] [Vol. XXII. p. 314]; I give the French here:—

"Apres tous ceulx estoit Franchise
Que ne fut ne brune ne bise.
Ains fut comme la neige blanche
Courtoyse estoit, *joyeuse*, et *franche.*
Le nez avoit long et tretis,
Yeulx vers, riants; sourcilz faitis;
Les cheveulx eut très-blons et longs
Simple fut comme les coulons
Le cœur eut doulx et debonnaire.
Elle n'osait dire ne faire
Nulle riens que faire ne deust."

And I hope my girl readers will never more confuse Franchise with "Liberty."

[1] [Theodebert.]
[2] [Ch. xli.; vol. vii. p. 253.]
[3] [And more fully in *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 43 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 114).]

mentally and personally bonniest of bonnes. But in no capacity shy of you! Though you be the Duke or Duchess of Montaltissimo, you will not find them abashed at your altitude. They will speak "up" to you, when they have a mind.

29. Best of servants: best of *subjects*, also, when they have an equally frank King, or Count, or Capital, to lead them; of which we shall see proof enough in due time;—but, instantly, note this farther, that, whatever side-gleam of the thing they afterwards called Liberty may be meant by the Frank name, you must at once now, and always in future, guard yourself from confusing their Liberties with their Activities. What the temper of the army may be towards its chief, is *one* question; whether either chief or army can be kept six months quiet,—another, and a totally different one. That they must either be fighting somebody or going somewhere,—else, their life isn't worth living to them; the activity and mercurial flashing and flickering hither and thither, which in the soul of it is set neither on war nor rapine, but only on change of place, mood—tense, and tension;—which never needs to see its spurs in the dish,[1] but has them always bright, and on, and would ever choose rather to ride fasting than sit feasting,—this childlike dread of being put in a corner, and continual want of something to do, is to be watched by us with wondering sympathy in all its sometimes splendid, but too often unlucky or disastrous consequences to the nation itself as well as to its neighbours.

30. And this activity, which we stolid beef-eaters, before we had been taught by modern science that we were no better than baboons ourselves, were wont discourteously to liken to that of the livelier tribes of Monkey, did in fact so much impress the Hollanders, when first the irriguous Franks gave motion and current to their marshes, that

[1] ["When the last bullock was killed and devoured, it was the lady's custom to place on the table a dish, which, on being uncovered, was found to contain a pair of clean spurs—a hint to the riders that they must shift for the next meal" (*Border Minstrelsy*, vol. i. p. 211 *n.*).]

the earliest heraldry in which we find the Frank power blazoned seems to be founded on a Dutch endeavour to give some distantly satirical presentment of it. "For," says a most ingenious historian, Mons. André Favine,—"Parisian, and Advocate in the High Court of the French Parliament in the year 1620"[1]—"those people who bordered on the river Sala, called 'Salts,' by the Allemaignes," were on their descent into Dutch lands called by the Romans "'Franci Salici'—(whence 'Salique' law to come, you observe) "and by abridgment 'Salii,' as if of the verb 'salire,' that is to say 'saulter,' to leap"—(and in future therefore —duly also to dance—in an incomparable manner)—"to be quicke and nimble of foot, to leap and mount well, a quality most notably requisite for such as dwell in watrie and marshy places;[2] So that while such of the French as dwelt on the great course of the river" (Rhine) "were called 'Nageurs,' Swimmers, they of the marshes were called 'Saulteurs,' Leapers, so that it was a nickname given to the French in regard both of their natural disposition and of their dwelling; as, yet to this day, their enemies call them French Toades, (or Frogs, more properly) from whence grew the fable that their ancient Kings carried such creatures in their Armes."[3]

31. Without entering at present into debate whether fable or not, you will easily remember the epithet "Salian" of these fosse-leaping and river-swimming folk, (so that, as aforesaid,[4] all the length of Rhine must be refortified against them)—epithet however, it appears, in its origin delicately Saline, so that we may with good discretion, as we call our seasoned Mariners, "*old* Salts," think of these more brightly sparkling Franks as "Young Salts,"—but this equivocated presently by the Romans, with natural respect to their martial fire and "elan," into "Salii"—

[1] [From the title-page of the 1623 (English) edition of Favine's *Theater of Honour.*]
[2] [Here Favine adds: "except they help themselves with stilts."]
[3] [Summarised from p. 76 (Book ii. ch. 3) of Favine.]
[4] [See above, p. 67, note *.]

exsultantes,*—such as their own armed priests of war: and by us now with some little farther, but slight equivocation, into useful meaning, to be thought of as here first Salient, as a beaked promontory, towards the France we know of; and evermore, in brilliant elasticities of temper, a salient or out-sallying nation; lending to us English presently—for this much of heraldry we may at once glance on to—their "Leopard,"[1] not as a spotted or blotted creature, but as an inevitably springing and pouncing one, for our own kingly and princely shields.

32. Thus much of their "Salian" epithet may be enough; but from the interpretation of the Frankish one we are still as far as ever, and must be content, in the meantime, to stay so, noting however two ideas afterwards entangled with the name, which are of much descriptive importance to us.

"The French poet in the first book of his Franciades" (says Mons. Favine; but what poet I know not, nor can inquire[2]) "encounters" (in the sense of en-quarters, or depicts as a herald) "certain fables on the name of the French by the adoption and composure of two *Gaulish*

* Their first mischievous exsultation into Alsace being invited by the Romans themselves, (or at least by Constantius in his jealousy of Julian,)—with "presents and promises,—the hopes of spoil, and a perpetual grant of all the territories they were able to subdue." Gibbon, chap. xix. (iii. 208). By any other historian than Gibbon, (who has really no fixed opinion on any character, or question, but, safe in the general truism that the worst men sometimes do right, and the best often do wrong,[3] praises when he wants to round a sentence, and blames when he cannot otherwise edge one)—it might have startled us to be here told of the nation which "deserved, assumed, and maintained the *honourable* name of freemen," that "*these undisciplined robbers* treated as their natural enemies all the subjects of the empire who possessed any property which they were desirous of acquiring." The first campaign of Julian, which throws both Franks and Alemânni back across the Rhine, but grants the Salian Franks, under solemn oath, their established territory in the Netherlands, must be traced at another time.[4]

[1] [See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 25 (Vol. XXVII. p. 454).]
[2] [Ronsard's *Franciade* (1572).]
[3] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 42 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 98).]
[4] [This, however, was not done: see Gibbon, ch. xix.]

words joyned together, Phere-Encos which signifieth 'Beare-*Launce*,'" (—Shake-Lance, we might perhaps venture to translate, a lighter weapon than the Spear beginning here to quiver in the hand of its chivalry)—"and Fere-encos then passing swiftly on the tongue into Francos;"[1]—a derivation not to be adopted, but the idea of the weapon most carefully,—together with this following—that

"among the arms of the ancient French, over and beside the Launce, was the Battaile-Axe, which they called *Anchon*, and moreover, yet to this day, in many Provinces of France, it is termed an *Achon*, wherewith they served themselves in warre, by throwing it a farre off at joyning with the enemy, onely to discover the man and to cleave his shield. Because this *Achon* was darted with such violence, as it would cleave the Shield, and compell the Maister thereof to hold down his arm, and being so discovered, as naked or unarmed; it made way for the sooner surprizing of him. It seemeth, that this weapon was proper and particuler to the French Souldior, as well him on foote, as on horsebacke. For this cause they called it *Franciscus*. Francisca, *securis oblonga, quam Franci librabant in Hostes*. For the Horseman, beside his shield and Francisca (Armes common, as wee have said, to the Footman), had also the Lance, which being broken, and serving to no further effect, he laid hand on his Francisca, as we learn the use of that weapon in the Archbishop of Tours, his second book, and twenty-seventh chapter."[2]

33. It is satisfactory to find how respectfully these lessons of the Archbishop of Tours were received by the French knights; and curious to see the preferred use of the Francisca by all the best of them—down, not only to Cœur de Lion's time, but even to the day of Poitiers. In the last wrestle of the battle at Poitiers gate, "Là, fit le Roy Jehan de sa main, merveilles d'armes, et tenoit une hache de guerre dont bien se deffendoit et combattoit,—si la quartre partie de ses gens luy eussent ressemblé, la journée eust été pour eux."[3] Still more notably, in the episode of fight which Froissart stops to tell just before, between the Sire de Verclef (on Severn), and the Picard squire Jean de Helennes: the Englishman, losing his sword, dismounts to recover it, on which Helennes *casts* his own

[1] [Favine, p. 65 (Book ii. ch. i.).]
[2] [*Ibid.*, p. 66.]
[3] [*Froissart*, Book i. part ii. ch. 44; vol. i. p. 353 (Buchon's ed., 1835).]

at him with such aim and force "qu'il acconsuit l'Anglois es cuisses, tellement que l'espée entra dedans et le cousit tout parmi, jusqu'au hans."[1]

On this the knight rendering himself, the squire binds his wound, and nurses him, staying fifteen days "pour l'amour de lui" at Chasteleraut, while his life was in danger; and afterwards carrying him in a litter all the way to his own chastel in Picardy. His ransom however is 6000 nobles—I suppose about 25,000 pounds, of our present estimate; and you may set down for one of the fatallest signs that the days of chivalry are near their darkening, how "devint celuy Escuyer, Chevalier, pour le grand profit qu'il eut du Seigneur de Verclef."

I return gladly to the dawn of chivalry, when, every hour and year, men were becoming more gentle and more wise; while, even through their worst cruelty and error, native qualities of noblest cast may be seen asserting themselves for primal motive, and submitting themselves for future training.

34. We have hitherto got no farther in our notion of a Salian Frank than a glimpse of his two principal weapons, —the shadow of him, however, begins to shape itself to us on the mist of the Brocken, bearing the lance light, passing into the javelin,—but the axe, his woodman's weapon, heavy;—for economical reasons, in scarcity of iron, preferablest of all weapons, giving the fullest swing and weight of blow with least quantity of actual metal, and roughest forging. Gibbon gives them also a "weighty" sword, suspended from a "broad" belt:[2] but Gibbon's epithets are always gratis,[3] and the belted sword, whatever its measure, was probably for the leaders only; the belt, itself of gold, the distinction of the Roman Counts, and doubtless adopted from them by the allied Frank leaders, afterwards taking

[1] [*Froissart*, ch. 43, *ad fin.*, p. 353.]
[2] [Ch. xxxv.; vol. vi. p. 95.]
[3] [See what Ruskin says, on the contrary, of Milton's epithets: *Sesame and Lilies*, § 21 (Vol. XVIII. p. 71).]

the Pauline mythic meaning of the girdle of Truth[1]—and so finally; the chief mark of Belted Knighthood.

35. The Shield, for all, was round, wielded like a Highlander's target:—armour, presumably, nothing but hard-tanned leather, or patiently close knitted hemp; "Their close apparel," says Mr. Gibbon, "accurately expressed the figure of their limbs,"[2] but "apparel" is only Miltonic-Gibbonian for "nobody knows what." He is more intelligible of their persons. "The lofty stature of the Franks, and their blue eyes, denoted a Germanic origin; the warlike barbarians were trained from their earliest youth to run, to leap, to swim, to dart the javelin and battle-axe with unerring aim, to advance without hesitation against a superior enemy, and to maintain either in life or death, the invincible reputation of their ancestors" (vi. 95). For the first time, in 358, appalled by the Emperor Julian's victory at Strasburg, and besieged by him upon the Meuse, a body of six hundred Franks "dispensed with the ancient law which commanded them to conquer or die."[3] "Although they were strongly actuated by the allurements of rapine, they professed a disinterested love of war, which they considered as the supreme honour and felicity of human nature; and their minds and bodies were so hardened by perpetual action that, according to the lively expression of an orator, the snows of winter were as pleasant to them as the flowers of spring."[3]

36. These mental and bodily virtues, or indurations, were probably universal in the military rank of the nation: but we learn presently, with surprise, of so remarkably "free" a people, that nobody but the King and royal family might wear their hair to their own liking. The kings wore theirs in flowing ringlets on the back and shoulders,—the Queens, in tresses rippling to their feet,[4]—but all

[1] [Ephesians vi. 14: "Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth." Isaiah (xi. 5) uses the same figure.]

[2] [Ch. xxxv.; vol. vi. p. 95.]

[3] [Ch. xix.; vol. iii. pp. 219-220.]

[4] [Compare below, p. 159 *n.*; and *Val d'Arno*, § 212 (Vol. XXIII. p. 124).]

the rest of the nation "were obliged, either by law or custom, to shave the hinder part of their head, to comb their short hair over their forehead, and to content themselves with the ornament of two small whiskers."[1]

37. Moustaches,—Mr. Gibbon means, I imagine: and I take leave also to suppose that the nobles, and noble ladies, might wear such tress and ringlet as became them. But again, we receive unexpectedly embarrassing light on the democratic institutions of the Franks, in being told that "the various trades, the labours of agriculture, and the arts of hunting and fishing, were *exercised by servile* hands for the *emolument* of the Sovereign."[2]

"Servile" and "Emolument," however, though at first they sound very dreadful and very wrong, are only Miltonic-Gibbonian expressions of the general fact that the Frankish Kings had ploughmen in their fields, employed weavers and smiths to make their robes and swords, hunted with huntsmen, hawked with falconers, and were in other respects tyrannical to the ordinary extent that an English Master of Hounds may be. "The mansion of the long-haired Kings was surrounded with convenient yards and stables for poultry and cattle; the garden was planted with useful vegetables; the magazines filled with corn and wine either for sale or consumption; and the whole administration conducted by the strictest rules of private economy."[3]

38. I have collected these imperfect, and not always extremely consistent, notices of the aspect and temper of the Franks out of Mr. Gibbon's casual references to them during a period of more than two centuries,—and the last passage quoted, which he accompanies with the statement that "one hundred and sixty of these rural palaces were scattered through the provinces of their kingdom," without telling us what kingdom, or at what period, must I think be held descriptive of the general manner and system of their

[1] [Ch. xxxv.; vol. vi. p. 94.]
[2] [Ch. xxxviii.; vol. vi. p. 336.]
[3] [*Ibid.*]

monarchy after the victories of Clovis. But, from the first hour you hear of him, the Frank, closely considered, is always an extremely ingenious, well-meaning, and industrious personage;—if eagerly acquisitive, also intelligently conservative and constructive; an element of order and crystalline edification, which is to consummate itself one day in the aisles of Amiens; and things generally insuperable and impregnable, if the inhabitants of them had been as sound-hearted as their builders, for many a day beyond.

39. But for the present, we must retrace our ground a little; for indeed I have lately observed with compunction, in re-reading some of my books for revised issue, that if ever I promise, in one number or chapter, careful consideration of any particular point in the next, the next never *does* touch upon the promised point at all, but is sure to fix itself passionately on some antithetic, antipathic, or antipodic, point in the opposite hemisphere. This manner of conducting a treatise I find indeed extremely conducive to impartiality and largeness of view; but can conceive it to be—to the general reader—not only disappointing, (if indeed I may flatter myself that I ever interest enough to disappoint,) but even liable to confirm in his mind some of the fallacious and extremely absurd insinuations of adverse critics respecting my inconsistency, vacillation, and liability to be affected by changes of the weather in my principles or opinions. I purpose, therefore, in these historical sketches, at least to watch, and I hope partly to correct myself in this fault of promise-breaking, and at whatever sacrifice of my variously fluent or re-fluent humour, to tell in each successive chapter in some measure what the reader justifiably expects to be told.

40. I left, merely glanced at, in my opening chapter, the story of the vase of Soissons.[1] It may be found (and it is very nearly the only thing that *is* to be found respecting the personal life or character of the first Louis)

[1] [See above, p. 34.]

in every cheap popular history of France; with cheap popular moralities engrafted thereon. Had I time to trace it to its first sources, perhaps it might take another aspect. But I give it as you may anywhere find it—asking you only to consider whether—even as so read—it may not properly bear a somewhat different moral.

41. The story is, then, that after the battle of Soissons, in the division of Roman, or Gallic spoil, the King wished to have a beautifully wrought silver vase for—"himself," I was going to write—and in my last chapter *did* mistakenly infer that he wanted it for his better self,—his Queen. But he wanted it for neither;—it was to restore to St. Remy, that it might remain among the consecrated treasures of Rheims. That is the first point on which the popular histories do not insist, and which one of his warriors, claiming equal division of treasure, chose also to ignore. The vase was asked by the King in addition to his own portion, and the Frank knights, while they rendered true obedience to their king as a leader, had not the smallest notion of allowing him what more recent kings call "Royalties"—taxes on everything they touch. And one of these Frank knights or Counts—a little franker than the rest—and as incredulous of St. Remy's saintship as a Protestant Bishop, or Positivist Philosopher—took upon him to dispute the King's and the Church's claim, in the manner, suppose, of a Liberal opposition in the House of Commons; and disputed it with such security of support by the public opinion of the fifth century, that—the King persisting in his request—the fearless soldier dashed the vase to pieces with his war-axe, exclaiming, "Thou shalt have no more than thy portion by lot."

42. It is the first clear assertion of French "Liberté, Fraternité and Egalité," supported, then, as now, by the destruction, which is the only possible active operation of "free" personages, of the art they cannot produce.

The King did not continue the quarrel. Cowards will think that he paused in cowardice, and malicious persons,

that he paused in malignity. He *did* pause in anger assuredly; but biding its time, which the anger of a strong man always can, and burn hotter for the waiting, which is one of the chief reasons for Christians being told not to let the sun go down upon it.[1] Precept which Christians now-a-days are perfectly ready to obey, if it is somebody else who has been injured;[2] and indeed, the difficulty in such cases is usually to get them to think of the injury even while the Sun *rises* on their wrath.*

43. The sequel is very shocking indeed—to modern sensibility. I give it in the, if not polished, at least delicately varnished, language of the *Pictorial History*:[3]—

"About a year afterwards, on reviewing his troops, he went to the man who had struck the vase, and *examining his arms, complained* that *they* were in bad condition!" (Italics mine) "and threw them" (What? shield and sword?) "on the ground. The soldier stooped to recover them; and at that moment the King struck him on the head with his battle-axe, crying, 'Thus didst thou to the vase at Soissons.'" The Moral modern historian proceeds to reflect that "this—as an evidence of the condition of the Franks, and of the ties by which they were united,—gives but the idea of a band of Robbers and their chief." Which is, indeed, so far as I can myself look into and decipher the nature of things, the Primary idea to be entertained respecting most of the kingly and military organizations in this world, down to our own day; (unless perchance it be the Afghans and Zulus who are stealing our lands in England—instead of we theirs, in their several countries). But concerning the *manner* of this piece of

* Read Mr. Plimsoll's article on coal mines for instance.[4]

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[1] [See Ephesians iv. 26.]

[2] [Compare what Ruskin says on the decay of "righteous anger," Vol. XX. p. 89.]

[3] [*The Pictorial History of France and of the French People*, vol. i. pp. 53–54.]

[4] ["Explosions in Collieries, and their Cure," in the *Nineteenth Century*, December 1880, vol. 8, pp. 895–920.]

military execution, I must for the present leave the reader to consider with himself, whether indeed it be less Kingly, or more savage, to strike an uncivil soldier on the head with one's own battle-axe, than, for instance, to strike a person like Sir Thomas More on the neck with an executioner's,—using for the mechanism, and as it were guillotine bar and rope to the blow—the manageable forms of National Law, and the gracefully twined intervention of a polite group of noblemen and bishops.

44. Far darker things have to be told of him than this, as his proud life draws towards the close,—things which, if any of us could see clear *through* darkness, you should be told in all the truth of them. But we never can know the truth of Sin; for its nature is to deceive, alike, on the one side the Sinner, on the other the Judge: Diabolic,—betraying whether we yield to it, or condemn. Here is Gibbon's sneer—if you care for it; but I gather first from the confused paragraphs which conduct to it, the sentences of praise, less niggard than the Sage of Lausanne usually grants to any hero who has confessed the influence of Christianity:—

45. "Clovis, when he was no more than fifteen years of age, succeeded, by his father's death, to the command of the Salian tribe. The narrow limits of his kingdom were confined to the island of the Batavians, with the ancient dioceses of Tournay and Arras; and at the baptism of Clovis, the number of his warriors could not exceed five thousand. The kindred tribes of the Franks who had seated themselves along the Scheldt, the Meuse, the Moselle, and the Rhine, were governed by their independent kings, of the Merovingian race, the equals, the allies, and sometimes the enemies of the Salic Prince. When he first took the field he had neither gold nor silver in his coffers, nor wine and corn in his magazines; but he imitated the example of Cæsar, who in the same country had acquired wealth by the sword, and purchased soldiers with the fruits of conquest. The untamed spirit of the Barbarians was taught to acknowledge the advantages of regular discipline. At the annual review of the month of March, their arms were diligently inspected; and when they traversed a peaceful territory they were prohibited from touching a blade of grass. The justice of Clovis was inexorable; and his careless or disobedient soldiers were punished with instant death. It would be superfluous to praise the valour of a Frank; but the valour of Clovis was directed by cool and consummate prudence. In all his transactions with mankind he calculated the weight of interest, of passion, and of opinion; and his measures were

sometimes adapted to the sanguinary manners of the Germans, and sometimes moderated by the milder genius of Rome, and Christianity.

46. "But the savage conqueror of Gaul was incapable of examining the proofs of a religion, which depends on the laborious investigation of historic evidence, and speculative theology. He was still more incapable of feeling the mild influence of the Gospel, which persuades and purifies the heart of a genuine convert. His ambitious reign was a perpetual violation of moral and Christian duties: his hands were stained with blood, in peace as well as in war; and, as soon as Clovis had dismissed a synod of the Gallican Church, he calmly assassinated *all* the princes of the Merovingian race."[1]

47. It is too true; but rhetorically put, in the first place—for we ought to be told how many "all" the princes were;—in the second place, we must note that, supposing Clovis had in any degree "searched the Scriptures"[2] as presented to the Western world by St. Jerome, he was likely, as a soldier-king, to have thought more of the mission of Joshua* and Jehu than of the patience of Christ, whose sufferings he thought rather of avenging than imitating: and the question whether the other Kings of the Franks should either succeed him, or, in envy of his enlarged kingdom, attack and dethrone, was easily in his mind convertible from a personal danger into the chance of the return of the whole nation to idolatry. And, in the last place, his faith in the Divine protection of his cause had been shaken by his defeat before Arles by the Ostrogoths; and the Frank leopard had not so wholly changed his spots[3] as to surrender to an enemy the opportunity of a first spring.

* The likeness was afterwards taken up by legend, and the walls of Angoulême, after the battle of Poitiers, are said to have fallen at the sound of the trumpets of Clovis. "A miracle," says Gibbon, "which may be reduced to the supposition that some clerical engineers had secretly undermined the foundations of the rampart."[4] I cannot too often warn my honest readers against the modern habit of "reducing" all history whatever to "the supposition that" . . . etc., etc. The legend is of course the natural and easy expansion of a metaphor.

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[1] [Ch. xxxviii.; vol. vi. p. 294.]
[2] [John v. 39.]
[3] [Jeremiah xiii. 23.]
[4] [Ch. xxxviii.; vol. vi. p. 317.]

48. Finally, and beyond all these personal questions, the forms of cruelty and subtlety—the former, observe, arising much out of a scorn of pain which was a condition of honour in their women as well as men, are in these savage races all founded on their love of glory in war, which can only be understood by comparing what remains of the same temper in the higher castes of the North American Indians; and, before tracing in final clearness the actual events of the reign of Clovis to their end, the reader will do well to learn this list of the personages of the great Drama, taking to heart the meaning of the *name* of each, both in its probable effect on the mind of its bearer, and in its fateful expression of the course of their acts, and the consequences of it to future generations:—

(1.) Clovis. Frank form, Hluodoveh. "Glorious Holiness," or consecration. Latin Chlodovisus, when baptized by St. Remy, softening afterwards through the centuries into Lhodovisus, Ludovicus, Louis.

(2.) Albofleda. "White household fairy"? His youngest sister; married Theodoric (Theutreich, "People's ruler"), the great King of the Ostrogoths.

(3.) Clotilde. Hlod-hilda. "Glorious Battle-maid." His wife. "Hilda" first meaning Battle, pure; and then passing into Queen or Maid of Battle. Christianized to Ste Clotilde in France, and Ste Hilda of Whitby cliff.

(3.) Clotilde. His only daughter. Died for the Catholic faith, under Arian persecution.

(4.) Childebert. His eldest son by Clotilde, the first Frank King in Paris. "Battle Splendour," softening into Hildebert, and then Hildebrandt, as in the Nibelung.

(5.) Chlodomir. "Glorious Fame." His second son by Clotilde.

(6.) Clotaire. His youngest son by Clotilde; virtually the destroyer of his father's house. "Glorious Warrior."

(7.) Chlodowald. Youngest son of Chlodomir. "Glorious Power," afterwards "St. Cloud."

49. I will now follow straight, through their light and shadow, the course of Clovis' reign and deeds.

A.D. 481. Crowned, when he was only fifteen. Five years afterwards, he challenges, "in the spirit, and almost in the language of chivalry,"[1] the Roman governor Syagrius,

[1] [Gibbon, vol. vi. p. 297.]

holding the district of Rheims and Soissons. "Campum sibi præparari jussit—he commanded his antagonist to prepare him a battle field"—see Gibbon's note and reference, chap. xxxviii. The Benedictine abbey of Nogent was afterwards built on the field, marked by a circle of Pagan sepulchres. "Clovis bestowed the adjacent lands of Leuilly and Coucy on the church of Rheims."* [1]

A.D. 485. The Battle of Soissons. Not dated by Gibbon: the subsequent death of Syagrius at the court of (the younger) Alaric, was in 486—take 485 for the battle.

50. A.D. 493. I cannot find any account of the relations between Clovis and the King of Burgundy, the uncle of Clotilde, which preceded his betrothal to the orphan princess. Her uncle, according to the common history, had killed both her father and mother, and compelled her sister to take the veil—motives none assigned, nor authorities. Clotilde herself was pursued on her way to France,† and the litter in which she travelled captured, with part of her marriage portion. But the princess herself mounted on

* When?—for this tradition, as well as that of the vase, points to a friendship between Clovis and St. Remy, and a singular respect on the King's side for the Christians of Gaul, though he was not yet himself converted.

† It is a curious proof of the want in vulgar historians of the slightest sense of the vital interest of anything they tell, that neither in Gibbon, nor in Messrs. Bussey and Gaspey,[2] nor in the elaborate *Histoire des Villes de France*,[3] can I find, with the best research my winter's morning allows, what city was at this time the capital of Burgundy, or at least in which of its four nominal capitals,—Dijon, Besançon, Geneva, and Vienne,—Clotilde was brought up. The evidence seems to me in favour of Vienne—(called always by Messrs. B. and G., "Vienna,"[4] with what effect on the minds of their dimly geographical readers I cannot say)—the rather that Clotilde's mother is said to have been "thrown into the *Rhone* with a stone round her neck." The author of the introduction to "Bourgogne" in the *Histoire*

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[1] [Gibbon, vol. vi. p. 297 *n.*]

[2] [Authors of *The Pictorial History of France:* see above, p. 39 *n.*]

[3] [*Histoire des Villes de France, avec une introduction générale pour chaque province*, par M. Aristide Guilbert et une Société de Membres de l'Institut, etc., 6 vols., Paris, 1844. Ruskin kept the book near his hands while writing *Our Fathers have Told Us:* see the plan of his study, Vol. XXIII. p. lxviii.]

[4] [See, *e.g.*, vol. i. p. 69.]

horseback, and rode, with part of her escort, forward into France, "ordering her attendants to set fire to everything that pertained to her uncle and his subjects which they might meet with on the way."[1]

51. The fact is not chronicled, usually, among the sayings or doings of the Saints: but the punishment of Kings by destroying the property of their subjects, is too well recognized a method of modern Christian warfare to allow our indignation to burn hot against Clotilde; driven, as she was, hard by grief and wrath. The years of her youth are not counted to us; Clovis was already twenty-seven, and for three years maintained the faith of his ancestral religion against all the influence of his queen.

52. A.D. 496. I did not in the opening chapter[2] attach nearly enough importance to the battle of Tolbiac, thinking of it as merely compelling the Alemanni to recross the Rhine, and establishing the Frank power on its western bank. But infinitely wider results are indicated in the short sentence with which Gibbon closes his account of the

des Villes is so eager to get his little spiteful snarl at anything like religion anywhere, that he entirely forgets the existence of the first queen of France,—never names her, nor, as such, the place of her birth,—but contributes only to the knowledge of the young student this beneficial quota, that Gondeband, "plus politique que guerrier, trouva au milieu de ses controverses théologiques avec Avitus, évêque de *Vienne*, le temps de faire mourir ses trois frères et de recueillir leur heritage."

The one broad fact which my own readers will find it well to remember is that Burgundy, at this time, by whatever king or victor tribe its inhabitants may be subdued, does practically include the whole of French Switzerland, and even of the German, as far east as Vindonissa:—the Reuss, from Vindonissa through Lucerne to the St. Gothard being its effective eastern boundary; that westward—it meant all Jura, and the plains of the Saone; and southward, included all Savoy and Dauphiné. According to the author of *La Suisse Historique*[3] Clotilde was first addressed by Clovis's herald disguised as a beggar, while she distributed alms at the gate of St. Pierre at Geneva; and her departure and pursued flight into France were from Dijon.

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[1] [*The Pictorial History of France*, vol. i. ch. ii. p. 55.]

[2] [See above, pp. 34, 39.]

[3] [*La Suisse Historique et Pittoresque. Première Partie: La Suisse Historique*, par E. H. Gaullieur: Geneva, 1855, pp. 45, 46.]

battle. "After the conquest of the western provinces, the Franks *alone* retained their ancient possessions beyond the Rhine. They gradually subdued and *civilized* the exhausted countries as far as the Elbe and the mountains of Bohemia; and the *peace of Europe* was secured by the obedience of Germany."[1]

53. For, in the south, Theodoric had already "sheathed the sword in the pride of victory and the vigour of his age—and his farther reign of three and thirty years was consecrated to the duties of civil government."[2] Even when his son-in-law, Alaric, fell by Clovis' hand in the battle of Poitiers, Theodoric was content to check the Frank power at Arles, without pursuing his success, and to protect his infant grandchild, correcting at the same time some abuses in the civil government of Spain. So that the healing sovereignty of the great Goth was established from Sicily to the Danube—and from Sirmium to the Atlantic ocean.

54. Thus, then, at the close of the fifth century, you have Europe divided simply by her watershed; and two Christian kings reigning, with entirely beneficent and healthy power—one in the north—one in the south—the mightiest and worthiest of them married to the other's youngest sister: a saint queen in the north—and a devoted and earnest Catholic woman, queen mother in the south. It is a conjunction of things memorable enough in the Earth's history,—much to be thought of, oh fast whirling reader, if ever, out of the crowd of pent up cattle driven across Rhine, or Adige, you can extricate yourself for an hour, to walk peacefully out of the south gate of Cologne, or across Fra Giocondo's bridge at Verona—and so pausing look through the clear air across the battlefield of Tolbiac[3] to the blue Drachenfels; or across the plain of St. Ambrogio

[1] [Ch. xxxviii.; vol. vi. p. 300.]

[2] [Ch. xxxix.; vol. vii. p. 25. But Gibbon says: ". . . age. A reign of thirty-three years . . ." viz., 493–526.]

[3] [About twenty-four miles from Cologne.]

to the mountains of Garda. For there were fought—if you will think closely—the two victor-battles of the Christian world. Constantine's only gave changed form and dying colour to the falling walls of Rome; but the Frank and Gothic races, thus conquering and thus ruled, founded the arts and established the laws which gave to all future Europe her joy, and her virtue. And it is lovely to see how, even thus early, the Feudal chivalry depended for its life on the nobleness of its womanhood. There was no *vision* seen, or alleged, at Tolbiac. The King prayed simply to the God of Clotilde.[1] On the morning of the battle of Verona, Theodoric visited the tent of his mother and his sister, "and requested that on the most illustrious festival of his life, they would adorn him with the rich garments which they had worked with their own hands."[2]

55. But over Clovis, there was extended yet another influence—greater than his queen's. When his kingdom was first extended to the Loire, the shepherdess of Nanterre was already aged,—no torch-bearing maid of battle, like Clotilde, no knightly leader of deliverance like Jeanne,[3] but grey in meekness of wisdom, and now "filling more and more with crystal light."[4] Clovis's father had known her; he himself made her his friend, and when he left Paris on the campaign of Poitiers, vowed that if victorious, he would build a Christian church on the hills of Seine. He returned in victory, and with St. Geneviève at his side, stood on the site of the ruined Roman Thermæ, just above the "Isle" of Paris, to fulfil his vow: and to design the limits of the foundations of the first metropolitan church of Frankish Christendom.[5]

[1] [See above, p. 34.]

[2] [Gibbon, ch. xxxix.; vol. vii. p. 15. Compare, below, p. 434.]

[3] [For other references to Joan of Arc, see Vol. XXV. p. 350, Vol. XXVII. p. 68, Vol. XXVIII. p. 112; and below, p. 128.]

[4] [Wordsworth: *To —— (Lady Fitzgerald) in her Seventieth Year.* Quoted also in Vol. IV. p. 175, and "Notes on Bewick" (Vol. XXX. p. 283).]

[5] [The basilica of St. Peter and St. Paul. See the *Histoire des Villes de France*, vol. vi. p. 655.]

The King "gave his battle-axe the swing,"[1] and tossed it with his full force.

Measuring with its flight also, the place of his own grave, and of Clotilde's, and St. Geneviève's.

There they rested, and rest,—in soul,—together. "La Colline tout entière porte encore le nom de la patronne de Paris; une petite rue obscure a gardé celui du Roi Conquerant."[2]

[1] [*Histoire de France*, par Émile Keller: Tours, 1876, vol. i. p. 49. For his "Francisca," or axe, see above, § 32 (p. 72), and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 43 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 123).]

[2] [Keller, *ut sup.*]

CHAPTER III

THE LION TAMER[1]

1. It has been often of late announced as a new discovery, that man is a creature of circumstances; and the fact has been pressed upon our notice, in the hope, which appears to some people so pleasing, of being able at last to resolve into a succession of splashes in mud, or whirlwinds in air, the "circumstances" answerable for his creation. But the more important fact, that his nature is not levelled, like a mosquito's, to the mists of a marsh, nor reduced, like a mole's, beneath the crumblings of a burrow, but has been endowed with sense to discern, and instinct to adopt, the conditions which will make of it the best that can be, is very necessarily ignored by philosophers who propose, as a beautiful fulfilment of human destinies, a life entertained by scientific gossip, in a cellar lighted by electric sparks, warmed by tubular inflation, drained by buried rivers, and fed, by the ministry of less learned and better provisioned races, with extract of beef, and potted crocodile.[2]

2. From these chemically analytic conceptions of a Paradise in catacombs, undisturbed in its alkaline or acid virtues by the dread of Deity, or hope of futurity, I know not how far the modern reader may willingly withdraw himself for a little time, to hear of men who, in their darkest and most foolish day, sought by their labour to make the desert as the garden of the Lord,[3] and by their

[1] [A proof of §§ 1–38 of this chapter at Brantwood gives the title as "Monte Cassino."]

[2] [For the reference in "potted crocodile," see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 27 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 503, 504).]

[3] [Isaiah li. 3.]

love to become worthy of permission to live with Him for ever. It has nevertheless been only by such toil, and in such hope, that, hitherto, the happiness, skill, or virtue of man has been possible: and even on the verge of the new dispensation, and promised Canaan, rich in beatitudes of iron, steam, and fire, there are some of us, here and there, who may pause in filial piety to look back towards that wilderness of Sinai in which their fathers worshipped and died.

3. Admitting, however, for the moment, that the main streets of Manchester, the district immediately surrounding the Bank in London, and the Bourse and Boulevards of Paris, are already part of the future kingdom of Heaven, when Earth shall be all Bourse and Boulevard,—the world of which our fathers tell us was divided to them, as you already know, partly by climates, partly by races, partly by times; and the "circumstances" under which a man's soul was given to him, had to be considered under these three heads:—In what climate is he? Of what race? At what time?

He can only be what these conditions permit. With appeal to these, he is to be heard;—understood, if it may be;—judged, by our love, first—by our pity, if he need it —by our humility, finally and always.

4. To this end, it is needful evidently that we should have truthful maps of the world to begin with, and truthful maps of our own hearts to end with; neither of these maps being easily drawn at any time, and perhaps least of all now—when the use of a map is chiefly to exhibit hotels and railroads; and humility is held the disagreeablest and meanest of the Seven mortal Sins.

5. Thus, in the beginning of Sir Edward Creasy's *History of England*, you find a map purporting to exhibit the possessions of the British Nation—illustrating the extremely wise and courteous behaviour of Mr. Fox to a Frenchman of Napoleon's suite, in "advancing to a terrestrial globe of unusual magnitude and distinctness, spreading his arms

round it, over both the oceans and both the Indies," and observing, in this impressive attitude, that "while Englishmen live, they overspread the whole world, and clasp it in the circle of their power."[1]

6. Fired by Mr. Fox's enthusiasm, the otherwise seldom fiery Sir Edward proceeds to tell us that "our island home is the favourite domicile of freedom, empire and glory," without troubling himself, or his readers, to consider how long the nations over whom our freedom is imperious, and in whose shame is our glory, may be satisfied in that arrangement of the globe and its affairs; or may be even at present convinced of their degraded position in it by his method of its delineation.

For, the map being drawn on Mercator's projection, represents therefore the British dominions in North America as twice the size of the States, and considerably larger than all South America put together: while the brilliant crimson with which all our landed property is coloured cannot but impress the innocent reader with the idea of a universal flush of freedom and glory throughout all those acres and latitudes. So that he is scarcely likely to cavil at results so marvellous by inquiring into the nature and completeness of our government at any particular place,—for instance in Ireland, in the Hebrides or at the Cape.

7. In the closing chapter of the first volume of *The Laws of Fésole* I have laid down the mathematical principles of rightly drawing maps;[2]—principles which for many reasons it is well that my young readers should learn; the fundamental one being that you cannot flatten the skin of an orange without splitting it, and must not, if you draw countries on the unsplit skin, stretch them afterwards to fill the gaps.

The British pride of wealth which does not deny itself

[1] [*History of England, from the Earliest to the Present Time, in 5 vols.* (only two published), 1869, vol. i. p. 4. Creasy quotes the anecdote from the first volume of Thiers's *History of the Consulate and the Empire.*]

[2] [Not the closing chapter, but the last but one: Vol. XV. pp. 440 *seq.*]

the magnificent convenience of penny Walter Scotts and penny Shakespeares, may assuredly, in its future greatness, possess itself also of penny universes, conveniently spinnable on their axes. I shall therefore assume that my readers can look at a round globe, while I am talking of the world; and at a properly reduced drawing of its surfaces, when I am talking of a country.

8. Which, if my reader can at present do—or at least refer to a fairly drawn double-circle map of the globe with converging meridians—I will pray him next to observe, that, although the old division of the world into four quarters is now nearly effaced by emigration and Atlantic cable, yet the great historic question about the globe is not how it is divided, here and there, by ins and outs of land or sea; but how it is divided into zones all round, by irresistible laws of light and air. It is often a matter of very minor interest to know whether a man is an American or African, a European or an Asiatic. But it is a matter of extreme and final interest to know if he be a Brazilian or a Patagonian, a Japanese or a Samoyede.

9. In the course of the last chapter,[1] I asked the reader to hold firmly the conception of the great division of climate, which separated the wandering races of Norway and Siberia from the calmly resident nations of Britain, Gaul, Germany, and Dacia.

Fasten now that division well home in your mind, by drawing, however rudely, the course of the two rivers, little thought of by common geographers, but of quite unspeakable importance in human history, the Vistula and the Dniester.

10. They rise within thirty miles of each other,* and each runs, not counting ins and outs, its clear three hundred miles,—the Vistula to the north-west, the Dniester

* Taking the "San" branch of Upper Vistula.

[1] [See above, p. 58.]

to the south-east: the two of them together cut Europe straight across, at the broad neck of it,—and, more deeply looking at the thing, they divide Europe, properly so called—Europa's own, and Jove's—the small educationable, civilizable, and more or less mentally rational fragment of the globe, from the great Siberian wilderness, Cis-Ural and Trans-Ural; the inconceivable chaotic space, occupied datelessly by Scythians, Tartars, Huns, Cossacks, Bears, Ermines, and Mammoths, in various thickness of hide, frost of brain, and woe of abode—or of unabiding. Nobody's history worth making out has anything to do with them; for the force of Scandinavia never came round by Finland at all, but always sailed or paddled itself across the Baltic, or down the rocky west coast; and the Siberian and Russian ice-pressure merely drives the really memorable races into greater concentration, and kneads them up in fiercer and more necessitous exploring masses. But by those exploring masses, of true European birth, our own history was fashioned for ever; and, therefore, these two truncating and guarding rivers are to be marked on your map of Europe with supreme clearness: the Vistula, with Warsaw astride of it half way down, and embouchure in Baltic,—the Dniester, in Euxine, flowing each of them, measured arrow straight, as far as from Edinburgh to London,—with windings,* the Vistula six hundred miles, and the Dniester five—count them together for a thousand miles of *moat*,[1] between Europe and the Desert, reaching from Dantzic to Odessa.

11. Having got your Europe moated off into this manageable and comprehensible space, you are next to fix the limits which divide the four Gothic countries, Britain,

* Note, however, generally that the strength of a river, *cæteris paribus*, is to be estimated by its straight course, windings being almost always caused by flats in which it can receive no tributaries.

[1] [See "Candida Casa," § 22 (below, p. 221), where Ruskin again refers to the Vistula and Dniester as "the two *moat* rivers of Europe."]

Gaul, Germany, and Dacia, from the four classic countries, Spain, Italy, Greece, and Lydia.

There is no other generally opponent term to "Gothic" but "Classic": and I am content to use it for the sake of practical breadth and clearness, though its precise meaning for a little while remain unascertained. Only get the geography well into your mind, and the nomenclature will settle itself at its leisure.

12. Broadly, then, you have sea between Britain and Spain—Pyrences between Gaul and Spain—Alps between Germany and Italy—Danube between Dacia and Greece. You must consider everything south of the Danube as Greek, variously influenced from Athens on one side, Byzantium on the other: then, across the Ægean, you have the great country absurdly called Asia Minor, (for we might just as well call Greece, Europe Minor, or Cornwall, England Minor,) but which is properly to be remembered as "Lydia," the country which infects with passion, and tempts with wealth; which taught the Lydian measure in music, and softened the Greek language on its border into Ionic; which gave to ancient history the tale of Troy, and to Christian history, the glow, and the decline, of the Seven Churches.[1]

13. Opposite to these four countries in the south, but separated from them either by sea or desert, are other four, as easily remembered—Morocco, Libya, Egypt, and Arabia.

Morocco, virtually consisting of the chain of Atlas and the coasts depending on it, may be most conveniently thought of as including the modern Morocco and Algeria, with the Canaries as a dependent group of islands.

Libya, in like manner, will include the modern Tunis and Tripoli: it will begin on the west with St. Augustine's town of Hippo; and its coast is colonized from Tyre and Greece, dividing it into the two districts of Carthage and Cyrene. Egypt, the country of the River, and Arabia, the

[1] [For Ruskin's study of the Seven Churches, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 84 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 298 *seq.*).]

country of *no* River, are to be thought of as the two great southern powers of separate Religion.

14. You have thus, easily and clearly memorable, twelve countries, distinct evermore by natural laws, and forming three zones from north to south, all healthily habitable—but the races of the northern-most, disciplined in endurance of cold; those of the central zone, perfected by the enjoyable suns alike of summer and winter; those of the southern zone, trained to endurance of heat. Writing them now in tabular view,

Britain	Gaul	Germany	Dacia
Spain	Italy	Greece	Lydia
Morocco	Libya	Egypt	Arabia,

you have the ground of all useful profane history mapped out in the simplest terms; and then, as the fount of inspiration, for all these countries, with the strength which every soul, that has possessed, has held sacred and supernatural, you have last to conceive perfectly the small hill district of the Holy Land, with Philistia and Syria on its flanks, both of them chastising forces: but Syria, in the beginning, herself the origin of the chosen race—"A Syrian ready to perish was my father"[1]—and the Syrian Rachel being thought of always as the true mother of Israel.

15. And remember, in all future study of the relations of these countries, you must never allow your mind to be disturbed by the accidental changes of political limit. No matter who rules a country, no matter what it is officially called, or how it is formally divided, eternal bars and doors are set to it by the mountains and seas, eternal laws enforced over it by the clouds and stars. The people that are born on it are *its* people, be they a thousand times again and again conquered, exiled, or captive. The stranger cannot be its king, the invader cannot be its possessor; and, although just laws, maintained whether by the people or their conquerors, have always the appointed good and

[1] [Deuteronomy xxvi. 5.]

strength of justice, nothing is permanently helpful to any race or condition of men but the spirit that is in their own hearts, kindled by the love of their native land.

16. Of course, in saying that the invader cannot be the possessor of any country, I speak only of invasion such as that by the Vandals of Libya, or by ourselves of India; where the conquering race does not become permanently inhabitant. You are not to call Libya Vandalia, nor India England, because these countries are temporarily under the rule of Vandals and English; neither Italy Gothland under Ostrogoths, nor England Denmark under Canute. National character varies as it fades under invasion or in corruption; but if ever it glows again into a new life, that life must be tempered by the earth and sky of the country itself. Of the twelve names of countries now given in their order, only one will be changed as we advance in our history; —Gaul will properly become France when the Franks become her abiding inhabitants. The other eleven primary names will serve us to the end.

17. With a moment's more patience, therefore, glancing to the far East, we shall have laid the foundations of all our own needful geography. As the northern kingdoms are moated from the Scythian desert by the Vistula, so the southern are moated from the dynasties properly called "Oriental" by the Euphrates; which, "partly sunk beneath the Persian Gulf, reaches from the shores of Beloochistan and Oman to the mountains of Armenia, and forms a huge hot-air funnel, the base" (or mouth) "of which is on the tropics, while its extremity reaches thirty-seven degrees of northern latitude. Hence it comes that the Semoom itself (the specific and gaseous Semoom) pays occasional visits to Mosoul and Djezcerat Omer, while the thermometer at Bagdad attains in summer an elevation capable of staggering the belief of even an old Indian."*

18. This valley in ancient days formed the kingdom of

* W. G. Palgrave, *Arabia*, vol. ii. p. 155. I gratefully adopt in the next paragraph his division of Asiatic nations, p. 160.

Assyria, as the valley of the Nile formed that of Egypt. In the work now before us, we have nothing to do with its people, who were to the Jews merely a hostile power of captivity, inexorable as the clay of their walls, or the stone of their statues; and, after the birth of Christ, the marshy valley is no more than a field of battle between West and East. Beyond the great river,—Persia, India, and China, form the southern "Oriens." Persia is properly to be conceived as reaching from the Persian Gulf to the mountain chains which flank and feed the Indus; and is the true vital power of the East in the days of Marathon: but it has no influence on Christian history except through Arabia; while, of the northern Asiatic tribes, Mede, Bactrian, Parthian, and Scythian, changing into Turk and Tartar, we need take no heed until they invade us in our own historic territory.

19. Using therefore the terms "Gothic" and "Classic" for broad distinction of the northern and central zones of this our own territory, we may conveniently also use the word "Arab"* for the whole southern zone. The influence of Egypt vanishes soon after the fourth century, while that of Arabia, powerful from the beginning, rises in the sixth into an empire whose end we have not seen.† And you may most rightly conceive the religious principle which is the base of that empire, by remembering, that while the Jews forfeited their prophetic power by taking up the profession of usury over the whole earth, the Arabs returned to the simplicity of prophecy in its beginning by the well

* Gibbon's fifty-sixth chapter begins with a sentence which may be taken as the epitome of the entire history we have to investigate: "The three great nations of the world, the Greeks, the Saracens, and the Franks, encountered each other on the theatre of Italy." I use the more general word, Goths, instead of Franks; and the more accurate word, Arab, for Saracen; but otherwise, the reader will observe that the division is the same as mine. Gibbon does not recognize the Roman people as a nation —but only the Roman power as an empire.

† Recent events have shown the force of these words. (Note on revision, May, 1885.)[1]

[1] [The reference is to the Mahdi and the death of General Gordon.]

of Hagar,[1] and are not opponents to Christianity; but only to the faults or follies of Christians. They keep still their faith in the one God who spoke to Abraham their father; and are His children in that simplicity, far more truly than the nominal Christians who lived, and live, only to dispute in vociferous council, or in frantic schism, the relations of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

20. Trusting my reader then in future to retain in his mind without confusion the idea of the three zones, Gothic, Classic, and Arab, each divided into four countries, clearly recognizable through all ages of remote or recent history;[2] —I must farther, at once, simplify for him the idea of the Roman *Empire*, (see note to last paragraph,) in the manner of its affecting them. Its nominal extent, temporary

[1] [See Genesis xxi. 17–20. Ruskin refers to the tradition of Mahomet's first vision, in which the angel Gabriel called him to be a prophet. What Ruskin here says about the relations of Mahometanism and early Christianity is illustrated by ch. viii. ("Mahometanism in its Relations to the Eastern Church") in Dean Stanley's *Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church.*]

[2] [Among some matter set up in type for future parts of *Our Fathers have Told Us* is the following passage:—

"I have asked the reader to hold firmly the conception of the great division, by climate, of the wandering Gothic nations from those of the resident races in temperate England, France, Germany, and Dacia. And the ways in which both these Northern zones of human intelligence accept the doctrines and endeavour the practice of Christianity are to be studied as the efforts of scholars, placed at no ordinary disadvantage, to comply with the demands of duty never before recognized, and rise to the completeness of a rational theology out of the confused terrors and symbols of merely natural superstition.

("I do not know if I have ever before permitted myself this vaguely injurious word, used by religious writers habitually of every religion but their own, and by infidel writers of every motion they feel on any subject unconnected with the stomach or the pocket.

"The proper meaning of 'superstition' is a belief in any supernatural law, or person, which is not based either on reason or experience. It is quite probable that the reason may be feeble, and the experience narrow; but the deliberate and watchful appeal to either separates the subsequent conviction from the host of traditionary or imaginary impressions which in all lands confuse, terrify, or inflame the minds of common devotees.

"Spiritual vision, if actual, whether in dreams, disease, or enthusiastically exalted health, is always to be held as real experience,—whether it be deceived or not. Homer describes, and Plato assumes, a religion of clear and consistent vision. The wisest men who have accepted Christianity have received it on the evidence of men who asserted that they had seen Christ after He rose from the dead. The reason has full power in both Homer and Dante. And the evidence they receive is the best attainable by them on their subjects of doubt. Both are therefore in the purest sense religious, not superstitious. Over inferior minds, less rational

conquests, civil dissensions, or internal vices, are scarcely of any historical moment at all; the real Empire is effectual only as an exponent of just law, military order, and mechanical art, to untrained races, and as a translation of Greek thought into less diffused and more tenable scheme for them. The Classic zone, from the beginning to the end of its visible authority, is composed of these two elements —Greek imagination, with Roman order: and the divisions or dislocations of the third and fourth century are merely the natural apparitions of their differences, when the political system which concealed them was tested by Christianity. It seems almost wholly lost sight of by ordinary historians, that in the wars of the last Romans with the Goths the great Gothic captains were all Christians; and that the vigorous and naïve form which the dawning faith took in their minds is a more important subject of investigation,

fears and less tested ideals mingle continually with what is rightly tenable in their creeds, and may always be forgiven to gentleness and sometimes admired by sympathy: incapability of them is always vulgar, and scorn of them always insolent.)

"But there remains a third zone of Europe, consisting of its southern peninsulas, warmed by the winds and glowing with the reflected passion, or thought, of the opposite coasts of Atlas, Libya, and Egypt.

"To this narrow zone,—and, if measured on the world's circumference, this curt one,—the district of the olive, the vine, the orange, and the peach, all the most gracious gifts of Nature have been granted; and under their influence, the highest powers and imaginations of humanity born and trained.

"From these coasts of tideless and never frozen sea, these mountains of marble vein and golden stream,—these plains of dazzling garden and fragrant grove, all the sentiments that exalt and luxuries that prolong the life of man have been diffused through the Arctic gloom and starving wrath of the northern nation: and in the kindness of a Heaven which permitted new beauty in every changing season of earth, the faith of man foretold a spring which should burst from the sleep, and bloom beyond the winter, of his soul.

"Then, lastly, there is the Libyan zone itself, torrid Christendom: whose influence is to be thought of, throughout all records of it, as far more that of pure heat and light, than of race. Carthaginian, Cyrenian, Egyptian; the pillars of Atlas, of Hercules; Dido and Cleopatra, St. Augustine and the Bishop of Carthage in Genseric's time; colonizing Tyrian, colonizing Vandal, colonizing Arab; native Moor, native Lion and Asp;—how will you get any tenable first image of all this, afterwards to be more subtly divided by the differences between torrid saints and torrid sinners, cool saints and cool sinners, the fat and lean kine of preachers, the fat and lean kine of congregations to be preached at?"

For the bishop in Genseric's time, see Milman's *History of Latin Christianity*, vol. i. p. 243 (small ed.).]

by far, than the inevitable wars which followed the retirement of Diocletian, or the confused schisms and crimes of the lascivious court of Constantine. I am compelled, however, to notice the terms in which the last arbitrary dissolutions of the empire took place, that they may illustrate, instead of confusing, the arrangement of the nations which I would fasten in your memory.

21. In the middle of the fourth century you have, politically, what Gibbon calls "the final division of the *Eastern* and *Western Empires*."[1] This really means only that the Emperor Valentinian, yielding, though not without hesitation, to the feeling now confirmed in the legions that the Empire was too vast to be held by a single person, takes his brother for his colleague, and divides, not, truly speaking, their authority, but their attention, between the east and the west. To his brother Valens he assigns the extremely vague "Præfecture of the East, from the lower Danube to the confines of Persia," while for his own immediate government he reserves the "warlike præfectures of Illyricum, Italy, and Gaul, from the extremity of Greece to the Caledonian rampart, and from the rampart of Caledonia to the foot of Mount Atlas." That is to say, in less poetical cadence, (Gibbon had better have put his history into hexameters at once,) Valentinian kept under his own watch the whole of Roman Europe and Africa, and left Lydia and Caucasus to his brother. Lydia and Caucasus never did, and never could, form an Eastern Empire,—they were merely outside dependencies, useful for taxation in peace, dangerous by their multitudes in war. There never was, from the seventh century before Christ to the seventh after Christ, but *one* Roman Empire, which meant—the power over humanity of such men as Cincinnatus and Agricola;[2] it expires as the race and temper of these expire; the nominal extent of it, or brilliancy at any moment, is no more than the reflection, farther or nearer

[1] [Chapter xxv.]

[2] [For similar references to Cincinnatus, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 54, § 18 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 352 *n.*); to Agricola, see below, pp. 211, 427, 432.]

upon the clouds, of the flames of an altar whose fuel was of noble souls. There is no true date for its division; there is none for its destruction. Whether Dacian Probus or Noric Odoacer be on the throne of it, the force of its living principle alone is to be watched—remaining, in arts, in laws, and in habits of thought, dominant still in Europe down to the twelfth century;—in language and example, dominant over all educated men to this hour.

22. But in the nominal division of it by Valentinian, let us note Gibbon's definition (I assume it to be his, not the Emperor's) of European Roman Empire into "Illyricum, Italy, and Gaul." I have already said you must hold everything south of the Danube for Greek. The two chief districts immediately south of the stream are upper and lower Mœsia, consisting of the slope of the Thracian mountains northward to the river, with the plains between it and them. This district you must notice for its importance in forming the Mœso-Gothic alphabet, in which the "Greek is by far the principal element," * giving sixteen letters out of the twenty-four. The Gothic invasion under the reign of Valens is the first that establishes a Teutonic nation within the frontier of the empire; but they only thereby bring themselves more directly under its spiritual power. Their bishop, Ulphilas, adopts this Mœsian alphabet, two-thirds Greek, for his translation of the Bible, and it is universally disseminated and perpetuated by that translation, until the extinction or absorption of the Gothic race.

23. South of the Thracian mountains you have Thrace herself, and the countries confusedly called Dalmatia and Illyria, forming the coast of the Adriatic, and reaching inwards and eastwards to the mountain watershed. I have never been able to form a clear notion myself of the real character of the people of these districts, in any given period; but they are all to be massed together as northern

* Milman, *Hist. of Christianity,* vol. iii. p. 36.[1]

[1] [Ruskin's references are to the octavo edition; Book iii. ch. vii. (vol. iii. p. 55 in the small edition).]

Greek, having more or less of Greek blood and dialect according to their nearness to Greece proper; though neither sharing in her philosophy, nor submitting to her discipline. But it is of course far more accurate, in broad terms, to speak of these Illyrian, Mœsian, and Macedonian districts as all Greek, than with Gibbon or Valentinian to speak of Greece and Macedonia as all Illyrian.*

24. In the same imperial or poetical generalization, we find England massed with France under the term Gaul, and bounded by the "Caledonian rampart." Whereas in our own division, Caledonia, Hibernia, and Wales, are from the first considered as essential parts of Britain,† and the link with the continent is to be conceived as formed by the settlement of Britons in Brittany, and not at all by Roman authority beyond the Humber.

25. Thus, then, once more reviewing our order of countries, and noting only that the British Islands, though for the most part thrown by measured degree much north of the rest of the north zone, are brought by the influence of the Gulf Stream into the same climate;—you have, at the time when our history of Christianity begins, the Gothic zone yet unconverted, and having not yet even heard of the new faith. You have the Classic zone variously and increasingly conscious of it, disputing with it, striving to

* I find the same generalization expressed to the modern student under the term "Balkan Peninsula," extinguishing every ray and trace of past history at once.

† Gibbon's more deliberate statement is clear enough. "From the coast or the extremity of Caithness and Ulster, the memory of Celtic origin was distinctly preserved in the perpetual resemblance of languages, religion, and manners, and the peculiar character of the British tribes might be naturally ascribed to the influence of accidental and local circumstances." The Lowland Scots, "wheat-eaters" or Wanderers, and the Irish, are very positively identified by Gibbon at the time our own history begins. "It is *certain*" (italics his, not mine) "that in the declining age of the Roman Empire, Caledonia, Ireland, and the Isle of Man, were inhabited by the Scots."—Chap. 25, vol. iv. p. 279.

The higher civilization and feebler courage of the Lowland *English* rendered them either the victims of Scotland, or the grateful subjects of Rome. The mountaineers, Pict among the Grampians, or of their own colour in Cornwall and Wales, have never been either instructed or subdued, and remain to this day the artless and fearless strength of the British race.

extinguish it—and your Arab zone, the ground and sustenance of it, encompassing the Holy Land with the warmth of its own wings, and cherishing there—embers of phœnix fire over all the earth—the hope of Resurrection.[1]

26. What would have been the course, or issue, of Christianity, had it been orally preached only, and unsupported by its poetical literature, might be the subject of deeply instructive speculation—if a historian's duty were to reflect instead of record. The power of the Christian faith was however, in the fact of it, always founded on the written prophecies and histories of the Bible; and on the interpretations of their meaning, given by the example, far more than by the precept, of the great monastic orders. The poetry and history of the Syrian Testaments were given to the Latin Church by St. Jerome, while the virtue and efficiency of monastic life are summed in the rule of St. Benedict. To understand the relation of the work of these two men to the general order of the Church is quite the first requirement for its farther intelligible history.

Gibbon's thirty-seventh chapter professes to give an account of the "Institution of the Monastic Life" in the third century. But the monastic life had been instituted somewhat earlier, and by many prophets and kings.[2] By Jacob, when he laid the stone for his pillow;[3] by Moses, when he drew aside to see the burning bush; by David, before he had left "those few sheep in the wilderness"; and by the prophet who "was in the deserts till the time of his showing unto Israel." Its primary "institution," for Europe, was Numa's, in that of the Vestal Virgins, and College of Augurs;[4] founded on the originally Etrurian

[1] [Compare *Art of England*, § 15 (below, p. 276).]

[2] [On the subject of monasticism, see further pp. 195–196, 228 *seq.*; and compare *Ethics of the Dust*, §§ 81–85 (Vol. XVIII. pp. 302–307), and *Præterita*, iii. ch. i. With the gloomier forms of Catholic asceticism Ruskin meant to deal in later Parts of *Our Fathers have Told Us* (see Vol. XXV. p. 464 *n.*).]

[3] [Genesis xxviii. 11. For the other Bible references in this paragraph, see Exodus iii. 3; 1 Samuel xvii. 28; Luke i. 80.]

[4] [See Livy, Book i. For another reference to the institutions of Numa, see below, p. 200, and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 68 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 667). *The Religion of Numa* is the subject of a book by J. B. Carter (1906).]

and derived Roman conception of pure life dedicate to the service of God, and practical wisdom dependent on His guidance.*

The form which the monastic spirit took in later times depended far more on the corruption of the common world, from which it was forced to recoil either in indignation or terror, than on any change brought about by Christianity in the ideal of human virtue and happiness.

27. "Egypt," (Mr. Gibbon thus begins to account for the new Institution!) "the fruitful parent of superstition, afforded the first example of monastic life." Egypt had her superstitions, like other countries; but was so little the *parent* of superstition that perhaps no faith among the imaginative races of the world has been so feebly missionary as hers. She never prevailed on even the nearest of her neighbours to worship cats or cobras with her; and I am alone, to my belief, among recent scholars, in maintaining Herodotus' statement of her influence on the archaic theology of Greece.[1] But that influence, if any, was formative and delineative; not ritual: so that in no case, and in no country, was Egypt the parent of Superstition: while she was beyond all dispute, for all people and to all time, the parent of Geometry, Astronomy, Architecture, and Chivalry. She was, in its material and technic elements, the mistress of Literature,[2] showing authors who before could only scratch on wax and wood, how to weave paper and engrave porphyry. She was the first exponent of the law

* I should myself mark as the fatallest instant in the decline of the Roman Empire, Julian's rejection of the counsel of the Augurs. "For the last time, the Etruscan Haruspices accompanied a Roman Emperor, but by a singular fatality their adverse interpretation of the signs of heaven was disdained, and Julian followed the advice of the philosophers, who coloured their predictions with the bright hues of the Emperor's ambition." (Milman, *Hist. of Christianity*, chap. vi.[3])

[1] [See Herodotus, ii. 50–58. Compare *Queen of the Air*, § 25 (Vol. XIX. p. 319 *n.*). See also Vol. XVIII. pp. 364, 461.]

[2] [For the Egyptian as "the scribe of scribes" and as the "tutress of Moses," etc., see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 64 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 563, 568).]

[3] [Ch. vi. of Book iii. (vol. iii. p. 26, small ed.). The reference is to the Emperor's campaign against Persia, in which he lost his life.]

of Judgment after Death for Sin. She was the Tutress of Moses; and the Hostess of Christ.

28. It is both probable and natural that, in such a country, the disciples of any new spiritual doctrine should bring it to closer trial than was possible among the illiterate warriors, or in the storm-vexed solitudes of the North; yet it is a thoughtless error to deduce the subsequent power of cloistered fraternity from the lonely passions of Egyptian monachism. The anchorites of the first three centuries vanish like feverish spectres, when the rational, merciful, and laborious laws of Christian societies are established; and the clearly recognizable rewards of heavenly solitude are granted to those only who seek the Desert for its redemption.*

29. "The clearly *recognizable* rewards," I repeat, and with cautious emphasis. No man has any data for estimating, far less right of judging, the results of a life of resolute self-denial, until he has had the courage to try it himself, at least for a time: but I believe no reasonable person will wish, and no honest person dare, to deny the benefits he has occasionally felt both in mind and body, during periods of accidental privation from luxury, or exposure to danger. The extreme vanity of the modern Englishman in making a momentary Stylites of himself on the top of a Horn or an Aiguille,[1] and his occasional confession of a charm in the solitude of the rocks, of which he modifies nevertheless the poignancy with his pocket newspaper, and from the prolongation of which he thankfully escapes to the nearest table-d'hôte, ought to make us less scornful of the pride, and more intelligent of the passion, in which the mountain anchorites of Arabia and Palestine condemned themselves to lives of seclusion

* Even the best Catholic historians are too commonly blind to the inviolable connection of monastic virtue with the Benedictine law of agricultural labour. (Note on revision, 1885.)

[1] [For Ruskin's views on this subject, see Vol. XVI. p. 138 *n.*]

and suffering, which were comforted only by supernatural vision, or celestial hope. That phases of mental disease are the necessary consequence of exaggerated and independent emotion of any kind must, of course, be remembered in reading the legends of the wilderness; but neither physicians nor moralists have yet attempted to distinguish the morbid states of intellect* which are extremities of noble passion, from those which are the punishments of ambition, avarice, or lasciviousness.

30. Setting all questions of this nature aside for the moment, my younger readers need only hold the broad fact that during the whole of the fourth century, multitudes of self-devoted men led lives of extreme misery and poverty in the effort to obtain some closer knowledge of the Being and Will of God. We know, in any available clearness, neither what they suffered, nor what they learned. We cannot estimate the solemnizing or reproving power of their examples on the less zealous Christian world; and only God knows how far their prayers for it were heard, or their persons

* Gibbon's hypothetical conclusion respecting the effects of self-mortification, and his following historical statement, must be noted as in themselves containing the entire views of the modern philosophies and policies which have since changed the monasteries of Italy into barracks, and the churches of France into magazines. "This voluntary martyrdom *must* have gradually destroyed the sensibility, both of mind and body; nor *can it be presumed* that the fanatics who torment themselves, are capable of any lively affection for the rest of mankind. *A cruel unfeeling temper has characterized the monks of every age and country.*"

How much of penetration, or judgment, this sentence exhibits, I hope will become manifest to the reader as I unfold before him the actual history of his faith; but being, I suppose, myself one of the last surviving witnesses of the character of recluse life as it still existed in the beginning of this century, I can point to the portraiture of it given by Scott in the introduction to *The Monastery* as one perfect and trustworthy, to the letter and to the spirit;[1] and for myself can say, that the most gentle, refined, and in the deepest sense amiable, phases of character I have ever known, have been either those of monks, or of domestic servants trained in the Catholic faith. (And, when I wrote this sentence—I did not know Miss Alexander's Edwige.[2]—Note on revision, 1885.)

[1] [Compare Appendix 7 to *Fors Clavigera*, Vol. XXIX. p. 539.]
[2] [For whom see the Index in Vol. XXXII. p. 335.]

accepted. This only we may observe with reverence, that among all their numbers, none seem to have repented their chosen manner of existence; none perish by melancholy or suicide; their self-adjudged sufferings are never inflicted in the hope of shortening the lives they embitter or purify; and the hours of dream or meditation, on mountain or in cave, appear seldom to have dragged so heavily as those which, without either vision or reflection, we pass ourselves, on the embankment and in the tunnel.

31. But whatever may be alleged, after ultimate and honest scrutiny, of the follies or virtues of anchorite life, we are unjust to Jerome if we think of him as its introducer into the West of Europe. He passed through it himself as a phase of spiritual discipline; but he represents, in his total nature and final work, not the vexed inactivity of the Eremite, but the eager industry of a benevolent tutor and pastor. His heart is in continual fervour of admiration or of hope—remaining to the last as impetuous as a child's but as affectionate; and the discrepancies of Protestant objection by which his character has been confused, or concealed, may be gathered into some dim picture of his real self when once we comprehend the simplicity of his faith, and sympathise a little with the eager charity which can so easily be wounded into indignation, and is never repressed by policy.

32. The slight trust which can be placed in modern readings of him, as they now stand, may be at once proved by comparing the two passages in which Milman has variously guessed at the leading principles of his political conduct:—

"Jerome began (!) and ended his career as a monk of Palestine; he attained, *he aspired to*, no dignity in the Church. Though ordained a presbyter against his will, he escaped the episcopal dignity which was forced upon his distinguished contemporaries." (*History of Christianity*, Book III.[1])

"Jerome cherished the secret hope, if it was not the avowed object of

[1] [Ch. xi.; vol. iii. p. 225 (small edition).]

his ambition, to succeed Damasus as Bishop of Rome. . . . Is the rejection of an aspirant so singularly unfit for the station, from his violent passions, his insolent treatment of his adversaries, his utter want of self-command, his almost unrivalled faculty of awakening hatred, to be attributed to the sagacious and intuitive wisdom of Rome?" (*History of* Latin *Christianity*, Book I., chap. ii.[1])

33. You may observe, as an almost unexceptional character in the "sagacious wisdom" of the Protestant clerical mind, that it instinctively assumes *the desire of power and place not only to be universal* in Priesthood, but to be always *purely selfish* in the ground of it. The idea that power might possibly be desired for the sake of its benevolent use, so far as I remember, does not once occur in the pages of any ecclesiastical historian of recent date. In our own reading of past ages we will, with the reader's permission, very calmly put out of court all accounts of "hopes cherished in secret"; and pay very small attention to the reasons for mediæval conduct which appear logical to the rationalist, and probable to the politician.* We concern ourselves only with what these singular and fantastic Christians of the past audibly said, and assuredly did.

34. Jerome's life by no means "began as a monk of Palestine." Dean Milman has not explained to us how any man's could; but Jerome's childhood, at any rate, was extremely other than recluse, or precociously religious. He was born of rich parents living on their own estate, the

* The habit of assuming, for the conduct of men of sense and feeling, motives intelligible to the foolish, and probable to the base, gains upon every vulgar historian, partly in the ease of it, partly in the pride; and it is horrible to contemplate the quantity of false witness against their neighbours which commonplace writers commit, in the mere rounding and enforcing of their shallow sentences. "Jerome admits, indeed, with *specious but doubtful humility*, the inferiority of the unordained monk to the ordained priest," says Dean Milman in his eleventh chapter, following up his gratuitous doubt of Jerome's humility with no less gratuitous asseveration of the ambition of his opponents. "The clergy, *no doubt*, had the sagacity to foresee the *dangerous* rival as to influence and authority, which was rising up in Christian society."

[1] [Vol. i. pp. 95–96 (small edition).]

name of his native town in North Illyria, Stridon, perhaps now softened into Strigi, near Aquileja. In Venetian climate, at all events, and in sight of Alps and sea. He had a brother and sister, a kind grandfather, and a disagreeable private tutor, and was a youth still studying grammar at Julian's death in 363.

35. A youth of eighteen, and well begun in all institutes of the classic schools; but, so far from being a monk, not yet a Christian;—nor at all disposed towards the severer offices even of Roman life! or contemplating with aversion the splendours, either worldly or sacred, which shone on him in the college days spent in its Capital city. For

"the power and majesty of Paganism were still concentrated at Rome; the deities of the ancient faith found their last refuge in the capital of the empire. To the stranger, Rome still offered the appearance of a Pagan city. It contained one hundred and fifty-two temples, and one hundred and eighty smaller chapels or shrines, still sacred to their tutelary God, and used for public worship. Christianity had neither ventured to usurp those few buildings which might be converted to her use, still less had she the power to destroy them. The religious edifices were under the protection of the præfect of the city, and the præfect was usually a Pagan; at all events he would not permit any breach of the public peace, or violation of public property. Above all still towered the Capitol, in its unassailed and awful majesty, with its fifty temples or shrines, bearing the most sacred names in the religious and civil annals of Rome, those of Jove, of Mars, of Janus, of Romulus, of Cæsar, of Victory. Some years after the accession of Theodosius to the Eastern empire, the sacrifices were still performed as national rites at the public cost,—*the pontiffs made their offerings in the name of the whole human race.* The Pagan orator ventures to assert that the Emperor dared not to endanger the safety of the empire by their abolition. The Emperor still bore the title and insignia of the Supreme Pontiff; the Consuls, before they entered upon their functions, ascended the Capitol; the religious processions passed along the crowded streets, and the people thronged to the festivals and theatres which still formed part of the Pagan worship." *

36. Here, Jerome must have heard of what by all the Christian sects was held the judgment of God, between them and their chief enemy—the death of the Emperor Julian. But I have no means of tracing, and will not

* Milman, *History of Christianity,* vol. iii. p. 162 [iii. p. 79, small ed.]. Note the sentence in italics, for it relates the true origin of the Papacy.

conjecture, the course of his own thoughts, until the tenor of all his life was changed at his baptism. The candour which lies at the basis of his character has given us one sentence of his own, respecting that change, which is worth some volumes of ordinary confession. "I left, not only parents and kindred, but *the accustomed luxuries of delicate life.*" The words throw full light on what, to our less courageous temper, seems the exaggerated reading by the early converts of Christ's words to them—"He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me."[1] *We* are content to leave, for much lower interests, either father or mother, and do not see the necessity of any farther sacrifice: we should know more of ourselves and of Christianity if we oftener sustained what St. Jerome found the more searching trial. I find scattered indications of contempt among his biographers, because he could not resign one indulgence—that of scholarship; and the usual sneers at monkish ignorance and indolence are in his case transferred to the weakness of a pilgrim who was so luxurious as to carry his library in his wallet. It is a singular question (putting, as it is the modern fashion to do, the idea of Providence wholly aside), whether, but for the literary enthusiasm, which was partly a weakness, of this old man's character, the Bible would ever have become the library of Europe.[2]

37. For that, observe, is the real meaning, in its first

[1] [Matthew x. 37. Compare *Mornings in Florence*, § 50 (Vol. XXIII. p. 345).]

[2] [In some additional matter for further Parts of *Our Fathers have Told Us*, Ruskin, it appears, intended to "complete the too slight outline already given of the life of St. Jerome, in *The Bible of Amiens*":—

> "I may perhaps assume the reader's leave to recapitulate the main points of it—that St. Jerome is, in the history of the world's truest thought, the Lion-*tamer* as distinguished from Heracles and Samson the Lion-*slayers*. That his entire emotional nature is of eager and devoted affection to all living creatures, and his intellect, subtle, patient, and joyful in following out the detail of all *useful* truth. He retires to the desert, not because he hates the world—or dreads it—but because he loves his books, cannot get leave—at Rome—to read them, and finds his entire life at Rome made a warfare of by its corrupt clergy, who are all united alike against the sincerity of his life—and its simplicity, he having already at Rome rejected the luxury and vanity of Rome; all the more decisively because he felt how delightful they were to him. I quote from p. 118 of the 'Lion

power, of the word *Bible*.[1] Not book, merely; but "Bibliotheca," Treasury of Books: and it is, I repeat, a singular question, how far, if Jerome, at the very moment when Rome, his tutress, ceased from her material power, had not made her language the oracle of Hebrew prophecy, a literature of their own, and a religion unshadowed by the terrors of the Mosaic law, might have developed itself in the hearts of the Goth, the Frank, and the Saxon, under Theodoric, Clovis, and Alfred.

38. Fate had otherwise determined, and Jerome was so passive an instrument in her hands that he began the study of Hebrew as a discipline only, and without any conception of the task he was to fulfil,[2] still less of the scope of its fulfilment. I could joyfully believe that the words of Christ, "If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead,"[3] had haunted the spirit of the recluse, until he resolved that the voice of Moses and the Prophets should be made audible to the Churches of all the earth. But so far as we have evidence, no such will or hope exalted the quiet instincts of his natural industry; partly as a scholar's exercise, partly as an old man's recreation, the severity of the Latin language was softened, like Venetian crystal, by the variable fire of Hebrew thought; and the "Book of

Tamer,' the sentence on which I have now further to enlarge. [§ 36 here.]

"My first reason for recalling my readers' attention to this passage is that whether it be thought boasting or confessive, I think it right to say St. Jerome is the only saint whom I have entire sympathy with, and whom, in whatever the least good there is in me, I absolutely resemble—the terrible difference being in the fact that while he left, for his studies in the desert, Roman luxury far away, *I* always carried *it* with me, as well as my books, and my chosen kind of desert was, the Hotel de Bellevue at Thun, or of the Cascade at the Giesbach. But in my way of reading, my love of quiet (with certain reliefs and embellishments) and my love of all loveable animals, from lions down to grasshoppers and ants, St. Jerome and I—though I say it—are absolutely of the same mind."]

[1] [Compare *Sesame and Lilies*, § 17 (Vol. XVIII. p. 67).]

[2] [Ruskin often notices this unconsciousness in men of prophetic power; as of Moses (Vol. VI. p. 461) and of Giotto (Vol. XXIV. p. 18); and so, too, of himself (Vol. XXIX. p. 138).]

[3] [Luke xvi. 31.]

Books" took the abiding form of which all the future art of the Western nations was to be an hourly enlarging interpretation.

39. And in this matter you have to note that the gist of it lies, not in the translation of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures into an easier and a common language, but in their *presentation to the Church as of common authority.* The earlier Gentile Christians had naturally a tendency to carry out in various oral exaggeration or corruption, the teaching of the Apostle of the Gentiles, until their freedom from the bondage of the Jewish law passed into doubt of its inspiration; and, after the fall of Jerusalem, even into horror-stricken interdiction of its observance. So that, only a few years after the remnant of exiled Jews in Pella had elected the Gentile Marcus for their Bishop, and obtained leave to return to the Ælia Capitolina built by Hadrian on Mount Zion, "it became a matter of doubt and controversy whether a man who sincerely acknowledged Jesus as the Messiah, but who still continued to observe the law of Moses, could possibly hope for salvation!"* While, on the other hand, the most learned and the most wealthy of the Christian name, under the generally recognized title of "knowing" (Gnostic), had more insidiously effaced the authority of the Evangelists by dividing themselves, during the course of the third century, "into more than fifty numerably distinct sects, and producing a multitude of histories, in which the actions and discourses of Christ and His Apostles were adapted to their several tenets." †

40. It would be a task of great, and in nowise profitable difficulty to determine in what measure the consent of the

* Gibbon, chap. xv. (ii. 277).

† *Ibid.*, ii. 283. His expression "the most learned and most wealthy" should be remembered in confirmation of the evermore recurring fact of Christianity, that minds modest in attainment, and lives careless of gain, are fittest for the reception of every constant[1] Christian principle.

[1] [Here, in ed. 1, the note continued, "—*i.e.* not local or accidental,—." Ruskin omitted the words on revision in 1885.]

general Church, and in what measure the act and authority of Jerome, contributed to fix in their ever since undisturbed harmony and majesty, the canons of Mosaic and Apostolic Scripture. All that the young reader need know is, that when Jerome died at Bethlehem, this great deed was virtually accomplished: and the series of historic and didactic books which form our present Bible, (including the Apocrypha) were established in and above the nascent thought of the noblest races of men living on the terrestrial globe, as a direct message to them from its Maker, containing whatever it was necessary for them to learn of His purposes towards them; and commanding, or advising, with divine authority and infallible wisdom, all that was best for them to do, and happiest to desire.

41. And it is only for those who have obeyed the law sincerely, to say how far the hope held out to them by the law-giver has been fulfilled. The worst "children of disobedience"[1] are those who accept, of the Word, what they like, and refuse what they hate: nor is this perversity in them always conscious, for the greater part of the sins of the Church have been brought on it by enthusiasm which, in passionate contemplation and advocacy of parts of Scripture easily grasped, neglected the study, and at last betrayed the balance, of the rest.[2] What forms and methods of self-will are concerned in the wresting of the Scriptures to a man's destruction, is for the keepers of consciences to examine, not for us. The history we have to learn must be wholly cleared of such debate, and the influence of the Bible watched exclusively on the persons who receive the Word with joy,[3] and obey it in truth.

42. There has, however, been always a farther difficulty in examining the power of the Bible, than that of distinguishing honest from dishonest readers. The hold of Christianity on the souls of men must be examined, when

[1] [Ephesians v. 6.]
[2] [Compare *Time and Tide*, § 37 (Vol. XVII. p. 350).]
[3] [Luke viii. 13.]

we come to close dealing with it, under these three several heads: there is first, the power of the Cross itself, and of the theory of salvation, upon the heart,—then, the operation of the Jewish and Greek Scriptures on the intellect,—then, the influence on morals of the teaching and example of the living hierarchy. And in the comparison of men as they are and as they might have been there are these three questions to be separately kept in mind,—first, what would have been the temper of Europe without the charity and labour meant by "bearing the Cross"; then, secondly, what would the intellect of Europe have become without Biblical literature; and lastly, what would the social order of Europe have become without its hierarchy.

43. You see I have connected the words "charity" and "labour" under the general term of "bearing the cross." "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, (for charity) and take up his cross (of pain) and follow me."[1]

The idea has been *exactly* reversed by modern Protestantism, which sees, in the cross, not a furca to which it is to be nailed; but a raft on which it, and all its valuable properties,* are to be floated into Paradise.

44. Only, therefore, in days when the cross was received with courage, the Scripture searched with honesty, and the Pastor heard in faith, can the pure word of God, and the bright sword of the Spirit,[2] be recognized in the heart and hand of Christianity. The effect of Biblical poetry and legend on its intellect, must be traced farther, through decadent ages, and in unfenced fields;—producing *Paradise Lost* for us, no less than the *Divina Commedia*;—Goethe's *Faust*, and Byron's *Cain*, no less than the *Imitatio Christi*.

* Quite one of the most curious colours of modern Evangelical thought is its pleasing connection of Gospel truth with the extension of lucrative commerce! See farther the note at p. 116.

[1] [Matthew xvi. 24: compare *Lectures on Art*, § 59 (Vol. XX. p. 66); and for the idea of the Cross as a raft, *Ariadne Florentina*, §§ 28, 29 (Vol. XXII. pp. 316, 317).]

[2] [Ephesians vi. 17.]

45. Much more, must the scholar, who would comprehend in any degree approaching to completeness, the influence of the Bible on mankind, be able to read the interpretations of it which rose into the great arts of Europe at their culmination. In every province of Christendom, according to the degree of art-power it possessed, a series of illustrations of the Bible were produced as time went on; beginning with vignetted illustrations of manuscript, advancing into life-size sculpture, and concluding in perfect power of realistic painting. These teachings and preachings of the Church, by means of art, are not only a most important part of the general Apostolic Acts of Christianity; but their study is a necessary part of Biblical scholarship, so that no man can in any large sense understand the Bible itself until he has learned also to read these national commentaries upon it, and been made aware of their collective weight. The Protestant reader, who most imagines himself independent in his thought, and private in his study, of Scripture, is nevertheless usually at the mercy of the nearest preacher who has a pleasant voice and ingenious fancy; receiving from him thankfully, and often reverently, whatever interpretation of texts the agreeable voice or ready wit may recommend: while, in the meantime, he remains entirely ignorant of, and if left to his own will, invariably destroys as injurious, the deeply meditated interpretations of Scripture which, in their matter, have been sanctioned by the consent of all the Christian Church for a thousand years; and in their treatment, have been exalted by the trained skill and inspired imagination of the noblest souls ever enclosed in mortal clay.

46. There are few of the fathers of the Christian Church whose commentaries on the Bible, or personal theories of its gospel, have not been, to the constant exultation of the enemies of the Church, fretted and disgraced by angers of controversy, or weakened and distracted by irreconcilable heresy. On the contrary, the scriptural teaching, through their art, of such men as Orcagna, Giotto, Angelico, Luca

della Robbia, and Luini, is, literally, free from all earthly taint of momentary passion; its patience, meekness, and quietness are incapable of error through either fear or anger; they are able, without offence, to say all that they wish; they are bound by tradition into a brotherhood which represents unperverted doctrines by unchanging scenes; and they are compelled by the nature of their work to a deliberation and order of method which result in the purest state and frankest use of all intellectual power.

47. I may at once, and without need of returning to this question, illustrate the difference in dignity and safety between the mental actions of literature and art, by referring to a passage, otherwise beautifully illustrative of St. Jerome's sweetness and simplicity of character, though quoted, in the place where we find it, with no such favouring intention,—namely, in the pretty letter of Queen Sophie Charlotte (father's mother of Frederick the Great), to the Jesuit Vota, given in part by Carlyle in his first volume, ch. iv.:—

"'How can St. Jerome, for example, be a key to Scripture?' she insinuates; citing from Jerome this remarkable avowal of his method of composing books;—especially of his method in that book, *Commentary on the Galatians*, where he accuses both Peter and Paul of simulation, and even of hypocrisy. The great St. Augustine has been charging him with this sad fact, (says her Majesty, who gives chapter and verse,) and Jerome answers, 'I followed the commentaries of Origen, of'—five or six different persons, who turned out mostly to be heretics before Jerome had quite done with them, in coming years, 'And to confess the honest truth to you,' continues Jerome, 'I read all that, and after having crammed my head with a great many things, I sent for my amanuensis, and dictated to him, now my own thoughts, now those of others, without much recollecting the order, nor sometimes the words, nor even the sense!' In another place, (in the book itself further on*) he says, 'I do not myself write; I have an amanuensis, and I dictate to him what comes into my mouth. If I wish to reflect a little, or to say the thing better, or a better thing, he knits his brows, and the whole look of him tells me sufficiently that he cannot endure to wait.' Here is a sacred old gentleman whom it is not safe to depend upon for interpreting the Scriptures,—thinks her Majesty, but does not say so,—leaving Father Vota to his reflections."

* *Commentary on the Galatians*, chap. iii.

Alas, no, Queen Sophie, neither old St. Jerome's nor any other human lips nor mind, may be depended upon in that function; but only the Eternal Sophia, the Power of God and the Wisdom of God:[1] yet this you may see of your old interpreter, that he is wholly open, innocent, and true, and that, through such a person, whether forgetful of his author, or hurried by his scribe, it is more than probable you may hear what Heaven knows to be best for you; and extremely improbable you should take the least harm, —while by a careful and cunning master in the literary art, reticent of his doubts and dexterous in his sayings, any number of prejudices or errors might be proposed to you acceptably, or even fastened in you fatally, though all the while you were not the least required to confide in his inspiration.

48. For indeed, the only confidence, and the only safety which in such matters we can either hold or hope, are in our own desire to be rightly guided, and willingness to follow in simplicity the guidance granted. But all our conceptions and reasonings on the subject of inspiration have been disordered by our habit, first of distinguishing falsely—or at least needlessly—between inspiration of words and of acts; and secondly by our attribution of inspired strength or wisdom to some persons or some writers only, instead of to the whole body of believers, in so far as they are partakers of the Grace of Christ, the Love of God, and the Fellowship of the Holy Ghost.[2] In the degree in which every Christian receives, or refuses, the several gifts expressed by that general benediction, he enters or is cast out from the inheritance of the saints,—in the exact degree in which he denies the Christ, angers the Father, and grieves the Holy Spirit, he becomes uninspired or unholy,— and in the measure in which he trusts Christ, obeys the Father, and consents with the Spirit, he becomes inspired

[1] [1 Corinthians i. 24.]

[2] [Compare *Lectures on Art*, § 125 (Vol. XX. pp. 115, 116), where Ruskin again quotes and expounds this benediction. See also Letter V. in *The Lord's Prayer and the Church* (Vol. XXXIV.).]

in feeling, act, word, and reception of word, according to the capacities of his nature. He is not gifted with higher ability, nor called into new offices, but enabled to use his granted natural powers, in their appointed place, to the best purpose. A child is inspired as a child, and a maiden as a maiden; the weak, even in their weakness, and the wise, only in their hour.

That is the simply determinable *theory* of the inspiration of all true members, of the Church;[1] its truth can only be known by proving it in trial: but I believe there is no record of any man's having tried and declared it vain.*

49. Beyond this theory of general inspiration, there is that of especial call and command, with actual dictation of the deeds to be done or words to be said. I will enter at present into no examination of the evidences of such separating influence; it is not claimed by the Fathers of the Church, either for themselves, or even for the entire body of the Sacred writers, but only ascribed to certain passages dictated at certain times for special needs: and there is no possibility of attaching the idea of infallible truth to any form of human language in which even these

* Compare the closing paragraph in p. 45 of *The Shrine of the Slaves*.[2] Strangely, as I revise *this* page for press, a slip is sent me from *The Christian* newspaper, in which the comment of the orthodox evangelical editor may be hereafter representative to us of the heresy of his sect; in its last audacity, actually *opposing* the power of the Spirit to the work of Christ. (I only wish I had been at Matlock, and heard the kind physician's sermon.)

"An interesting and somewhat unusual sight was seen in Derbyshire on Saturday last—two old-fashioned Friends, dressed in the original garb of the Quakers, preaching on the roadside to a large and attentive audience in Matlock. One of them, who is a doctor in good practice in the county, by name Dr. Charles A. Fox, made a powerful and effective appeal to his audience to see to it that each one was living in obedience to the light of the Holy Spirit within. Christ *within* was the hope of glory, and it was as He was followed in the ministry of the Spirit that we were saved

[1] [On this theory of "inspiration" compare *Time and Tide*, § 36 (Vol. XVII. p. 350).]

[2] [The reference is to the original edition: see now, § 205 of *St. Mark's Rest* (Vol. XXIV. p. 368).]

exceptional passages have been delivered to us. But this is demonstrably true of the entire volume of them, as we have it, and read,—each of us as it may be rendered in his native tongue; that, however mingled with mystery which we are not required to unravel, or difficulties which we should be insolent in desiring to solve, it contains plain teaching for men of every rank of soul and state in life, which so far as they honestly and implicitly obey, they will be happy and innocent to the utmost powers of their nature, and capable of victory over all adversities, whether of temptation or pain.

50. Indeed, the Psalter alone, which practically was the service book of the Church for many ages, contains merely in the first half of it the sum of personal and social wisdom. The 1st, 8th, 12th, 14th, 15th, 19th, 23rd, and 24th psalms, well learned and believed, are enough for all personal guidance; the 48th, 72nd, and 75th, have in them the law and the prophecy of all righteous government; and every real triumph of natural science is anticipated in the 104th.

51. For the contents of the entire volume, consider

by Him, who became thus to each the author and finisher of faith. He cautioned his hearers against building their house on the sand by believing in the free and easy Gospel so commonly preached to the wayside hearers, as if we were saved by 'believing' this or that. Nothing short of the work of the Holy Ghost in the soul of each one could save us, and to preach anything short of this was simply to delude the simple and unwary in the most terrible form.

"[*It would be unfair to criticise an address from so brief an abstract, but we must express our conviction that the obedience of Christ unto death, the death of the Cross, rather than the work of the Spirit in us, is the good tidings for sinful men.*—Ed.]"

In juxtaposition with this editorial piece of modern British press theology, I will simply place the 4th, 6th, and 13th verses of Romans viii., italicising the expressions which are of deepest import, and always neglected. "That the *righteousness of the* Law might be fulfilled *in us,* who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. . . . For to be carnally *minded,* is death, but to be spiritually *minded,* is life, and peace. . . . For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die; but if *ye through the Spirit* do mortify the *deeds* of the body, ye shall live."

It would be well for Christendom if the Baptismal service explained what it professes to abjure.

what other group of historic and didactic literature has a range comparable with it. There are—

(I.) The stories of the Fall and of the Flood, the grandest human traditions founded on a true horror of sin.

(II.) The story of the Patriarchs, of which the effective truth is visible to this day in the polity of the Jewish and Arab races.

(III.) The story of Moses, with the results of that tradition in the moral law of all the civilized world.

(IV.) The story of the Kings—virtually that of all Kinghood, in David, and of all Philosophy, in Solomon: culminating in the Psalms and Proverbs, with the still more close and practical wisdom of Ecclesiasticus and the Son of Sirach.

(V.) The story of the Prophets—virtually that of the deepest mystery, tragedy, and permanent fate, of national existence.

(VI.) The story of Christ.

(VII.) The moral law of St. John, and his closing Apocalypse of its fulfilment.

Think, if you can match that table of contents in any other—I do not say "book" but "literature." Think, so far as it is possible for any of us—either adversary or defender of the faith—to extricate his intelligence from the habit and the association of moral sentiment based upon the Bible, what literature could have taken its place, or fulfilled its function, though every library in the world had remained unravaged, and every teacher's truest words had been written down?

52. I am no despiser of profane literature. So far from it, that I believe no interpretations of Greek religion have ever been so affectionate, none of Roman religion so reverent, as those which will be found at the base of my art teaching, and current through the entire body of my works. But it was from the Bible that I learned the

symbols of Homer, and the faith of Horace:[1] the duty enforced upon me in early youth of reading every word of the gospels and prophecies as if written by the hand of God,[2] gave me the habit of awed attention which afterwards made many passages of the profane writers, frivolous to an irreligious reader, deeply grave to me. How far my mind has been paralysed by the faults and sorrow of life,—how far short its knowledge may be of what I might have known, had I more faithfully walked in the light I had, is beyond my conjecture or confession: but as I never wrote for my own pleasure or self-proclaiming,[3] I have been guarded, as men who so write always will be, from errors dangerous to others; and the fragmentary expressions of feeling or statements of doctrine, which from time to time I have been able to give, will be found now by an attentive reader to bind themselves together into a general system of interpretation of Sacred literature,—both classic and Christian, which will enable him without injustice to sympathize in the faiths of candid and generous souls, of every age and every clime.

53. That there *is* a Sacred classic literature, running parallel with that of the Hebrews, and coalescing in the symbolic legends of mediæval Christendom,[4] is shown in the most tender and impressive way by the independent, yet similar, influence of Virgil upon Dante, and upon Bishop Gawaine Douglas.[5] At earlier dates, the teaching of every master trained in the Eastern schools was necessarily grafted on the wisdom of the Greek mythology; and thus the story of the Nemean Lion, with the aid of Athena in its conquest,[6] is the real root-stock of the legend of

[1] [On the faith and "piety" of Horace, see *Queen of the Air*, §§ 47, 48 (Vol. XIX. pp. 348–349); *Val d'Arno*, §§ 218 *seq.* (Vol. XXIII. p. 219); and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 92, § 9 (Vol. XXIX. p. 459).]

[2] [See *Præterita*, i. § 46.]

[3] [Compare the close of the Preface to vol. v. of *Modern Painters* (Vol. VII. p. 10).]

[4] [Compare "The Mending of the Sieve," § 14 (below, p. 238).]

[5] [For the bishop's translation of the *Æneid*, see also ch. iv. § 20 (p. 137 *n.*) and *Pleasures of England*, § 67 (below, p. 463).]

[6] [Compare *Queen of the Air*, Vol. XIX. pp. 416–417; and *Val d'Arno*, §§ 17, 203 (Vol. XXIII. pp. 19, 119).]

St. Jerome's companion, conquered by the healing gentleness of the Spirit of Life.

54. I call it a legend only. Whether Heracles ever slew, or St. Jerome ever cherished, the wild or wounded creature, is of no moment to us in learning what the Greeks meant by their vase-outlines of the great contest, or the Christian painters by their fond insistence on the constancy of the Lion-friend. Former tradition, in the story of Samson,—of the disobedient Prophet,—of David's first inspired victory, and finally of the miracle wrought in the defence of the most favoured and most faithful of the greater Prophets,[1] runs always parallel in symbolism with the Dorian fable: but the legend of St. Jerome takes up the prophecy of the Millennium, and foretells, with the Cumæan Sibyl,[2] and with Isaiah, a day when the Fear of Man shall be laid in benediction, not enmity, on inferior beings,—when they shall not hurt nor destroy in all the holy Mountain, and the Peace of the Earth shall be as far removed from its present sorrow, as the present gloriously animate universe from the nascent desert, whose deeps were the place of dragons,[3] and its mountains, domes of fire.

Of that day knoweth no man;[4] but the Kingdom of God is already come to those who have tamed in their own hearts what was rampant of the lower nature, and have learned to cherish what is lovely and human, in the wandering children of the clouds and fields.

AVALLON, *28th August*, 1882.

[1] [Judges xiv. 8; 1 Kings xiii.; 1 Samuel xvii. 34–38; Daniel vi.]

[2] [See the fourth *Eclogue* of Virgil; the passage is quoted, and commented upon, by Ruskin in *Ariadne Florentina*, Vol. XXII. p. 448. The notice by Virgil of a prophecy concerning the regeneration of the world by the birth of a child, at a date only forty years before the Christian era, has been the subject of much speculation; as also the resemblance which some passages in Virgil's description of the millennium bear to some in Isaiah: compare, for instance, Isaiah xi. 9 (here quoted by Ruskin) with *Eclogue* iv. 22: "nec magnos metuent armenta leones." See on the whole subject *Virgil's Messianic Eclogue: its Meaning, Occasion, and Sources*, by J. B. Mayor, W. Warde Fowler, and R. S. Conway (1907).]

[3] [See Psalms xliv. 19, cxlviii. 7.]

[4] [Matthew xxiv. 36.]

CHAPTER IV

INTERPRETATIONS

1. It is the admitted privilege of a custode who loves his cathedral to depreciate, in its comparison, all the other cathedrals of his country that resemble, and all the edifices on the globe that differ from it. But I love too many cathedrals—though I have never had the happiness of becoming the custode of even one—to permit myself the easy and faithful exercise of the privilege in question; and I must vindicate my candour, and my judgment, in the outset, by confessing that the cathedral of Amiens has nothing to boast of in the way of towers,—that its central flèche is merely the pretty caprice of a village carpenter,—that the total structure is in dignity inferior to Chartres, in sublimity to Beauvais, in decorative splendour to Rheims, and in loveliness of figure-sculpture to Bourges. It has nothing like the artful pointing and moulding of the arcades of Salisbury—nothing of the might of Durham;—no Dædalian inlaying like Florence, no glow of mythic fantasy like Verona. And yet, in all, and more than these, ways, outshone or overpowered, the cathedral of Amiens deserves the name given it by M. Viollet-le-Duc—

"The Parthenon of Gothic Architecture."*

Of Gothic, mind you; Gothic clear of Roman tradition, and of Arabian taint; Gothic pure, authoritative,

* Of French Architecture, accurately, in the place quoted, *Dictionary of Architecture*, vol. i. p. 71;[1] but in the article "Cathédrale," it is called (vol. ii. p. 330) "l'église *ogivale* par excellence."

[1] [Where, however, the reference is not to Amiens, but to Beauvais.]

unsurpassable, and unaccusable;—its proper principles of structure being once understood and admitted.

2. No well-educated traveller is now without some consciousness of the meaning of what is commonly and rightly called "purity of style," in the modes of art which have been practised by civilized nations; and few are unaware of the distinctive aims and character of Gothic. The purpose of a good Gothic builder was to raise, with the native stone of the place he had to build in, an edifice as high and as spacious as he could, with calculable and visible security, in no protracted and wearisome time, and with no monstrous or oppressive compulsion of human labour.

He did not wish to exhaust in the pride of a single city the energies of a generation, or the resources of a kingdom; he built for Amiens with the strength and the exchequer of Amiens; with chalk from the cliffs of the Somme,* and under the orders of two successive bishops, one of whom directed the foundations of the edifice, and the other gave thanks in it for its completion.[1] His object, as a designer, in common with all the sacred builders of his time in the North, was to admit as much light into the building as was consistent with the comfort of it; to make its structure intelligibly admirable, but not curious

* It was a universal principle with the French builders of the great ages to use the stones of their quarries as they lay in the bed;[2] if the beds were thick, the stones were used of their full thickness—if thin, of their necessary thinness, adjusting them with beautiful care to directions of thrust and weight. The natural blocks were never sawn, only squared into fitting, the whole native strength and crystallization of the stone being thus kept unflawed—"*ne dédoublant jamais* une pierre. Cette méthode est excellente, elle conserve à la pierre toute sa force naturelle,—tous ses moyens de resistance." See M. Viollet-le-Duc, Article "Construction" (Matériaux), vol. iv. p. 129. He adds the very notable fact that, *to this day, in seventy departments of France, the use of the stone-saw is unknown.*[3]

[1] [See § 24 *n.*; p. 139.]
[2] [On this point, compare *Val d'Arno*, § 152 (Vol. XXIII. p. 92).]
[3] [And adds further that they are those where the construction is best.]

It is the admitted privilege of a custode who loves his cathedral to depreciate in its ~~favour~~ comparison all the other cathedrals of his country, that resemble, ~~all the~~ and all the ~~and~~ edifices on the globe, that differ from it. But I love too many cathedrals, – though I have never had the happiness of becoming the custode of ~~so much as~~ even one: ~~and my old~~ to permit myself in ~~for~~ the easy and faithful exercise of the privilege in question, and I must vindicate my candour – and my ~~actual~~ judgment, in the outset, by confessing that the Cathedral of Amiens has nothing to boast of in the way of towers, – that its central fleche is merely the pretty caprice of a village carpenter, – that the total structure is in dignity ~~it is~~ inferior to Chartres, in sublimity to Beauvais, in decoration splendour to Rheims, and in loveliness of figure sculpture to Bourges. It has nothing like the artful pointing and moulding of the arcades of Salisbury – nothing of the might of Durham: no Daedalian inlayer

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A Page of the MS. (fair copy) of "The Bible of Amiens" (Chapter iv. §§ 1, 2)

Between pp. 122, 123

or confusing; and to enrich and enforce the understood structure with ornament sufficient for its beauty, yet yielding to no wanton enthusiasm in expenditure, nor insolent in giddy or selfish ostentation of skill; and finally, to make the external sculpture of its walls and gates at once an alphabet and epitome of the religion, by the knowledge and inspiration of which an acceptable worship might be rendered, within those gates, to the Lord whose Fear was in His Holy Temple, and whose seat was in Heaven.[1]

3. It is not easy for the citizen of the modern aggregate of bad building, and ill-living held in check by constables, which *we* call a town,—of which the widest streets are devoted by consent to the encouragement of vice, and the narrow ones to the concealment of misery,—not easy, I say, for the citizen of any such mean city to understand the feeling of a burgher of the Christian ages to his cathedral. For him, the quite simply and frankly-believed text, "Where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I in the midst of them,"[2] was expanded into the wider promise to many honest and industrious persons gathered in His name—"They shall be my people and I will be their God";[3]—deepened in his reading of it, by some lovely local and simply affectionate faith that Christ, as He was a Jew among Jews, and a Galilean among Galileans, was also, in His nearness to any—even the poorest—group of disciples, as one of their nation; and that their own "Beau Christ d'Amiens" was as true a compatriot to them as if He had been born of a Picard maiden.

4. It is to be remembered, however—and this is a theological point on which depended much of the structural development of the northern basilicas—that the part of the building in which the Divine presence was believed to be constant, as in the Jewish Holy of Holies, was only the enclosed choir; in front of which the aisles and

[1] [Psalms xi. 4 (Prayer-book version).]
[2] [Matthew xviii. 20.]
[3] [2 Corinthians vi. 16.]

transepts might become the King's Hall of Justice, as in the presence-chamber of Christ; and whose high altar was guarded always from the surrounding eastern aisles by a screen of the most finished workmanship; while from those surrounding aisles branched off a series of radiating chapels or cells, each dedicated to some separate saint. This conception of the company of Christ with His saints, (the eastern chapel of all being the Virgin's,) was at the root of the entire disposition of the apse with its supporting and dividing buttresses and piers; and the architectural form can never be well delighted in, unless in some sympathy with the spiritual imagination out of which it rose. We talk foolishly and feebly of symbols and types: in old Christian architecture, every part is *literal:* the cathedral *is* for its builders the House of God;[1]—it is surrounded, like an earthly king's, with minor lodgings for the servants; and the glorious carvings of the exterior walls and interior wood of the choir, which an English rector would almost instinctively think of as done for the glorification of the canons, was indeed the Amienois carpenter's way of making his Master-carpenter[2] comfortable,*—nor less of showing his own native and insuperable virtue of carpenter, before God and man.

* The philosophic reader is quite welcome to "detect" and "expose" as many carnal motives as he pleases, besides the good ones,—competition with neighbour Beauvais[3]—comfort to sleepy heads—solace to fat sides, and the like. He will find at last that no quantity of competition or comfort-seeking will do anything the like of this carving now;—still less his own philosophy, whatever its species: and that it was indeed the little mustard-seed of faith[4] in the heart, with a very notable quantity of honesty besides in the habit and disposition, that made all the rest grow together for good.[5]

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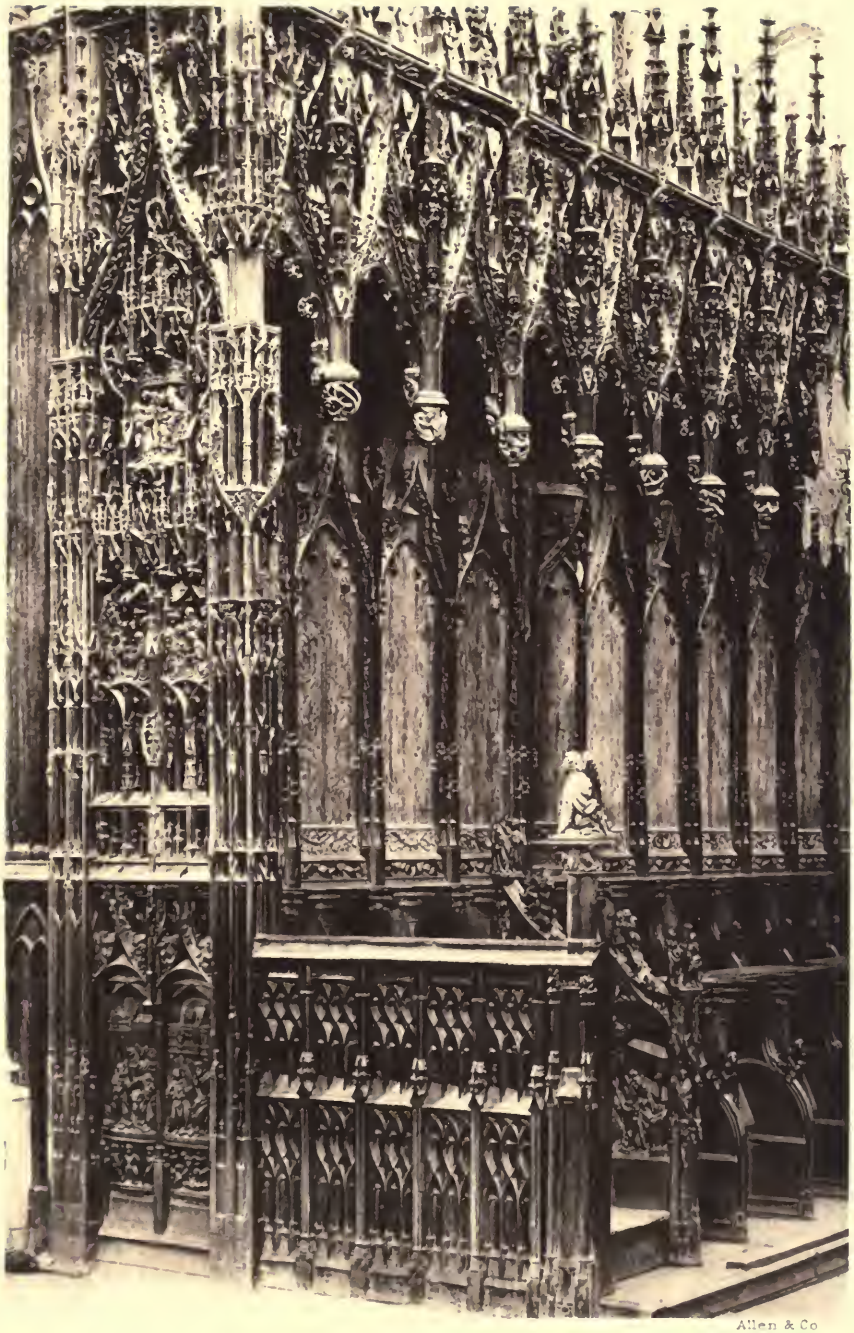
[1] [Compare the phrase "logeurs du Bon Dieu" for the masons: Vol. XVII. p. 280, and Vol. XX. p. 67.]

[2] [Compare *Lectures on Art*, § 31 (Vol. XX. p. 45).]

[3] ["A most amiable weakness," however, as Ruskin admits: see the reference to the rivalry between Beauvais and Amiens in *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, § 19 (Vol. XII. p. 39).]

[4] [See Matthew xvii. 20.]

[5] [See Romans viii. 28.]



The Choir Stalls

5. Whatever you wish to see, or are forced to leave unseen, at Amiens, if the overwhelming responsibilities of your existence, and the inevitable necessities of precipitate locomotion in their fulfilment, have left you so much as one quarter of an hour, not out of breath—for the contemplation of the capital of Picardy, give it wholly to the cathedral choir. Aisles and porches, lancet windows and roses, you can see elsewhere as well as here—but such carpenter's work, you cannot. It is late,—fully developed flamboyant just past the fifteenth century—and has some Flemish stolidity mixed with the playing French fire of it; but wood-carving was the Picard's joy from his youth up, and, so far as I know, there is nothing else so beautiful cut out of the goodly trees of the world.

Sweet and young-grained wood it is: oak, *trained* and chosen for such work, sound now as four hundred years since. Under the carver's hand it seems to cut like clay, to fold like silk, to grow like living branches, to leap like living flame. Canopy crowning canopy, pinnacle piercing pinnacle—it shoots and wreathes itself into an enchanted glade, inextricable, imperishable, fuller of leafage than any forest, and fuller of story than any book.*

* Arnold Boulin, master-joiner (menuisier) at Amiens, solicited the enterprise, and obtained it in the first months of the year 1508. A contract was drawn and an agreement made with him for the construction of one hundred and twenty stalls with historical subjects, high backings, crownings, and pyramidal canopies. It was agreed that the principal executor should have seven sous of Tournay (a little less than the sou of France) a day, for himself and his apprentice (threepence a day the two—say a shilling a week the master, and sixpence a week the man), and for the superintendence of the whole work, twelve crowns a year, at the rate of twenty-four sous the crown; (*i.e.*, twelve shillings a year). The salary of the simple workman was only to be three sous a day. For the sculptures and histories of the seats, the bargain was made separately with Antoine Avernier, image-cutter, residing at Amiens, at the rate of thirty-two sous (sixteen pence) the piece. Most of the wood came from Clermont en Beauvoisis, near Amiens; the finest, for the bas-reliefs, from Holland, by St. Valery and Abbeville. The Chapter appointed four of its own members to superintend the work: Jean Dumas, Jean Fabres, Pierre Vuaille, and Jean Lenglaché, to whom my authors (canons both) attribute the choice of subjects, the placing of them, and the initiation of the workmen "au sens

6. I have never been able to make up my mind which was really the best way of approaching the cathedral for the first time. If you have plenty of leisure, and the day is fine, and you are not afraid of an hour's walk, the really right thing to do is to walk down the main street of the old town, and across the river, and quite out to the

véritable et plus élevé de la Bible ou des legendes, et portant quelquefois le simple savoir-faire de l'ouvrier jusqu'à la hauteur du génie du théologien."

Without pretending to apportion the credit of savoir-faire and theology in the business, we have only to observe that the whole company, master, apprentices, workmen, image-cutter, and four canons, got well into traces, and set to work on the 3rd of July, 1508, in the great hall of the évêché, which was to be the workshop and studio during the whole time of the business. In the following year, another menuisier, Alexander Huet, was associated with the body, to carry on the stalls on the right hand of the choir, while Arnold Boulin went on with those on the left. Arnold, leaving his new associate in command for a time, went to Beauvais and St. Riquier, to see the woodwork there; and in July of 1511 both the masters went to Rouen together, "pour étudier les chaires de la cathédrale." The year before, also, two Franciscans, monks of Abbeville, "expert and renowned in working in wood," had been called by the Amiens chapter to give their opinion on things in progress, and had each twenty sous for his opinion, and travelling expenses.

In 1516, another and an important name appears on the accounts,—that of Jean Trupin, "a simple workman at the wages of three sous a day," but doubtless a good and spirited carver, whose true portrait it is without doubt, and by his own hand, that forms the elbow-rest of the 85th stall (right hand, nearest apse), beneath which is cut his name JHAN TRUPIN, and again under the 92nd stall, with the added wish, "Jan Trupin, God take care of thee" (*Dieu te pourvoie*).

The entire work was ended on St. John's Day, 1522, without (so far as we hear) any manner of interruption by dissension, death, dishonesty, or incapacity, among its fellow-workmen, master or servant. And the accounts being audited by four members of the Chapter, it was found that the total expense was 9488 livres, 11 sous, and 3 obols (décimes), or 474 napoleons, 11 sous, 3 décimes of modern French money, or roughly four hundred sterling English pounds.

For which sum, you perceive, a company of probably six or eight good workmen, old and young, had been kept merry and busy for fourteen years; and this that you see—left for substantial result and gift to you.

I have not examined the carvings so as to assign, with any decision, the several masters' work; but in general the flower and leaf design in the traceries will be by the two head menuisiers, and their apprentices; the elaborate Scripture histories by Avernier, with variously completing incidental grotesque by Trupin; and the joining and fitting by the common workmen. No nails are used,—all is morticed, and so beautifully that the joints have not moved to this day, and are still almost imperceptible. The

chalk hill* out of which the citadel is half quarried—half walled;—and walk to the top of that, and look down into the citadel's dry "ditch,"—or, more truly, dry valley of death, which is about as deep as a glen in Derbyshire, (or, more precisely, the upper part of the "Happy Valley" at Oxford, above Lower Hincksey,[1]) and thence across to the cathedral and ascending slopes of the city; so, you will understand the real height and relation of tower and town: —then, returning, find your way to the Mount Zion of it by any narrow cross streets and chance bridges you can—the more winding and dirty the streets, the better; and whether you come first on west front or apse, you will think them worth all the trouble you have had to reach them.

7. But if the day be dismal, as it may sometimes be, even in France, of late years,—or if you cannot or will not walk, which may also chance, for all our athletics and lawn-tennis,—or if you must really go to Paris this afternoon, and only mean to see all you can in an hour or two, —then, supposing that, notwithstanding these weaknesses,

four terminal pyramids "you might take for giant pines forgotten for six centuries on the soil where the church was built; they might be looked on at first as a wild luxury of sculpture and hollow traceries—but examined in analysis they are marvels of order and system in construction, uniting all the lightness, strength, and grace of the most renowned spires in the last epoch of the Middle Ages."

The above particulars are all extracted—or simply translated, out of the excellent description of the *Stalles et les Clôtures du Chœur* of the Cathedral of Amiens, by MM. les Chanoines Jourdain et Duval (Amiens, Vv. Alfred Caron, 1867).[2] The accompanying lithographic outlines are exceedingly good, and the reader will find the entire series of subjects indicated with precision and brevity, both for the woodwork and the external veil of the choir, of which I have no room to speak in this traveller's summary.

* The strongest and finally to be defended part of the earliest city was on this height.

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[1] [One of "the little valleys that debouch on the valley of the Thames behind the Hinckseys" (Dr. Arnold's letter to Clough, in Stanley's *Life of Arnold*, p. 467 (ed. 1901). Compare, below, p. 527.]

[2] [The book is a reprint from the description of the stalls published in 1844 in the *Mémoires de la Société des Antiquaires de Picardie.*]

you are still a nice sort of person, for whom it is of some consequence which way you come at a pretty thing, or begin to look at it—I *think* the best way is to walk from the Hôtel de France or the Place de Périgord, up the Street of Three Pebbles, towards the railway station—stopping a little as you go, so as to get into a cheerful temper, and buying some bonbons or tarts for the children in one of the charming patissiers' shops on the left. Just past them, ask for the theatre; and just past that, you will find, also on the left, three open arches, through which you can turn, passing the Palais de Justice, and go straight up to the south transept, which has really something about it to please everybody. It is simple and severe at the bottom, and daintily traceried and pinnacled at the top, and yet seems all of a piece—though it isn't—and everybody *must* like the taper and transparent fretwork of the flèche above, which seems to bend to the west wind,—though it doesn't —at least, the bending is a long habit, gradually yielded into, with gaining grace and submissiveness, during the last three hundred years. And, coming quite up to the porch, everybody must like the pretty French Madonna in the middle of it, with her head a little aside, and her nimbus switched a little aside too, like a becoming bonnet.[1] A Madonna in decadence she is, though, for all, or rather by reason of all, her prettiness, and her gay soubrette's smile; and she has no business there, neither, for this is St. Honoré's porch, not hers; and grim and grey St. Honoré used to stand there to receive you,—he is banished now to the north porch, where nobody ever goes in. This was done long ago, in the fourteenth-century days, when the people first began to find Christianity too serious, and devised a merrier faith for France, and would have bright-glancing, soubrette Madonnas everywhere—letting their own dark-eyed Joan of Arc be burnt for a witch. And thenceforward,

[1] [Plate IX., and compare p. 166. For another reference to this carving, see *The Two Paths*, § 36 (Vol. XVI. p. 281). In the same book is a description of the other sculptures of the porch: see pp. 355–357 and Plate XVI.]

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The South Transept and Flèche.

things went their merry way, straight on, "ça allait, ça ira," to the merriest days of the guillotine.[1]

But they could still carve, in the fourteenth century, and the Madonna and her hawthorn-blossom lintel[2] are worth your looking at,—much more the field above, of sculpture as delicate and more calm, which tells St. Honoré's own story, little talked of now in his Parisian faubourg.

8. I will not keep you just now to tell St. Honoré's story—(only too glad to leave you a little curious about it, if it were possible)*—for certainly you will be impatient to go into the church; and cannot enter it to better advantage than by this door. For all cathedrals of any mark have nearly the same effect when you enter at the west door; but I know no other which shows so much of its nobleness from the south interior transept; the opposite rose being of exquisite fineness in tracery, and lovely in lustre; and the shafts of the transept aisles forming wonderful groups with those of the choir and nave; also, the apse shows its height better, as it opens to you when you advance from the transept into the mid-nave, than when it is seen at once from the west end of the nave; where it is just possible for an irreverent person rather to think the nave narrow, than the apse high. Therefore, if you let me guide you, go in at this south transept door, (and put a sou into every beggar's box who asks it there,—it is none of your business whether they should be there or not, nor whether they deserve to have the sou,—be sure only that you yourself deserve to have it to give; and give it prettily, and not as if it burnt your fingers). Then, being once inside, take what first sensation and general glimpse of it pleases you—promising the custode to come back to *see* it

* See, however, §§ 36, 112–114 of *The Two Paths* [Vol. XVI. pp. 281, 355–357].

[1] [For the allusion here, see *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 47 and *n.* (Vol. XXXIV.).]

[2] ["Less charming," says M. Proust in a note to his French translation, "than that of Bourges," which is "the cathedral of the hawthorn"—referring to *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. ch. 2, § 13 (Vol. IX. p. 70).]

properly; (only then mind you keep the promise,) and in this first quarter of an hour, seeing only what fancy bids you—but at least, as I said, the apse from mid-nave, and all the traverses of the building, from its centre. Then you will know, when you go outside again, what the architect was working for, and what his buttresses and traceries mean. For the outside of a French cathedral, except for its sculpture, is always to be thought of as the wrong side of the stuff, in which you find how the threads go that produce the inside or right-side pattern. And if you have no wonder in you for that choir and its encompassing circlet of light, when you look up into it from the cross-centre, you need not travel farther in search of cathedrals, for the waiting-room of any station is a better place for you;—but, if it amaze you and delight you at first, then, the more you know of it, the more it will amaze. For it is not possible for imagination and mathematics together, to do anything nobler or stronger than that procession of window, with material of glass and stone —nor anything which shall look loftier, with so temperate and prudent measure of actual loftiness.

9. From the pavement to the keystone of its vault is but 132 French feet—about 150 English. Think only—you who have been in Switzerland,—the Staubbach falls *nine* hundred! Nay, Dover cliff under the castle, just at the end of the Marine Parade, is twice as high;[1] and the little cockneys parading to military polka on the asphalt below, think themselves about as tall as it, I suppose, —nay, what with their little lodgings and stodgings and podgings about it, they have managed to make it look no bigger than a moderate-sized limekiln. Yet it is twice the height of Amiens' apse!—and it takes good building, with only such bits of chalk as one can quarry beside Somme, to make your work stand half that height, for six hundred years.

[1] [On the height, apparent and real, of cathedrals and mountains, compare *Seven Lamps*, ch. iii. § 4 (Vol. VIII. p. 104).]

Photograph Engraved by William Rolfe

NOTRE-DAME, NOURRICE.

South Porch, Amiens.

10. It takes good building, I say, and you may even aver the best—that ever was, or is again likely for many a day to be, on the unquaking and fruitful earth, where one could calculate on a pillar's standing fast, once well set up; and where aisles of aspen, and orchards of apple, and clusters of vine, gave type of what might be most beautifully made sacred in the constancy of sculptured stone.[1] From the unhewn block set on end in the Druid's Bethel, to *this* Lord's House and blue-vitrailed gate of Heaven,[2] you have the entire course and consummation of the Northern Religious Builder's passion and art.

11. But, note further—and earnestly,—this apse of Amiens is not only the best,[3] but the very *first* thing done *perfectly* in its manner, by Northern Christendom. In pages 323 and 327 of the sixth volume of M. Viollet-le-Duc,[4] you will find the exact history of the development of these traceries through which the eastern light shines on you as you stand, from the less perfect and tentative forms of Rheims: and so momentary was the culmination of the exact rightness, that here, from nave to transept—built only ten years later,—there is a little change, not towards decline, but to a not quite necessary precision.[5] Where decline begins, one cannot, among the lovely fantasies that succeeded, exactly say—but exactly, and indisputably, we know that this apse of Amiens is the first virgin perfect work—Parthenon also in that sense—of Gothic Architecture.

12. Who built it, shall we ask? God, and Man,—is the first and most true answer. The stars in their courses built it, and the Nations. Greek Athena labours here—and Roman Father Jove, and Guardian Mars. The Gaul

[1] [For a reference to this passage, see *Art of England*, § 128; below, p. 352 *n.*]

[2] [See Genesis xxviii. 17; and compare *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 62 (Vol. XVIII. p. 441).]

[3] [Compare *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, § 18 (Vol. XII. p. 35).]

[4] [Under the heading "Meneau."]

[5] [On this point, of too great precision in contrast with variation, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. pp. 53, 54).]

labours here, and the Frank: knightly Norman,—mighty Ostrogoth,—and wasted anchorite of Idumea.

The actual Man who built it scarcely cared to tell you he did so; nor do the historians brag of him. Any quantity of heraldries of knaves and fainéants you may find in what they call their "history": but this is probably the first time you ever read the name of Robert of Luzarches. I say he "scarcely cared"—we are not sure that he cared at all. He signed his name nowhere, that I can hear of. You may perhaps find some recent initials cut by English remarkable visitors desirous of immortality, here and there about the edifice, but Robert the builder—or at least the Master of building, cut *his* on no stone of it. Only when, after his death, the headstone had been brought forth with shouting, Grace unto it, this following legend was written, recording all who had part or lot in the labour, within the middle of the labyrinth then inlaid in the pavement of the nave. You must read it trippingly on the tongue: it was rhymed gaily for you by pure French gaiety, not the least like that of the Théâtre de Folies.

"En l'an de Grâce mil deux cent
Et vingt, fu l'œuvre de cheens
Premièrement encomenchie.
A donc y ert de cheste evesquie
Evrart, évêque bénis;
Et, Roy de France, Loys
Qui fut fils Phelippe le Sage.
Qui maistre y ert de l'œuvre
Maistre Robert estoit només
Et de Luzarches surnomés.
Maistre Thomas fu après lui
De Cormont. Et après, son filz
Maistre Regnault, qui mestre
Fist a chest point chi cheste lectre
Que l'incarnation valoit
Treize cent, moins douze, en faloit."

13. I have written the numerals in letters, else the metre would not have come clear: they were really in figures thus, "II C. et XX," "XIII C. moins XII." I quote the inscription from M. l'Abbé Roze's admirable little

book, *Visite à la Cathédrale d'Amiens*[1]—Sup. Lib. de Mgr. l'Évêque d'Amiens, 1877,—which every grateful traveller should buy, for I'm only going to steal a little bit of it here and there. I only wish there had been a translation of the legend to steal, too; for there are one or two points, both of idea and chronology, in it, that I should have liked the Abbé's opinion of.

The main purport of the rhyme, however, we perceive to be, line for line, as follows :—

> "In the year of Grace, Twelve Hundred
> And twenty, the work, then falling to ruin,
> Was first begun again.
> Then was, of this Bishopric
> Everard the blessed Bishop.
> And, King of France, Louis,
> Who was son to Philip the Wise.
> He who was Master of the Work
> Was called Master Robert,
> And called, beyond that, of Luzarches.
> Master Thomas was after him,
> Of Cormont. And after him, his son,
> Master Reginald, who to be put
> Made—at this point—this reading.
> When the Incarnation was of account
> Thirteen hundred, less twelve, which it failed of."

In which legend, while you stand where once it was written (it was removed[2]—to make the old pavement more polite—in the year, I sorrowfully observe, of my own earliest tour on the Continent, 1825, when I had not yet turned my attention to Ecclesiastical Architecture), these points are noticeable—if you have still a little patience.

14. "The work"—*i.e.*, the Work of Amiens in especial, her cathedral, was "déchéant," falling to ruin, for the—I cannot at once say—fourth, fifth, or what time,—in the year 1220. For it was a wonderfully difficult matter for little Amiens to get this piece of business fairly done, so hard did the Devil pull against her. She built her first

[1] [See p. 4 of that little book.]

[2] ["Restored" in its original place in 1894. The original central stone, much mutilated, is in the Museum of Amiens.]

Bishop's church (scarcely more than St. Firmin's tomb-chapel) about the year 350, just outside the railway station on the road to Paris;* then, after being nearly herself destroyed, chapel and all, by the Frank invasion, having recovered, and converted her Franks, she built another and a properly called cathedral, where this one stands now, under Bishop St. Save, (St. Sauve, or Salve). But even this proper cathedral was only of wood, and the Normans burnt it in 881. Rebuilt, it stood for 200 years; but was in great part destroyed by lightning in 1019. Rebuilt again, it and the town were more or less burnt together by lightning, in 1107,—my authority says calmly, "un incendie provoqué par la même cause détruisit *la ville*, et une partie de la cathédrale." The "partie" being rebuilt once more, the whole was again reduced to ashes, "réduite en cendre par le feu de ciel en 1218, ainsi que tous les titres, les martyrologies, les calendriers, et les Archives de l'Evêché et du Chapitre."

15. It was the fifth cathedral, I count, then, that lay in "ashes," according to Mons. Gilbert—in ruin certainly—déchéante;—and ruin of a very discouraging completeness it would have been, to less lively townspeople—in 1218. But it was rather of a stimulating completeness to Bishop Everard and his people—the ground well cleared for them, as it were; and lightning (feu de l'enfer, not du ciel, recognized for a diabolic plague, as in Egypt),[1] was to be defied—to the pit.[2] They only took two years, you see, to pull themselves together; and to work they went, in 1220, they, and their bishop, and their king, and their Robert of Luzarches. And this, that roofs you, was what their hands found to do with their might.[3]

* At St. Acheul. See the first chapter of this book [p. 30], and the *Description Historique de la Cathédrale d'Amiens*, by A. P. M. Gilbert, 8vo, Amiens, 1833, pp. 5–7.

[1] [Exodus ix. 23.]

[2] [So punctuated in Ruskin's manuscript: for the phrase, see *Julius Cæsar*, Act v. sc. 5.]

[3] [Ecclesiastes ix. 10.]

16. Their king was "à-donc," "at that time," Louis VIII., who is especially further called the son of Philip of August, or Philip the Wise, because his father was not dead in 1220; but must have resigned the practical kingdom to his son, as his own father had done to him; the old and wise king retiring to his chamber, and thence silently guiding his son's hands, very gloriously, yet for three years.

But, farther—and this is the point on which chiefly I would have desired the Abbé's judgment—Louis VIII. died of fever at Montpensier in 1226. And the entire conduct of the main labour of the cathedral, and the chief glory of its service, as we shall hear presently, was *Saint* Louis's; for a time of forty-four years. And the inscription was put "à ce point ci" by the last architect, six years after St. Louis's death. How is it that the great and holy king is not named?

17. I must not, in this traveller's brief, lose time in conjectural answers to the questions which every step here will raise from the ravaged shrine. But this is a very solemn one; and must be kept in our hearts, till we may perhaps get clue to it. One thing only we are sure of,—that at least the *due* honour—alike by the sons of Kings and sons of Craftsmen—is given always to their fathers; and that apparently the chief honour of all is given here to Philip the Wise. From whose house, not of parliament but of peace, came, in the years when this temple was first in building, an edict indeed of peace-making: "That it should be criminal for any man to take vengeance for an insult or injury till forty days after the commission of the offence—and then only with the approbation of the Bishop of the Diocese."[1] Which was perhaps a wiser effort to end the Feudal system in its Saxon sense,*

* Feud, Saxon faedh, low Latin Faida (Scottish "fae," English "foe," derivative), Johnson. Remember also that the root of Feud, in its Norman sense of land-allotment, is *foi*, not *fee*, which Johnson, old Tory as he was, did not observe—neither in general does the modern Antifeudalist.

[1] [*The Pictorial History of France*, vol. i. p. 423.]

than any of our recent projects for ending it in the Norman one.

18. "À ce point ci." The point, namely, of the labyrinth inlaid in the cathedral floor; a recognized emblem of many things to the people, who knew that the ground they stood on was holy, as the roof over their head. Chiefly, to them, it was an emblem of noble human life—strait-gated, narrow-walled, with infinite darknesses and the "inextricabilis error"[1] on either hand—and in the depth of it, the brutal nature to be conquered.[2]

19. This meaning, from the proudest heroic, and purest legislative, days of Greece, the symbol had borne for all men skilled in her traditions: to the schools of craftsmen the sign meant further their craft's noblesse, and pure descent from the divinely-terrestrial skill of Dædalus, the labyrinth-builder, and the first sculptor of imagery *pathetic** with human life and death.

20. Quite the most beautiful sign of the power of true Christian-Catholic faith is this continual acknowledgment by it of the brotherhood—nay, more, the fatherhood, of the elder nations who had not seen Christ; but had been filled with the Spirit of God; and obeyed, according to their knowledge, His unwritten law. The pure charity and humility of this temper are seen in all Christian art, according to its strength and purity of race; but best, to the full, seen and interpreted by the three great

* "Tu quoque, magnam
Partem opere in tanto, sineret dolor, Icare, haberes.
Bis conatus erat casus effingere in auro,—
Bis patriæ cecidere manus."

There is, advisedly, no pathos allowed in primary sculpture. Its heroes conquer without exultation, and die without sorrow.[3]

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[1] [Virgil, *Æneid*, vi. 27 (in the description of the labyrinth of Crete). Ruskin in his note on § 19 quotes further from the passage (lines 30-33).]

[2] [On the labyrinth, see Edmond Soyez's monograph, *Les Labyrinthes d'Églises: Labyrinthe de la Cathédrale d'Amiens* (1896), and compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 23 (Vol. XXVII. p. 401). See also Lanciani's *Pagan and Christian Rome*, p. 31.]

[3] [Compare *Aratra Pentelici*, § 191 (Vol. XX. p. 339).]

Christian-Heathen poets, Dante, Douglas of Dunkeld,* and George Chapman.

21. The prayer with which the last ends his life's work[1] is, so far as I know, the perfectest and deepest expression of Natural Religion given us in literature; and if you can, pray it here—standing on the spot where the builder once wrote the history of the Parthenon of Christianity:—

"I pray thee, Lord, the Father, and the Guide of our reason, that we may remember the nobleness with which Thou hast adorned us; and that Thou would'st be always on our right hand and on our left,† in the motion of our own Wills: that so we may be purged from the contagion of the Body and the Affections of the Brute, and overcome them and rule; and use, as it becomes men to use, them, for instruments. And then, that Thou would'st be in Fellowship with us for the careful correction of our reason, and for its conjunction by the light of truth with the things that truly are.

"And in the third place, I pray to Thee, the Saviour, that thou would'st utterly cleanse away the closing gloom from the eyes of our souls, that we may know well who is to be held for God, and who for Mortal. Amen."‡

22. And having prayed this prayer, or at least, read it with honest wishing, (which if you cannot, there is no hope

* See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 61.[2]

† Thus, the command to the children of Israel "that they go forward"[3] is to their own wills. They obeying, the sea retreats, *but not before* they dare to advance into it. *Then*, the waters are a wall unto them, on their right hand and their left.

‡ The original is written in Latin only. "Supplico tibi, Domine, Pater et Dux rationis nostræ, ut nostræ Nobilitatis recordemur, quâ tu nos ornasti: et ut tu nobis presto sis, ut iis qui per sese moventur; ut et a Corporis contagio, Brutorumque affectuum repurgemur, eosque superemus, atque regamus; et, sicut decet, pro instrumentis iis utamur. Deinde, ut nobis adjuncto sis; ad accuratam rationis nostræ correctionem, et conjunctionem cum iis qui verè sunt, per lucem veritatis. Et tertium, Salvatori supplex oro, ut ab oculis animorum nostrorum caliginem prorsus abstergas; ut norimus bene, qui Deus, aut Mortalis habendus. Amen."

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[1] [The prayer is to be found on the last page of *The Crowne of all Homers Workes: Batrachomyomachia, or the Battaile of Frogs and Mice, His Hymns and Epigrams, translated according to the originall by George Chapman.* A copy of this rare book (printed about 1624) is in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield.]

[2] [Vol. XXVIII. p. 500; and compare, above, p. 119. For other references to Chapman, see Vol. XV. p. 226; Vol. XXV. p. 275; and *The Storm Cloud*, § 55 (Vol. XXXIV.).]

[3] [Exodus xiv. 15.]

of your at present taking pleasure in any human work of large faculty, whether poetry, painting, or sculpture,) we may walk a little farther westwards down the nave, where, in the middle of it, but only a few yards from its end, two flat stones (the custode will show you them), one a little farther back than the other, are laid over the graves of the two great bishops, all whose strength of life was given, with the builder's, to raise this temple. Their actual graves have not been disturbed; but the tombs raised over them, once and again removed, are now set on your right and left hand as you look back to the apse, under the third arch between the nave and aisles.

23. Both are of bronze, cast at one flow—and with insuperable, in some respects inimitable, skill in the caster's art.

"Chef-d'œuvres de fonte,—le tout fondu d'un seul jet, et admirablement."* There are only two other such tombs left in France, those of the children of St. Louis. All others of their kind—and they were many in every great cathedral of France—were first torn from the graves they covered, to destroy the memory of France's dead; and then melted down into sous and centimes, to buy gunpowder and absinthe with for her living,—by the Progressive Mind of Civilization in her first blaze of enthusiasm and new light, from 1789 to 1800.

The children's tombs, one on each side of the altar of St. Denis, are much smaller than these, though wrought more beautifully. These beside you are the *only two Bronze tombs of her Men of the great ages*, left in France!

24. And they are the tombs of the pastors of her people, who built for her the first perfect temple to her

* Viollet-le-Duc, vol. viii. p. 256. He adds: "L'une d'elles est comme art" (meaning general art of sculpture), "un monument du premier ordre;" but this is only partially true—also I find a note in M. Gilbert's account of them, p. 126: "Les deux doigts qui manquent, à la main droite de l'évêque Gaudefroi paraissent être un défaut survenu à la fonte." See further, on these monuments, and those of St. Louis's children, Viollet-le-Duc, vol. ix. pp. 61, 62.

God. The Bishop Everard's is on your right, and has engraved round the border of it this inscription: *—

"Who fed the people, who laid the foundations of this
Structure, to whose care the City was given,
Here, in ever-breathing balm of fame, rests Everard.
A man compassionate to the afflicted, the widow's protector, the orphan's
Guardian. Whom he could, he recreated with gifts.
To words of men,
If gentle, a lamb; if violent, a lion; if proud, biting steel."

---

* I steal again from the Abbé Roze[1] the two inscriptions,—with his introductory notice of the evilly-inspired interference with them.

"La tombe d'Evrard de Fouilloy, (died 1222), coulée en bronze en plein-relief, était supportée, dès le principe, par des monstres engagés dans une maçonnerie remplissant le dessous du monument, pour indiquer que cet évêque avait posé les fondements de la Cathédrale. Un *architecte malheureusement inspiré* a osé arracher la maçonnerie, pour qu'on ne vit plus la main du prélat fondateur, à la base de l'édifice.

"On lit, sur la bordure, l'inscription suivante en beaux caractères du XIIIe siècle:

"'Qui populum pavit, qui fundamēta locavit
Huiūs structure, cuius fuit urbs data cure
Hic redolens nardus, famâ requiescit Ewardus,
Vir pius afflictis, vidvis tutela, relictis
Custos, quos poterat recreabat munere; vbis,
Mitiƀ agnus erat, tumidis leo, lima supbis.'

"Geoffroy d'Eu (died 1237) est représenté comme son prédécesseur en habits épiscopaux, mais le dessous du bronze supporté par des chimères est évidé, ce prélat ayant élevé l'édifice jusqu'aux voûtes. Voici la légende gravée sur la bordure:

"'Ecce premunt humile Gaufridi membra cubile.
Seu minus aut simile nobis parat omnibus ille;
Quem laurus gemina decoraverat, medicinâ
Lege qū divina, decuerunt cornua bina;
Clare vir Augensis, quo sedes Ambianensis
Crevit in imensis; in cœlis auctus, Amen, sis.'

Tout est à étudier dans ces deux monuments: tout y est d'un haut intérêt, quant au dessin, à la sculpture, à l'agencement des ornements et des draperies."

In saying above [§ 2, p. 122] that Geoffroy of Eu returned thanks in the Cathedral for its completion, I meant only that he had brought at least the choir into condition for service: "Jusqu'aux voûtes" may or may not mean that the vaulting was closed.

[1] [*Visite à la Cathédrale d'Amiens*, pp. 37, 38: see above, p. 133.]

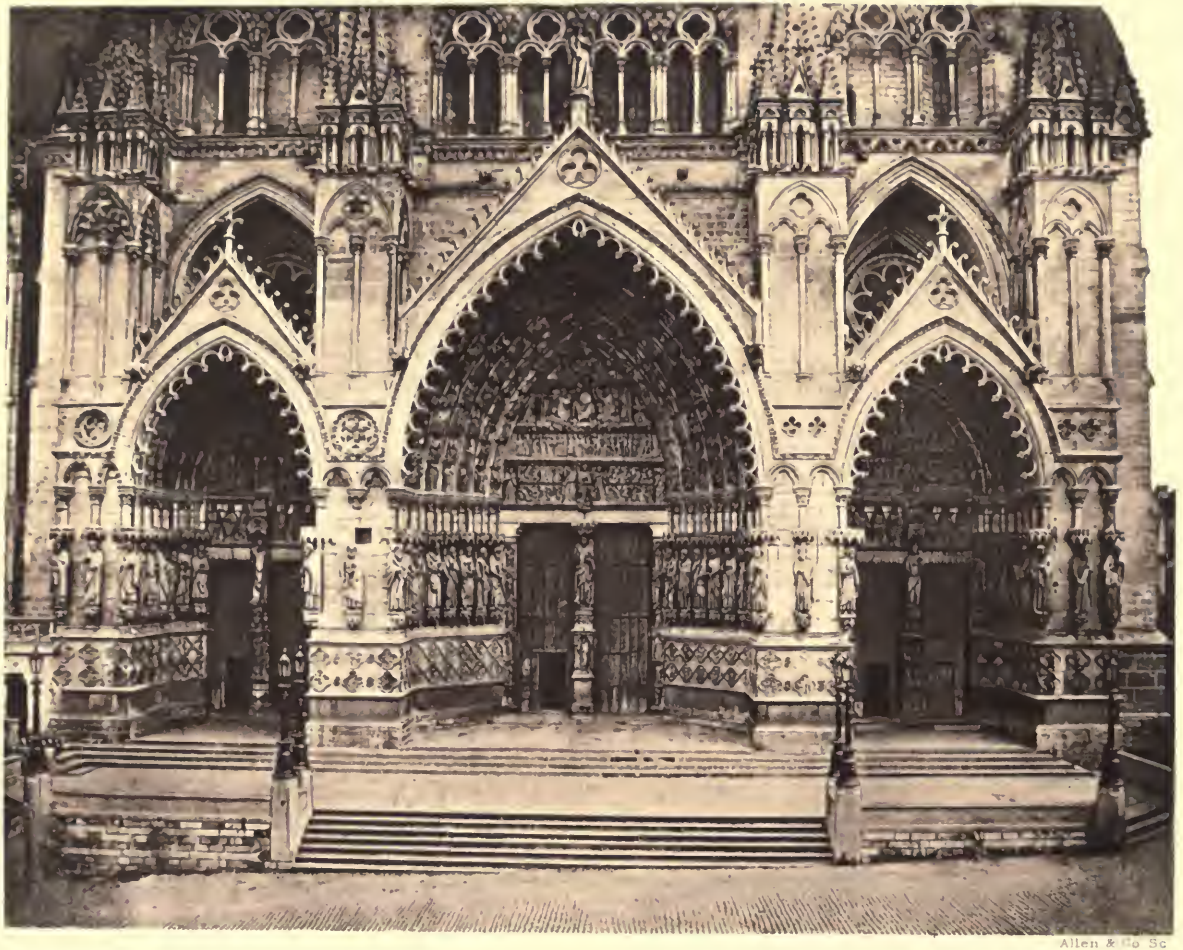
English, at its best, in Elizabethan days, is a nobler language than ever Latin was; but its virtue is in colour and tone, not in what may be called metallic or crystalline condensation.[1] And it is impossible to translate the last line of this inscription in as few English words. Note in it first that the Bishop's friends and enemies are spoken of as in word, not act; because the swelling, or mocking, or flattering, words of men are indeed what the meek of the earth must know how to bear and to welcome;—their deeds, it is for kings and knights to deal with: not but that the Bishops often took deeds in hand also; and in actual battle they were permitted to strike with the mace, but not with sword or lance—*i.e.*, not to "shed blood"![2] For it was supposed that a man might always recover from a mace-blow; (which, however, would much depend on the bishop's mind who gave it). The battle of Bouvines, quite one of the most important in mediæval history, was won against the English, and against odds besides of Germans, under their Emperor Otho, by two French bishops (Senlis and Bayeux)—who both generalled the French King's line, and led its charges. Our Earl of Salisbury surrendered to the Bishop of Bayeux in person.

25. Note farther, that quite one of the deadliest and most diabolic powers of evil words, or, rightly so called, blasphemy, has been developed in modern days in the effect of sometimes quite innocently meant and enjoyed "slang." There are two kinds of slang, in the essence of it: one "Thieves' Latin"—the special language of rascals, used for concealment; the other, one might perhaps best call Louts' Latin!—the lowering or insulting words invented by vile persons to bring good things, in their own estimates, to their own level, or beneath it. The really worst power of this kind of blasphemy[3] is in its often making it impossible to use plain words without a degrading or ludicrous

[1] [On this character of the Latin language, compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 2 (Vol. XXVII. p. 27).]

[2] [Genesis ix. 6.]

[3] On this word, see *The Storm-Cloud*, § 80 (Vol. XXXIV.).]



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The Three Western Porches

attached sense:—thus I could not end my translation of this epitaph, as the old Latinist could, with the exactly accurate image: "to the proud, a file"—because of the abuse of the word in lower English, retaining, however, quite shrewdly, the thirteenth-century idea. But the *exact* force of the symbol here is in its allusion to jewellers' work, filing down facets. A proud man is often also a precious one: and may be made brighter in surface, and the purity of his inner self shown, by good *filing*.

26. Take it all in all, the perfect duty of a Bishop[1] is expressed in these six Latin lines,—au mieux mieux—beginning with his pastoral office—*Feed* my sheep[2]—qui *pavit* populum. And be assured, good reader, these ages never could have told you what a Bishop's, or any other man's, duty was, unless they had each man in his place both done it well—and seen it well done. The Bishop Geoffroy's tomb is on your left, and its inscription is:

> "Behold, the limbs of Godfrey press their lowly bed,
> Whether He is preparing for us all one less than, or like it.
> Whom the twin laurels adorned, in medicine
> And in divine law, the dual crests became him.
> Bright-shining man of Eu, by whom the throne of Amiens
> Rose into immensity, be *thou* increased in Heaven.
>
> Amen."

And now at last—this reverence done and thanks paid—we will turn from these tombs, and go out at one of the western doors—and so see gradually rising above us the immensity of the three porches, and of the thoughts engraved in them.

27. What disgrace or change has come upon them, I will not tell you to-day[3]—except only the "immeasurable" loss of the great old foundation-steps, open, sweeping broad from side to side for all who came; unwalled, undivided, sunned all along by the westering day, lighted only by the

[1] [For which duty, see *Sesame and Lilies*, § 22 (Vol. XVIII. p. 72).]
[2] [John xxi. 16.]
[3] [A full historical account will be found in M. Durand's *Monographie de l'Église N.D. Cathédrale d'Amiens*, vol. i. pp. 156–194.]

moon and the stars at night; falling steep and many down the hillside—ceasing one by one, at last wide and few towards the level—and worn by pilgrim feet, for six hundred years. So I once saw them, and twice,[1]—such things can now be never seen more.

Nor even of the west front itself, above, is much of the old masonry left: but in the porches, nearly all,—except the actual outside facing, with its rose moulding, of which only a few flowers have been spared here and there.* But the sculpture has been carefully and honourably kept and restored to its place—pedestals or niches restored here and there with clay; or some which you see white and crude, re-carved entirely; nevertheless the impression you may receive from the whole is still what the builder meant; and I will tell you the order of its theology without further notices of its decay.

28. You will find it always well, in looking at any cathedral, to make your quarters of the compass sure, in the beginning; and to remember that, as you enter it, you are looking and advancing eastward; and that if it has three entrance porches, that on your left in entering is the northern, that on your right the southern. I shall endeavour in all my future writing of architecture, to observe the simple law of always calling the door of the north transept the north door; and that on the same side of the west front, the northern door, and so of their opposites. This will save, in the end, much printing and much confusion, for a Gothic cathedral has, almost always, these five great entrances; which may be easily, if at first attentively, recognized under the titles of the Central door (or porch), the Northern door, the Southern door, the North door, and the South door.

* The horizontal lowest part of the moulding between the northern and central porch is old. Compare its roses with the new ones running round the arches above—and you will know what "Restoration" means.

[1] [In his early visits, 1844, 1848.]

Parker. Allen & Co. lith.

The Northern Porch before Restoration
(1856)

But when we use the terms right and left, we ought always to use them as in going *out* of the cathedral or walking down the nave,—the entire north side and aisles of the building being its right side, and the south, its left, —these terms being only used well and authoritatively, when they have reference either to the image of Christ in the apse or on the rood, or else to the central statue, whether of Christ, the Virgin, or a saint, in the west front. At Amiens, this central statue, on the "trumeau" or supporting and dividing pillar of the central porch, is of Christ Immanuel,—God *with* us.[1] On His right hand and His left, occupying the entire walls of the central porch, are the apostles and the four greater prophets. The twelve minor prophets stand side by side on the front, three on each of its great piers.[2]

The northern porch is dedicated to St. Firmin, the first Christian missionary to Amiens.[3]

The southern porch, to the Virgin.

But these are both treated as withdrawn behind the great foundation of Christ and the Prophets; and their narrow recesses partly conceal their sculpture, until you enter them. What you have first to think of, and read, is the scripture of the great central porch, and the façade itself.

29. You have then in the centre of the front, the image of Christ Himself, receiving you: "I am the Way, the truth and the life."[4] And the order of the attendant powers may be best understood by thinking of them as placed on Christ's right and left hand: this being also the order which the builder adopts in his Scripture history on the façade—so that it is to be read from left to right—*i.e.* from Christ's left to Christ's right, as *He* sees it. Thus, therefore, following the order of the great statues:

[1] [Matthew i. 23.]
[2] [See the Plan of the Porches (Plate XII.).]
[3] [See above, p. 29.]
[4] [John xiv. 60.]

first in the central porch, there are six apostles on Christ's right hand, and six on His left. On His left hand, next Him, Peter; then in receding order, Andrew, James, John, Matthew, Simon; on His right hand, next Him, Paul; and in receding order, James the Bishop, Philip, Bartholomew, Thomas, and Jude. These opposite ranks of the Apostles occupy what may be called the apse or curved bay of the porch, and form a nearly semicircular group, clearly visible as we approach. But on the sides of the porch, outside the lines of apostles, and not seen clearly till we enter the porch, are the four greater prophets. On Christ's left, Isaiah and Jeremiah; on His right, Ezekiel and Daniel.

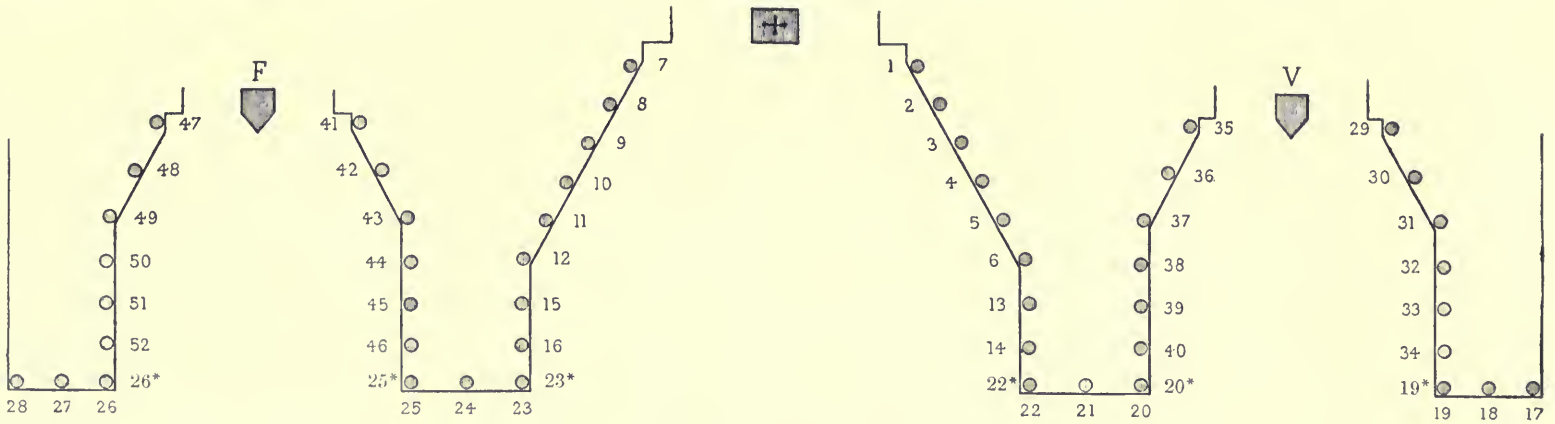
30. Then in front, along the whole façade — read in order from Christ's left to His right—come the series of the twelve minor prophets, three to each of the four piers of the temple, beginning at the south angle with Hosea, and ending with Malachi.

As you look full at the façade in front, the statues which fill the minor porches are either obscured in their narrower recesses or withdrawn behind each other so as to be unseen. And the entire mass of the front is seen, literally, as built on the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone.[1] Literally *that;* for the receding Porch is a deep "angulus," and its mid-pillar is the "Head of the Corner."

Built on the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, that is to say of the Prophets who foretold *Christ*, and the Apostles who declared him. Though Moses was an Apostle, of *God*, he is not here—though Elijah was a Prophet, of *God*, he is not here. The voice of the entire building is that of the Heaven at the Transfiguration, "This is my beloved Son, hear ye Him."

31. There is yet another and a greater prophet still, who, as it seems at first, is not here. Shall the people enter the gates of the temple, singing "Hosanna to the

[1] [Ephesians ii. 20. And for the other Bible references in this and the next paragraphs, see Matthew xvii. 5, xxi. 7; Revelation xxii. 16.]



CHRIST IMMANUEL

Lion Dragon
Vine
Cockatrice DAVID Adder
Lily Rose

ST FIRMIN

47	St Geoffroy	41	St Firmin Confessor	7	PAUL	Faith	1	Courage	PETER
48	An Angel	42	St Domice	8	JAMES B^{r}	Hope	2	Patience	ANDREW
49	St Fuscien Mart^{r}	43	St Honoré	9	PHILIP	Charity	3	Gentillesse	JAMES
50	St Victoric Mart^{r}	44	St Salve	10	BARTH^{w}	Chastity	4	Love	JOHN
51	An Angel	45	St Quentin	11	THOMAS	Wisdom	5	Obedience	MATT^{w}
52	St Ulpha	46	St Gentian	12	JUDE	Humility	6	Perseverance	SIMON
				15	EZEKIEL		13		ISAIAH
				16	DANIEL		14		JEREMIAH

MADONNA

35	Star King	29	Gabriel	26	Haggai	23	Nahum	20	Obadiah	17	Hosea
36	Star King	30	Virgin Annuntiate	27	Zechariah	24	Habakkuk	21	Jonah	18	Joel
37	Star King	31	Virgin Visitant	28	Malachi	25	Zephaniah	22	Micah	19	Amos
38	Herod	32	Elizabeth								
39	Solomon	33	Virgin in Presentation								
40	Queen of Sheba	34	Simeon								

Plan of the Western Porches

[For the numbers with an asterisk, see § 39 and *n.*]

Son of *David*"; and see no image of His father, then?—Christ Himself declare, "I am the root and the offspring of David"; and yet the Root have no sign near it of its Earth?

Not so. David and his Son are together. David is the pedestal of the Christ.

32. We will begin our examination of the Temple front, therefore, with this its goodly pedestal stone.[1] The statue of David is only two-thirds life-size, occupying the niche in front of the pedestal. He holds his sceptre in his right hand, the scroll in his left. King and Prophet, type of all Divinely right doing, and right claiming, and right proclaiming, kinghood, for ever.

The pedestal of which this statue forms the fronting or western sculpture, is square, and on the two sides of it are two flowers in vases, on its north side the lily, and on its south the rose. And the entire monolith is one of the noblest pieces of Christian sculpture in the world.

Above this pedestal comes a minor one, bearing in front of it a tendril of vine which completes the floral symbolism of the whole. The plant which I have called a lily is not the Fleur de Lys, nor the Madonna's, but an ideal one with bells like the crown Imperial (Shakespeare's type of "lilies of all kinds"),[2] representing the *mode of growth* of the lily of the valley, which could not be sculptured so large in its literal form without appearing monstrous, and is exactly expressed in this tablet—as it fulfils, together with the rose and vine, its companions, the triple saying of Christ, "I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley." "I am the true Vine."[3]

33. On the side of the upper stone are supporters of a different character. Supporters,—not captives nor victims; the Cockatrice and Adder. Representing the most active

[1] [Plate XIII.; on which are united the three photographs numbered 1–3 on Ruskin's list (below, p. 179).]

[2] [*Winter's Tale*, Act iv. sc. 3: quoted also in Vol. XIX. p. 373.]

[3] [Song of Solomon ii. 1; John xv. 1.]

evil principles of the earth, as in their utmost malignity; still, Pedestals of Christ, and even in their deadly life, accomplishing His final will.[1]

Both creatures are represented accurately in the mediæval traditional form, the cockatrice half dragon, half cock; the deaf adder[2] laying one ear against the ground and stopping the other with her tail.

The first represents the infidelity of Pride. The cockatrice—king serpent or highest serpent—saying that he *is* God, and *will be* God.

The second, the infidelity of Death. The adder (nieder or nether snake[3]) saying that he *is* mud, and *will be* mud.

34. Lastly, and above all, set under the feet of the statue of Christ Himself, are the lion and dragon; the images of Carnal sin, or *Human* sin, as distinguished from the Spiritual and Intellectual sin of Pride, by which the angels also fell.[4]

To desire kingship rather than servantship—the Cockatrice's sin; or deaf Death rather than hearkening Life—the Adder's sin,—these are both possible to all the intelligences of the universe. But the distinctively Human sins, anger and lust, seeds in our race of their perpetual sorrow—Christ in His own humanity, conquered; and conquers in His disciples. Therefore His foot is on the heads of these; and the prophecy, "Inculcabis super Leonem et Aspidem,"[5] is recognized always as fulfilled in Him, and in all His true servants, according to the height of their authority, and the truth of their power.

35. In this mystic sense, Alexander III. used the words,

[1] [Here the MS. adds a note :—

"This was what Wordsworth meant, if he had been careful in his rhyming to say what he meant, in the passage quoted by Byron."

The reference is to *Don Juan*, viii. 5, where Byron quotes Wordsworth's *Thanksgiving Ode* (1816). See Ruskin's discussion of the passage in *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 57 (Vol. XXXIV.).]

[2] [Psalms lviii. 4: compare *The Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism*, § 18 (Vol. XXXIV.).]

[3] [Compare *Deucalion*, Vol. XXVI. p. 303; but Ruskin's etymology is not accepted by the best authorities.]

[4] [*Henry VIII.*, Act iii. sc. 2, line 441; and see Isaiah xiv. 12 *seq.*]

[5] [Psalms xci. 13.]

Allen & Co. Sc.

The Central Pedestal

in restoring peace to Italy, and giving forgiveness to her deadliest enemy, under the porch of St. Mark's.* But the meaning of every act, as of every art, of the Christian ages, lost now for three hundred years, cannot but be in our own times read reversed, if at all, through the counter-spirit which we now have reached; glorifying Pride and Avarice as the virtues by which all things move and have their being—walking after our own lusts[1] as our sole guides to salvation, and foaming out our own shame for the sole earthly product of our hands and lips.

36. Of the statue of Christ, itself, I will not speak here at any length, as no sculpture would satisfy, or ought to satisfy, the hope of any loving soul that has learned to trust in Him; but at the time it was beyond what till then had been reached in sculptured tenderness; and was known far and near as the "Beau Dieu d'Amiens." † Yet understood, observe, just as clearly to be no more than a symbol of the Heavenly Presence, as the poor coiling worms below were no more than symbols of the demoniac ones. No *idol*, in our sense of the word—only a letter, or sign of the Living Spirit,—which, however, was indeed conceived by every worshipper as here meeting him at the temple gate: the Word of Life, the King of Glory,[2] and the Lord of Hosts.

"Dominus Virtutum," "Lord of Virtues," ‡ is the best single rendering of the idea conveyed to a well-taught

* See my abstract of the history of Barbarossa and Alexander, in "Fiction, Fair and Foul," *Nineteenth Century*, November 1880, pp. 752 *seq.*[3]

† See account, and careful drawing of it, in Viollet-le-Duc—article "Christ," *Dict. of Architecture*, iii. 245.

‡ See the circle of the Powers of the Heavens in the Byzantine rendering. I. Wisdom; II. Thrones; III. Dominations; IV. Angels; V. Archangels; VI. Virtues; VII. Potentates; VIII. Princes; IX. Seraphim. In the Gregorian order, (Dante, *Par.*, xxviii., Cary's note,) the Angels and Archangels are separated, giving altogether nine orders, but not ranks. Note that in the Byzantine circle the cherubim are first, and that it is the strength of the Virtues which calls on the dead to rise (*St. Mark's Rest*, §§ 95, 157[4]).

[1] [Jude 16.]
[2] [Psalms xxiv.]
[3] [See now §§ 81–90 (Vol. XXXIV.).]
[4] [Vol. XXIV. pp. 284, 332.]

disciple in the thirteenth century by the words of the twenty-fourth Psalm.

37. Under the feet of His apostles, therefore, in the quatrefoil medallions of the foundation, are represented the virtues which each Apostle taught, or in his life manifested; —it may have been, sore tried, and failing in the very strength of the character which he afterwards perfected. Thus St. Peter, denying in fear, is afterwards the Apostle of courage; and St. John, who, with his brother, would have burnt the inhospitable village,[1] is afterwards the Apostle of love. Understanding this, you see that in the sides of the porch, the apostles with their special virtues stand thus in opposite ranks.

St. Paul,	Faith.	Courage,	St. Peter.
St. James the Bishop,	Hope.	Patience,	St. Andrew.
St. Philip,	Charity.	Gentillesse,	St. James.
St. Bartholomew,	Chastity.	Love,	St. John.
St. Thomas,	Wisdom.	Obedience,	St. Matthew.
St. Jude,	Humility.	Perseverance,	St. Simon.

Now you see how these virtues answer to each other in their opposite ranks. Remember the left-hand side is always the first, and see how the left-hand virtues lead to the right-hand—

Courage	to	Faith.
Patience	to	Hope.
Gentillesse	to	Charity.
Love	to	Chastity.
Obedience	to	Wisdom.
Perseverance	to	Humility.

38. Note farther that the Apostles are all tranquil, nearly all with books, some with crosses, but all with the same message,—"Peace be to this house. And if the Son of Peace be there,"[2] etc.*

* The modern slang name for a priest, among the mob of France, is a "Pax Vobiscum," or shortly, a Vobiscum.

[1] [Luke ix. 54: for Peter's "denying in fear," see Matthew xxvi.; for his courage, Acts i. 15, ii. 14, iv. 13, etc.]

[2] [Luke x. 6.]

But the Prophets—all seeking, or wistful, or tormented, or wondering, or praying, except only Daniel. The *most* tormented is Isaiah; spiritually sawn asunder. No scene of his martyrdom below, but his seeing the Lord in His temple, and yet feeling he had unclean lips.[1] Jeremiah also carries his cross—but more serenely.

39. And now I give, in clear succession, the order of the statues of the whole front, with the subjects of the quatrefoils beneath each of them, marking the upper quatrefoil A, the lower B. The six prophets who stand at the angles of the porches, Amos, Obadiah, Micah, Nahum, Zephaniah, and Haggai, have each of them four quatrefoils, marked, A and C the upper ones, B and D the lower.[2]

Beginning, then, on the left-hand side of the central porch, and reading outwards, you have[3]—

1. St. Peter.
   - A. Courage.
   - B. Cowardice.

2. St. Andrew.
   - A. Patience.
   - B. Anger.

3. St. James.
   - A. Gentillesse.
   - B. Churlishness.

4. St. John.
   - A. Love.
   - B. Discord.

5. St. Matthew.
   - A. Obedience.
   - B. Rebellion.

6. St. Simon.
   - A. Perseverance.
   - B. Atheism.

Now, right-hand side of porch, reading outwards:

7. St. Paul.
   - A. Faith.
   - B. Idolatry.

8. St. James, Bishop.
   - A. Hope.
   - B. Despair.

---

[1] [Isaiah vi. 5: compare Ruskin's commentary on the passage in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 45 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 145–146).]

[2] [See the Plan (Plate XII.), where the place of the additional quatrefoils in the case of these "angle" prophets is now marked with an asterisk "19*," etc.]

[3] [M. Durand (vol. i. p. 330) gives a different interpretation of the disciples. For No. 5 he gives St. Simon or St. Jude; for No. 6, St. Bartholomew; for No. 9, St. Thomas; No. 10, St. Matthew; No. 11, St. Philip; and No. 12, St. Simon or St. Jude.]

9. St. Philip.
- A. Charity.
- B. Avarice.

10. St. Bartholomew.
- A. Chastity.
- B. Lust.

11. St. Thomas.
- A. Wisdom.
- B. Folly.

12. St. Jude.
- A. Humility.
- B. Pride.

Now, left-hand side again—the two outermost statues:

13. Isaiah.
- A. "I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne." vi. 1.
- B. "Lo, this hath touched thy lips." vi. 7.

14. Jeremiah.
- A. The Burial of the Girdle. xiii. 4, 5.
- B. The Breaking of the Yoke. xxviii. 10.

Right-hand side:

15. Ezekiel.
- A. Wheel within wheel. i. 16.
- B. "Son of man, set thy face toward Jerusalem." xxi. 2.

16. Daniel.
- A. "He hath shut the lions' mouths." vi. 22.
- B. "In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand." v. 5.

40. Now, beginning on the left-hand side (southern side) of the entire façade, and reading it straight across, not turning into the porches at all except for the paired quatrefoils:

17. Hosea.
- A. "So I bought her to me for fifteen pieces of silver." iii. 2.
- B. "So will I also be for thee." iii. 3.

18. Joel.
- A. The Sun and Moon lightless. ii. 10.
- B. The Fig-tree and Vine leafless. i. 7.

19. Amos.

To the front
- A. "The Lord will cry from Zion." i. 2.
- B. "The habitations of the shepherds shall mourn." i. 2.

Inside porch
- C. The Lord with the mason's line. vii. 8.
- D. The place where it rained not. iv. 7.

20. Obadiah.

Inside porch
- A. "I hid them in a cave." 1 Kings xviii. 13.
- B. "He fell on his face." xviii. 7.

To the front
- C. The captain of fifty.
- D. The messenger.[1]

21. Jonah.

- A. Escaped from the sea.
- B. Under the gourd.

22. Micah.

To the front
- A. The Tower of the Flock. iv. 8.
- B. Each shall rest, and "none shall make them afraid." iv. 4.

Inside porch
- C. "Swords into ploughshares." iv. 3.
- D. "Spears into pruning-hooks." iv. 3.

23. Nahum.

Inside porch
- A. "None shall look back." ii. 8.
- B. "The burden of Nineveh." i. 1.

To the front
- C. Thy princes and thy great ones. iii. 17.
- D. Untimely figs. iii. 12.

24. Habakkuk.

- A. "I will watch to see what He will say." ii. 1.
- B. The ministry to Daniel.[2]

25. Zephaniah.

To the front
- A. The Lord strikes Ethiopia. ii. 12.
- B. The beasts in Nineveh. ii. 15.

Inside porch
- C. The Lord visits Jerusalem. i. 12.
- D. The Hedgehog and Bittern.* ii. 14.

26. Haggai.

Inside porch
- A. The houses of the princes, *ornées de lambris*.[3] i. 4.
- B. "The heaven is stayed from dew." i. 10.

To the front
- C. The Lord's temple desolate. i. 4.
- D. "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts." i. 7.

* See the Septuagint version.[4]

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[1] [Ruskin gives no Bible references here, because the interpretation of the subjects is doubtful: see below, p. 158.]

[2] [See below, p. 159.]

[3] ["Ceiled houses" in the English Version.]

[4] [The English version gives "the bittern shall lodge in the altar lintels"; the Septuagint and Vulgate give "the hedgehog."]

27. Zechariah.

A. The lifting up of Iniquity. v. 6–9.
B. "The angel that spake to me." iv. 1.

28. Malachi.

A. "Ye have wounded the Lord." ii. 17.
B. "This commandment is to *you*." ii. 1.

41. Having thus put the sequence of the statues and their quatrefoils briefly before the spectator—(in case the railway time presses, it may be a kindness to him to note that if he walks from the east end of the cathedral down the street to the south, Rue St. Denis, it takes him by the shortest line to the station)—I will begin again with St. Peter, and interpret the sculptures in the quatrefoils a little more fully. Keeping the fixed numerals for indication of the statues, St. Peter's quatrefoils will be 1 A and 1 B, and Malachi's 28 A and 28 B.

1, A. Courage, with a leopard[1] on his shield; the French and English agreeing in the reading of that symbol, down to the time of the Black Prince's leopard coinage in Aquitaine.*

1, B. Cowardice, a man frightened at an animal darting out of a thicket, while a bird sings on. The coward has not the heart of a thrush.[2]

2, A. Patience, holding a shield with a bull on it (never giving back).†

* For a list of the photographs of the quatrefoils described in this chapter, see the appendices at the end of this volume. [The photographs themselves are here reproduced, Plates XIV.–XXXI.]

† In the cathedral of Laon there is a pretty compliment paid to the oxen who carried the stones of its tower to the hill-top it stands on. The tradition is that they harnessed themselves,[3]—but tradition does not say how an ox *can* harness himself even if he had a mind. Probably the first form of the story was only that they went joyfully, "lowing as they went." But at all events their statues are carved on the height of the tower, eight, colossal, looking from its galleries across the plains of France. See drawing in Viollet-le-Duc, under article "Clocher."

[1] [The French writers call it a lion: see Durand, vol. i. p. 332, and Mâle (*L'Art Religieux du XIIIe Siècle*, 1902, p. 152) (referring to Proverbs xxx. 30: "a lion, which is strongest among beasts, and turneth not away for any"). For the leopard, see above, p. 71.]

[2] [According to Mâle (pp. 166–167) the bird is an owl, to show that it is dark.]

[3] [The tradition is given by Guibert de Nogent, *De Vita Sua*, lib. iii. ch. xiii., cited by Mâle (p. 75). One day one of the oxen carrying up materials fell fatigued,

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Virtues and Vices

[illegible] (1A)	Patience (2A)	Gentillesse (3A)
[illegible] (1B)	Anger (2B)	Churlishness (3B)

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Virtues and Vices

Love (4 A) Obedience (5 A) Perseverance (6 A)

2, B. ANGER, a woman stabbing a man with a sword. Anger is essentially a feminine vice[1]—a man, worth calling so, may be driven to fury or insanity by *indignation* (compare the Black Prince at Limoges[2]), but not by anger. Fiendish enough, often so—"Incensed with indignation, Satan stood, *unterrified*—"[3] but in that last word is the difference; there is as much fear in Anger, as there is in Hatred.

3, A. GENTILLESSE, bearing shield with a lamb.

3, B. CHURLISHNESS, again a woman, kicking over her cupbearer. The final forms of ultimate French churlishness being in the feminine gestures of the Cancan. See the favourite prints in shops of Paris.

4, A. LOVE; the Divine, not human love: "I in them, and Thou in me."[4] Her shield bears a tree with many branches grafted into its cut-off stem: "In those days shall Messiah be cut off, but not for Himself."[5]

4, B. DISCORD, a wife and husband quarrelling. She has dropped her distaff (Amiens wool manufacture, see farther on—9, A).

5, A. OBEDIENCE, bears shield with camel. Actually the most disobedient and ill-tempered of all serviceable beasts,—yet passing his life in the most painful service. I do not know how far his character was understood by the northern sculptor; but I believe he is taken as a type of burden-bearing, without joy or sympathy, such as the horse has, and without power of offence, such as the ox has. His bite is bad enough, (see Mr. Palgrave's account of him,[6]) but presumably little known of at Amiens, even by Crusaders, who would always ride their own war-horses, or nothing.

5, B. REBELLION, a man snapping his fingers at his Bishop. (As Henry the Eighth at the Pope,—and the modern French and English cockney at all priests whatever.)

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when another mysteriously appeared and harnessed itself to the yoke. "The people, for whom the sculptor worked, could not think without emotion (says M. Mâle) of the brave beasts who worked like good Christians at the house of God." "We perhaps treat our dumb creatures better to-day," says Mr. Henry James, "than was done five hundred years ago; but I doubt whether a modern architect, in settling his accounts, would have 'remembered,' as they say, the oxen" ("Rheims and Laon, a Little Tour," in *Portraits of Places*, 1884).]

[1] [So represented on the Ducal Palace, as a woman tearing her dress open at her breast: see Vol. X. p. 403.]

[2] [See vol. ii. ch. xxi. (p. 67, ed. 1804) of Johnes's *Froissart*.]

[3] [*Paradise Lost*, ii. 707.]

[4] [John xvii. 23.]

[5] [See Daniel ix. 26.]

[6] [W. G. Palgrave, *Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia*, 1865, vol. i. pp. 39, 40.]

6, A. PERSEVERANCE, the grandest spiritual form of the virtue commonly called "Fortitude." Usually, overcoming or tearing a lion; here *caressing* one, and *holding* her crown.[1] "Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."[2]

6, B. ATHEISM, leaving his shoes at the church door. The infidel fool is always represented in twelfth and thirteenth century MS. as barefoot—the Christian having "his feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace." Compare "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, oh Prince's Daughter!"[3]

7, A. FAITH, holding cup with cross above it, her accepted symbol throughout ancient Europe.[4] It is also an enduring one, for, all differences of Church put aside, the words, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, ye have no life in you,"[5] remain in their mystery, to be understood only by those who have learned the sacredness of food, in all times and places, and the laws of life and spirit, dependent on its acceptance, refusal, and distribution.[6]

7, B. IDOLATRY, kneeling to a monster. The *contrary* of Faith—not *want* of Faith. Idolatry is faith in the wrong thing, and quite distinct from Faith in *No* thing (6, B), the "Dixit Insipiens."[7] Very wise men may be idolaters, but they cannot be atheists.

8, A. HOPE, with Gonfalon Standard and *distant* crown;[8] as opposed to the constant crown of Fortitude (6, A).

The Gonfalon (Gund, war; fahn, standard, according to Poitevin's dictionary[9]) is the pointed ensign of forward battle; essentially sacred; hence the constant name "Gonfaloniere" of the battle standard-bearers of the Italian republics.

Hope has it, because she fights forward always to her aim, or at least has the joy of seeing it draw nearer. Faith and Fortitude wait, as St. John in prison, but unoffended. Hope is, however, put under St. James, because of the 7th and 8th verses of his last chapter, ending "Stablish your hearts, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." It is he who examines Dante on the nature of Hope. *Par.*, c. xxv., and compare Cary's notes.

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[1] [Not clear upon the Plate (XV.). The figure is caressing the jaw of a lion with her right hand, while in her left she holds a shield charged with a crown.]

[2] [Revelation iii. 2.]

[3] [Ephesians vi. 15; Song of Solomon vii. 1.]

[4] [Compare the description of "Faith" on the Ducal Palace, Vol. X. p. 394.]

[5] [John vi. 53.]

[6] [With the ideas suggested by this passage, compare *Laws of Fésole*, vii. § 12 (Vol. XV. p. 422), and *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 12, 38, 74, and 88 (Vol. XXVII. p. 218, Vol. XXVIII. pp. 35–6, and Vol. XXIX. pp. 37, 383). See also the Introduction, above, p. lxi.]

[7] [Psalms xiv. 1: often quoted by Ruskin (see General Index).]

[8] [Compare *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 399).]

[9] [M. P. Poitevin, *Nouveau Dictionnaire Universel de la Langue Française*, 1857, vol. i. p. 1038.]

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Virtues and Vices

Charity (9 A) Hope (8 A) Faith (7 A)

Avarice (9 B) Despair (8 B) Idolatory (7 B)

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Virtues and Vices

Humility (12 A)	Wisdom (11 A)	Chastity (10 A)
Pride (12 B)	Folly (11 B)	Lust (10 B)

8, B. DESPAIR, stabbing himself. Suicide not thought heroic or sentimental in the thirteenth century; and no Gothic Morgue built beside Somme.

9, A. CHARITY, bearing shield with woolly ram, and giving a mantle to a naked beggar. The old wool manufacture of Amiens having this notion of its purpose—namely, to clothe the poor first, the rich afterwards.[1] No nonsense talked in those days about the evil consequences of indiscriminate charity.[2]

9, B. AVARICE, with coffer and money. The modern, alike English and Amienois, notion of the Divine consummation of the wool manufacture.

10, A. CHASTITY, shield with the Phœnix.*

10, B. LUST, a too violent kiss.

11, A. WISDOM: shield with, I think, an eatable root:[3] meaning temperance, as the beginning of wisdom.

11, B. FOLLY, the ordinary type used in all early Psalters, of a glutton, armed with a club.[4] Both this vice and virtue are the earthly wisdom and folly, completing the spiritual wisdom and folly opposite under St. Matthew. Temperance, the complement of Obedience, and Covetousness, with violence, that of Atheism.

12, A. HUMILITY, shield with dove.

12, B. PRIDE, falling from his horse.

42. All these quatrefoils are rather symbolic than representative; and, since their purpose was answered enough if

* For the sake of comparing the pollution, and reversal of its once glorious religion, in the modern French mind, it is worth the reader's while to ask at M. Goyer's (Place St. Denis) for the *Journal de St. Nicholas* for 1880, and look at the "Phénix," as drawn on p. 610. The story is meant to be moral, and the Phœnix there represents Avarice, but the entire destruction of all sacred and poetical tradition in a child's mind by such a picture is an immorality which would neutralize a year's preaching. To make it worth M. Goyer's while to show you the number, buy the one with "les conclusions de Jeanie" in it, p. 337: the church scene (with dialogue) in the text is lovely.

[1] [Compare what Ruskin says, of the practical Christianity of the north, in *The Pleasures of England*, § 95 (below, p. 486), where he instances this figure.]

[2] [Compare *Queen of the Air*, § 132 (Vol. XIX. p. 407).]

[3] [The piece has been restored, but "it was without doubt a serpent (as at Chartres)": see Durand, vol. i. p. 340 and *n.*]

[4] [Compare Giotto's fresco: Vol. XXIV. p. 122.]

their sign was understood, they have been entrusted to a much inferior workman than the one who carved the now sequent series under the Prophets. Most of these subjects represent an historical fact, or a scene spoken of by the prophet as a real vision; and they have in general been executed by the ablest hands at the architect's command.

With the interpretation of these, I have given again the name of the prophet whose life or prophecy they illustrate.

13. ISAIAH[1] . . A. "I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne" (vi. 1).
The vision of the throne "high and lifted up" between seraphim.

„ „ . . . B. "Lo, this hath touched thy lips" (vi. 7).
The Angel stands before the prophet, and holds, or rather held, the coal with tongs, which have been finely undercut, but are now broken away, only a fragment remaining in his hand.

14. JEREMIAH . A. The burial of the girdle (xiii. 4, 5).
The prophet is digging by the shore of Euphrates, represented by vertically winding furrows down the middle of the tablet.[2] Note, the translation should be "hole in the ground," not "rock."

„ „ . B. The breaking of the yoke (xxviii. 10).
From the prophet Jeremiah's neck; it is here represented as a doubled and redoubled chain.

15. EZEKIEL . A. Wheel within wheel (i. 16).
The prophet sitting; before him two wheels of equal size, one involved in the ring of the other.

„ „ . B. "Son of man, set thy face toward Jerusalem" (xxi. 2).
The prophet before the gate of Jerusalem.

16. DANIEL . A. "He hath shut the lions' mouths" (vi. 22).
Daniel holding a book, the lions treated as heraldic supporters. The subject is given with more animation farther on in the series: 24, B [p. 159].

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[1] [For Ruskin's note on the representation of Isaiah generally, see above, p. 149.]

[2] [On the representation of water in early art, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. pp. 460 *seq.*), and *Giotto*, Vol. XXIV. p. 84.]

Subjects from Isaiah, Jeremiah & Micah.

13 A 14 A 22 C
13 B 14 B 22 D

Subjects from Nahum, Daniel, and Ezekiel.

16. Daniel . b. "In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand" (v. 5).

Belshazzar's feast represented by the king alone, seated at a small oblong table. Beside him the youth Daniel, looking only fifteen or sixteen, graceful and gentle,[1] interprets. At the side of the quatrefoil, out of a small wreath of cloud, comes a small bent hand, writing, as if with a pen upside down on a piece of Gothic wall.*

For modern bombast as opposed to old simplicity, compare the Belshazzar's feast of John Martin![2]

43. The next subject begins the series of the minor prophets.

17. Hosea . . a. "So I bought her to me for fifteen pieces of silver and an homer of barley" (iii. 2).

The prophet pouring the grain and the silver into the lap of the woman, "beloved of her friend." The carved coins are each wrought with the cross, and, I believe, legend of the French contemporary coin.

„ „ . . . b. "So will I also be for thee" (iii. 3).

He puts a ring on her finger.

18. Joel . . . a. The sun and moon lightless (ii. 10).

The sun and moon as two small flat pellets, up in the external moulding.

„ „ . . . b. The barked fig-tree and waste vine (i. 7).

Note the continual insistence on the blight of vegetation as a Divine punishment (19, d).

19. Amos (*To the front*). a. "The Lord will cry from Zion" (i. 2).

Christ appears with crossletted nimbus.

„ „ . . . b. "The habitations of the shepherds shall mourn" (i. 2).

Amos with the shepherd's hooked or knotted staff, and wicker-worked bottle, before his tent. (Architecture in right-hand foil restored.)

* I fear this hand has been broken since I described it;[3] at all events, it is indistinguishably shapeless in the photograph (No. 9 of the series).

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[1] [The head of Daniel is now (1906) much worn away.]

[2] [A description of this theatrical picture (1821) may be read in Redgrave's *Century of Painters*, p. 361. For other references to Martin, see General Index.]

[3] [It is partly broken, but two of the fingers are still plain (1906).]

19. Amos (*Inside Porch*). c. The Lord with the mason's line (vii. 8).
Christ, again here, and henceforward always, with crosslet nimbus, has a large trowel in His hand, which He lays on the top of a half-built wall. There seems a line twisted round the handle.

„ „ . . . d. The place where it rained not (iv. 7).
Amos is gathering the leaves of the fruitless vine,[1] to feed the sheep, who find no grass. One of the finest of the reliefs.

20. Obadiah (*Inside Porch*). a. "I hid them in a cave" (1 Kings xviii. 13).
Three prophets at the mouth of a well, to whom Obadiah brings loaves.

„ „ . . . b. "He fell on his face" (xviii. 7).
He kneels before Elijah, who wears his rough mantle.[2]

„ „ (*To the front*). c. The captain of fifty.[3]
Elijah (?) speaking to an armed man under a tree.

„ „ . . . d. The messenger.
A messenger on his knees before a king. I cannot interpret these two scenes (20 c and 20 d). The uppermost *may* mean the dialogue of Elijah with the captains, (2 Kings i. 9,) and the lower one, the return of the messengers (2 Kings i. 5).

21. Jonah . . . a. Escaped from the sea.

„ „ . . . b. Under the gourd. A small grasshopper-like beast gnawing the gourd stem. I should like to know what insects *do* attack the Amiens gourds. This may be an entomological study, for aught we know.

22. Micah (*To the front*). a. The Tower of the Flock (iv. 8).
The tower is wrapped in clouds, God appearing above it.

„ „ . . . b. Each shall rest, and "none shall make them afraid" (iv. 4).
A man and his wife "under his vine and fig tree."

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[1] [Durand (vol. i. p. 353) objects that the tree is not the vine, but "the bramble of our woods with its berries commonly called *mûres*" (blackberries). He, therefore, refers to Amos vii. 14: "I was an herdman."]

[2] [See 2 Kings i. 8.]

[3] [2 Kings i. 9. Durand (vol. i. p. 355) prefers to interpret the sculpture as Elijah promising Obadiah to present himself before Ahab (1 Kings xviii. 15), and similarly he interprets 20 d as the interview between Elijah and Ahab.]

Subjects from Amos, Joel & Hosea.

19 A 18 A 17 A
19 B 18 B 17 B

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Subjects from Micah, Jonah & Obadiah.

22. Micah (*Inside Porch*). c. "Swords into ploughshares" (iv. 3).
Nevertheless, two hundred years after these medallions were cut, the sword manufacture had become a staple in Amiens! Not to her advantage.

„ „ . . . d. "Spears into pruning-hooks" (iv. 3).

23. Nahum (*Inside Porch*). a. "None shall look back" (ii. 8).

„ „ . . b. "The burden of Nineveh" (i. 1).*

„ „ (*To the front*). c. Thy princes and thy great ones (iii. 17).
23 a, b, and c are all incapable of sure interpretation.[1] The prophet in a is pointing down to a little hill, said by the Père Roze to be covered with grasshoppers.[2] I can only copy what he says of them.

„ „ . . d. Untimely figs (iii. 12).
Four people beneath a fig-tree catch its falling fruit in their mouths.

24. Habakkuk. a. "I will watch to see what He will say unto me" (ii. 1).
The prophet is writing on his tablet to Christ's dictation.

„ „ b. The ministry to Daniel.
The traditional visit to Daniel. An angel carries Habakkuk by the hair of his head; the prophet has a loaf of bread in each hand. They break through the roof of the cave. Daniel is stroking one young lion on the back; the head of another is thrust carelessly under his arm. Another is gnawing bones in the bottom of the cave.

* The statue of the prophet, above, is the grandest of the entire series; and note especially the "diadema" of his own luxuriant hair plaited like a maiden's, indicating the Achillean force of this most terrible of the prophets. (Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 65, page 157.[3]) For the rest, this long flowing hair was always one of the insignia of the Frankish kings, and their way of dressing both hair and beard may be seen more nearly and definitely in the angle-sculptures of the long font in the north transept, the most interesting piece of work in the whole cathedral, in an antiquarian sense, and of much artistic value also.[4] (See *ante*, chap. ii. § 36.[5])

[1] [Durand's interpretation (vol. i. p. 359) is as follows:—a, Nineveh in its splendour, the prophet curses the city. b, Nineveh overthrown. c, the people of Nineveh in flight.]

[2] [*Visite à la Cathédrale d'Amiens*, par l'Abbé Roze, p. 18.]

[3] [Of the first edition: see now § 15, Vol. XXVIII. p. 601.]

[4] [See, for a representation of the font, Fig. 240 (vol. ii. p. 476) in Durand, and for a description of it, *ibid.*, p. 530).]

[5] [Above, p. 74.]

25. Zephaniah (*To the front*). A. The Lord strikes Ethiopia (ii. 12).
Christ striking a city with a sword. Note that all violent actions are in these bas-reliefs feebly or ludicrously expressed; quiet ones always right.

„ „ B. The beasts in Nineveh (ii. 15).
Very fine. All kinds of crawling things among the tottering walls, and peeping out of their rents and crannies. A monkey sitting squat, developing into a demon, reverses the Darwinian theory.

„ „ (*Inside Porch*). C. The Lord visits Jerusalem (i. 12).
Christ passing through the streets of Jerusalem, with a lantern in each hand.

„ „ D. The Hedgehog and Bittern * (ii. 14).
With a singing bird in a cage in the window.

26. Haggai (*Inside Porch*). A. The houses of the princes, *ornées de lambris* (i. 4).
A perfectly built house of square stones gloomily strong, the grating (of a prison?) in front of foundation.

„ „ . . B. "The heaven is stayed from dew" (i. 10).
The heavens as a projecting mass, with stars, sun, and moon on surface. Underneath, two withered trees.

„ „ (*To the front*). C. The Lord's temple desolate (i. 4).
The falling of the temple, "not one stone left on another," grandly loose. Square stones again. Examine the text (i. 6).

„ „ . . D. "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts" (i. 7).
Christ pointing up to His ruined temple.

27. Zechariah . A. The lifting up of Iniquity (v. 6 to 9).
Wickedness in the Ephah.

„ „ . B. "The angel that spake to me" (iv. 1).
The prophet almost reclining, a glorious winged angel hovering out of cloud.

28. Malachi . . A. "Ye have wounded the Lord" (ii. 17).
The priests are thrusting Christ through with a barbed lance, whose point comes out at His back.

* See *ante*, p. 151, note.

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Subjects from Zephaniah, Habakkuk, and Nahum.

25 A 24 A 23 C
25 B 24 B 23 D

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Subjects from Malachi, Zechariah, & Haggai.

28. Malachi, . . b. "This commandment is to *you*" (ii. 1).

In these panels, the undermost is often introductory to the one above, an illustration of it. It is perhaps chapter i., verse 6, that is meant to be spoken here by the sitting figure of Christ, to the indignant priests.

44. With this bas-relief terminates the series of sculpture in illustration of Apostolic and Prophetic teaching, which constitutes what I mean by the "Bible" of Amiens. But the two lateral porches contain supplementary subjects necessary for completion of the pastoral and traditional teaching addressed to her people in that day.

The Northern Porch, dedicated to her first missionary St. Firmin, has on its central pier his statue; above, on the flat field of the back of the arch, the story of the finding of his body; on the sides of the porch, companion saints and angels in the following order:—

CENTRAL STATUE

St. Firmin

Southern (left) side	*Northern (right) side*
41. St. Firmin the Confessor.	47. St. Geoffroy.
42. St. Domice.	48. An angel.
43. St. Honoré.	49. St. Fuscien, martyr.
44. St. Salve.	50. St. Victoric, martyr.
45. St. Quentin.	51. An angel.
46. St. Gentian.	52. St. Ulpha.

45. Of these saints, excepting St. Firmin and St. Honoré, of whom I have already spoken,* St. Geoffroy is more real for us than the rest; he was born in the year of the battle of Hastings, at Molincourt in the Soissonais, and was Bishop of Amiens from 1104 to 1150. A man of entirely simple, pure, and right life: one of the severest of ascetics, but without gloom—always gentle and merciful. Many miracles are recorded of him, but all indicating a

* See *ante*, Chap. i., §§ 7, 8 [p. 30], for the history of St. Firmin, and for St. Honoré, § 8 of this chapter [p. 129], with the reference there given.

tenour of life which was chiefly miraculous by its justice and peace. Consecrated at Rheims, and attended by a train of other bishops and nobles to his diocese, he dismounts from his horse at St. Acheul, the place of St. Firmin's first tomb, and walks barefoot to his cathedral, along the causeway now so defaced: at another time he walks barefoot from Amiens to Picquigny to ask from the Vidame of Amiens the freedom of the Chatelain Adam. He maintained the privileges of the citizens, with the help of Louis le Gros, against the Count of Amiens, defeated him, and razed his castle; nevertheless, the people not enough obeying him in the order of their life, he blames his own weakness, rather than theirs, and retires to the Grande Chartreuse, holding himself unfit to be their bishop. The Carthusian superior questioning him on his reasons for retirement, and asking if he had ever sold the offices of the Church, the Bishop answered, "My father, my hands are pure of simony, but I have a thousand times allowed myself to be seduced by praise."

46. St. Firmin the Confessor was the son of the Roman senator who received St. Firmin himself. He preserved the tomb of the martyr in his father's garden, and at last built a church over it, dedicated to Our Lady of Martyrs, which was the first episcopal seat of Amiens, at St. Acheul, spoken of above.[1] St. Ulpha was an Amienoise girl, who lived in a chalk cave above the marshes of the Somme;—if ever Mr. Murray provides you with a comic guide to Amiens, no doubt the enlightened composer of it will count much on your enjoyment of the story of her being greatly disturbed at her devotions by the frogs, and praying them silent. You are now, of course, wholly superior to such follies, and are sure that God cannot, or will not, so much as shut a frog's mouth for you. Remember, therefore, that as He also now leaves open the mouth of the liar, blasphemer, and betrayer, you must shut your own ears against *their* voices as you can.

[1] [See above, p. 31.]

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Signs of the Zodiac & Labours of the Months

(December, January, February & March)

41 A 42 A 43 A 44 A

Of her name, St. Wolf—or Guelph—see again Miss Yonge's Christian names.[1] Our tower of Wolf's stone, Ulverstone, and Kirk of Ulpha, are, I believe, unconscious of Picard relatives.

47. The other saints in this porch are all in like manner provincial, and, as it were, personal friends of the Amienois;[2] and under them, the quatrefoils represent the pleasant order of the guarded and hallowed year—the zodiacal signs above, and labours of the months below;[3] little differing from the constant representations of them—except in the May: see next page. The Libra also is a little unusual in the female figure holding the scales; the lion especially good-tempered—and the "reaping" one of the most beautiful figures in the whole series of sculptures; several of the others peculiarly refined and far-wrought. In Mr. Kaltenbacher's photographs, as I have arranged them, the bas-reliefs may be studied nearly as well as in the porch itself. Their order is as follows, beginning with December, in the left-hand inner corner of the porch:—

41. DECEMBER.—Killing and scalding swine. Above, Capricorn with quickly diminishing tail; I cannot make out the accessories.

42. JANUARY.—Twin-headed,[4] obsequiously served. Aquarius feebler than most of the series.

43. FEBRUARY.—Very fine; warming his feet and putting coals on fire. Fish above, elaborate but uninteresting.

44. MARCH.—At work in vine-furrows.[5] Aries careful, but rather stupid.

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[1] [*History of Christian Names*, pp. 335–336.]

[2] ["At Rheims a portal is similarly devoted to the saints of the province; at Bourges, of the five portals, two are devoted to local saints." (See also what Ruskin says of the glass at Chartres, Vol. XVI. p. 328.) "Each of our cathedrals presents the religious history of a province" (Note in the French translation of *The Bible of Amiens*).]

[3] [An interesting account of the representations of the months on various French cathedrals will be found in Mâle's *L'Art Religieux*, pp. 85 *seq.* In the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield there are drawings of the series on Senlis Cathedral (Vol. XXX. p. 217).]

[4] [The pagan Janus is "thus perpetuated at Amiens, at Notre-Dame of Paris, at Chartres, and in many psalters. One of his faces looks at the departing, the other at the coming year" (see Mâle, p. 95).]

[5] ["There are no longer vineyards at Amiens, but they existed there in the Middle Ages" (Note in the French translation).]

45. April.—Feeding his hawk—very pretty. Taurus above with charming leaves to eat.

46. May.—Very singularly,[1] a middle-aged man sitting under the trees to hear the birds sing; and Gemini above, a bridegroom and bride. This quatrefoil joins the interior angle ones of Zephaniah.

52. June.—Opposite, joining the interior angle ones of Haggai. Mowing. Note the lovely flowers sculptured all through the grass. Cancer above, with his shell superbly modelled.

51. July.—Reaping. Extremely beautiful. The smiling lion completes the evidence that all the seasons and signs are regarded as alike blessing and providentially kind.

50. August.—Threshing. Virgo above, holding a flower, her drapery very modern and confused for thirteenth-century work.

49. September.—I am not sure of his action, whether pruning, or in some way gathering fruit from the full-leaved tree. Libra above; charming.

48. October.—Treading grapes. Scorpio, a very traditional and gentle form—forked in the tail indeed, but stingless.

47. November.—Sowing, with Sagittarius, half concealed when this photograph was taken by the beautiful arrangements always now going on for some job or other in French cathedrals:—they never can let them alone for ten minutes.[2]

48. And now, last of all, if you care to see it, we will go into the Madonna's porch—only, if you come at all, good Protestant feminine reader—come civilly: and be pleased to recollect, if you have, in known history, material for recollection, this (or if you cannot recollect—be you very solemnly assured of this): that neither Madonna-worship, nor Lady-worship of any sort, whether of dead ladies or living ones, ever did any human creature any harm,—but that Money worship, Wig worship, Cocked-Hat-and-Feather worship, Plate worship, Pot worship and Pipe worship, have done, and are doing, a great deal,—and that any

[1] [So Durand (vol. i. p. 413): "deux jeunes gens, garçon et fille, se regardant amoureusement," the sculptor thus departing from the classical idea of twins in a strict sense.]

[2] [For other references to the restoration of French cathedrals, see Vol. XIX. p. 462, and Vol. XXVII. p. 94 (author's note *ad fin.*).]

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Signs of the Zodiac & Labours of the Months.

(April & May)

and Subjects from Zephaniah.

45 A 46 A 45 C

45 B 46 B 45 D

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Subjects from Haggai; Signs of the Zodiac & Labours of the months.

(June & July)

26 A 52 A 51 A

6 B 52 B 51 B

Signs of the Zodiac and Labours of the Months

(August, September, October and November)

50 A 49 A 48 A 47 A
50 B 49 B 48 B 47 B

of these, and all, are quite million-fold more offensive to the God of Heaven and Earth and the Stars, than all the absurdest and lovingest mistakes made by any generations of His simple children, about what the Virgin-mother could, or would, or might do, or feel for them.

49. And next, please observe this broad historical fact about the three sorts of Madonnas.

There is first the Madonna Dolorosa; the Byzantine type, and Cimabue's. It is the noblest of all; and the earliest, in distinct popular influence.*

Secondly. The Madone Reine, who is essentially the Frank and Norman one; crowned, calm, and full of power and gentleness. She is the one represented in this porch.

Thirdly. The Madone Nourrice, who is the Raphaelesque[1] and generally late and decadence one. She is seen here in a good French type in the south transept porch, as before noticed.

An admirable comparison will be found instituted by M. Viollet-le-Duc (the article "Vierge," in his dictionary, is altogether deserving of the most attentive study) between this statue of the Queen-Madonna of the southern porch and the Nurse-Madonna of the transept. I may perhaps be able to get a photograph made of his two drawings, side by side:[2] but, if I can, the reader will please observe that he has a little flattered the Queen, and a little vulgarized the Nurse, which is not fair. The statue in this porch is in thirteenth-century style, extremely good: but there is no reason for making any fuss about it—the earlier Byzantine types being far grander.

* See the description of the Madonna of Murano, in second volume of *Stones of Venice*.[3]

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[1] [On the Raphaelesque type of Madonna, see *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 78).]

[2] [The drawings are here reproduced from Figs. 2 and 3, vol. ix. pp. 369, 370.]

[3] [Vol. X. pp. 65–68. For Cimabue's Madonna, see the Frontispiece to this volume.]

50. The Madonna's story, in its main incidents, is told in the series of statues round the porch, and in the quatrefoils below—several of which refer, however, to a legend

The Nurse-Madonna

The Queen-Madonna

about the Magi to which I have not had access, and I am not sure of their interpretation.[1]

The large statues are on the left hand, reading outwards as usual:—

29. The Angel Gabriel.
30. Virgin Annunciate.
31. Virgin Visitant.
32. St. Elizabeth.
33. Virgin in Presentation.
34. St. Simeon.

[1] [See below, p. 169 *n.*]

Daniel, Moses, Gideon, and Zacharias.

29 A 30 A 31 A 32 A

On the right hand, reading outward,

35, 36, 37. The three Kings.
38. Herod.
39. Solomon.
40. The Queen of Sheba.

51. I am not sure of rightly interpreting the introduction of these two last statues:[1] but I believe the idea of the designer was that virtually the Queen Mary visited Herod when she sent, or had sent for her, the Magi to tell him of her presence at Bethlehem: and the contrast between Solomon's reception of the Queen of Sheba, and Herod's driving out the Madonna into Egypt, is dwelt on throughout this side of the porch, with their several consequences to the two Kings and to the world.

The quatrefoils underneath the great statues run as follows:

29. Under Gabriel—

A. Daniel seeing the stone cut out without hands.
B. Moses and the burning bush.[2]

30. Under Virgin Annunciate—

A. Gideon and the dew on the fleece.
B. Moses with written law, retiring; Aaron, dominant, points to his budding rod.[3]

[1] ["The idea was to signify, in conformity with ecclesiastical doctrine, that Solomon prefigured Jesus Christ, and the Queen of Sheba the Church which hastens from the extremities of the world to hear the Word of God. The visit of the Queen of Sheba was also held in the Middle Ages to prefigure the Adoration of the Magi. The Queen coming from the East symbolises the Magi; Solomon upon his throne, the Eternal Wisdom seated on the knees of Mary (Ludolphe le Chartreux, *Vita Christi*, xi.). This is why, on the façade of Strasbourg, one sees Solomon on his throne guarded by twelve lions, and, above, the Virgin holding the Child on her knees" (Mâle, pp. 189–190).]

[2] [Daniel ii. 34; Exodus iii. 3, 4.]

[3] [Judges vi. 37, 38; Numbers xvii. 8. These four subjects, so remote apparently from the history of the Virgin, are also found on the western porch of Laon and on a window at Saint-Quentin, both of which are devoted, like this porch of Amiens, to the Virgin. The point of connexion is to be found in the writings of Honorius d'Autun (*Speculum Ecclesiæ*), who traces in various episodes of the Old Testament types of the Virgin. "Le buisson que la flamme ne peut consumer, c'est la Vierge portant en elle le Saint Esprit, sans brûler de feu de la concupiscence. La toison où descend la rosée est la Vierge qui devient féconde; l'aire qui reste sèche est sa virginité qui ne subit aucune atteinte. La pierre arrachée de la montagne sans le secours des bras, c'est Jésus-Christ né d'une Vierge que nul ne toucha" (Mâle, pp. 180, 181).]

31. Under Virgin Visitant—

A. The message to Zacharias: "Fear not, for thy prayer is heard."
B. The dream of Joseph: "Fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife." (?)[1]

32. Under St. Elizabeth—

A. The silence of Zacharias: "They perceived that he had seen a vision in the temple."
B. "There is none of thy kindred that is called by this name." "He wrote saying, His name is John."[2]

33. Under Virgin in Presentation—

A. Flight into Egypt.
B. Christ with the Doctors.

34. Under St. Simeon—

A. Fall of the idols in Egypt.[3]
B. The return to Nazareth.

These two last quatrefoils join the beautiful C and D of Amos.

Then on the opposite side, under the Queen of Sheba, and joining the A and B of Obadiah—

40. A. Solomon entertains the Queen of Sheba. The Grace cup.
B. Solomon teaches the Queen of Sheba, "God is above."

39. Under Solomon—

A. Solomon on his throne of judgment.
B. Solomon praying before his temple-gate.

38. Under Herod—

A. Massacre of Innocents.
B. Herod orders the ship of the Kings to be burned.

37. Under the third King—

A. Herod inquires of the Kings.
B. Burning of the ship.

36. Under the second King—

A. Adoration in Bethlehem?—not certain.
B. The voyage of the Kings.

35. Under the first King—

A. The Star in the East.
B. "Being warned in a dream that they should not return to Herod."[4]

[1] [Luke i. 13; Matthew i. 20. The query is Ruskin's. Durand (vol. i. p. 392) says: "Evidently the nativity of Saint John the Baptist, but expressed with tact and reserve. Here the mother is alone; the child only appears in the following bas-relief" (32 B).]
[2] [Luke i. 61, 63.]
[3] [In accordance with the legend founded on Isaiah xix. 1.]
[4] [Matthew ii. 12.]

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Scenes from the Life of Christ; and Subjects from Amos.

33 A
34 A
34 B
19 C
19 F

I have no doubt of finding out in time the real sequence of these subjects:[1] but it is of little import,—this group of quatrefoils being of less interest than the rest, and that of the Massacre of the Innocents curiously illustrative of the incapability of the sculptor to give strong action or passion.

But into questions respecting the art of these bas-reliefs I do not here attempt to enter. They were never intended to serve as more than signs, or guides to thought. And if the reader follows this guidance quietly, he may create for himself better pictures in his heart; and at all events may recognize these following general truths, as their united message.

52. First, that throughout the Sermon on this Amiens Mount, Christ never appears, or is for a moment thought of, as the Crucified, nor as the Dead: but as the Incarnate Word—as the present Friend—as the Prince of Peace on Earth,[2]—and as the Everlasting King in Heaven. What His life *is*, what His commands *are*, and what His judgment *will be*, are the things here taught: not what He once did, nor what He once suffered, but what He is now doing—and what He requires us to do. That is the pure, joyful, beautiful lesson of Christianity; and the fall from that faith, and all the corruptions of its abortive practice, may be summed briefly as the habitual contemplation of Christ's death instead of His Life, and the substitution of His past suffering for our present duty.[3]

53. Then, secondly, though Christ bears not *His* cross, the mourning prophets,—the persecuted apostles—and the martyred disciples *do* bear theirs. For just as it is well for you to remember what your undying Creator is *doing* for you—it is well for you to remember what your dying fellow-creatures *have done:* the Creator you may at your

[1] [The subjects supplement the Bible story from the *Légende Dorée*, according to which Herod, having heard that the Three Kings had sailed in a ship of Tharsis, gave order for all the ships to be burnt. The subject of 36 A, however, has not been explained. Durand calls it "Micah prophesying of Bethlehem" (Micah v. 2).]

[2] [Isaiah ix. 5.]

[3] [Compare *Lectures on Art*, § 57 (Vol. XX. p. 64).]

pleasure deny or defy—the Martyr you can only forget; deny, you cannot. Every stone of this building is cemented with his blood, and there is no furrow of its pillars that was not ploughed by his pain.

54. Keeping, then, these things in your heart, look back now to the central statue of Christ, and hear His message with understanding. He holds the Book of the Eternal Law in His left hand; with His right He blesses,—but blesses on condition. "This do, and thou shalt live;' nay, in stricter and more piercing sense, This *be*, and thou shalt live: to show Mercy is nothing—thy soul must be full of mercy; to be pure in act is nothing—thou shalt be pure in heart also.[1]

And with this further word of the unabolished law—"This if thou do *not*, this if thou art not, thou shalt die."

55. Die (whatever Death means)—totally and irrevocably. There is no word in thirteenth-century Theology of the pardon (in our modern sense) of sins; and there is none of the Purgatory of them. Above that image of Christ with us, our Friend, is set the image of Christ over us, our Judge. For this present life—here is His helpful Presence. After this life—there is His coming to take account of our deeds, and of our desires in them; and the parting asunder of the Obedient from the Disobedient, of the Loving from the Unkind, with no hope given to the last of recall or reconciliation. I do not know what commenting or softening doctrines were written in frightened minuscule by the Fathers, or hinted in hesitating whispers by the prelates of the early Church. But I know that the language of every graven stone and every glowing window,—of things daily seen and universally understood by the people, was absolutely and alone, this teaching of Moses from Sinai in the beginning, and of St. John from Patmos in the end, of the Revelation of God to Israel.

This it was, simply—sternly—and continually, for the great three hundred years of Christianity in her strength

[1] [Luke x. 28; Matthew v. 8.]

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Obadiah; The Queen of Sheba, and Solomon.

20 A	40 A	39 A
20 B	40 B	39 B

(eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries), and over the whole breadth and depth of her dominion, from Iona to Cyrene,—and from Calpe to Jerusalem.[1] At what time the doctrine of Purgatory was openly accepted by Catholic Doctors, I neither know nor care to know. It was first formalized by Dante, but never accepted for an instant by the sacred artist teachers of his time—or by those of any great school or time whatsoever.*

* The most authentic foundations of the Purgatorial scheme in art-teaching are in the renderings, subsequent to the thirteenth century, of the verse "by which also He went and preached unto the spirits in prison,"[2] forming gradually into the idea of the deliverance of the waiting saints from the power of the grave.

In literature and tradition, the idea is originally, I believe, Platonic; certainly not Homeric. Egyptian possibly—but I have read nothing yet of the recent discoveries in Egypt. Not, however, quite liking to leave the matter in the complete emptiness of my own resources, I have appealed to my general investigator, Mr. Anderson (James R.), who writes as follows:—

"There is no possible question about the doctrine and universal inculcation of it, ages before Dante. Curiously enough, though, the statement of it in the Summa Theologiæ as we have it is a later insertion; but I find by references that St. Thomas teaches it elsewhere. Albertus Magnus develops it at length. If you refer to the 'Golden Legend' under All Souls' Day, you will see how the idea is assumed as a commonplace in a work meant for popular use in the thirteenth century. St. Gregory (the Pope) argues for it (Dial. iv. 38) on two scriptural quotations: (1), the sin that is forgiven neither in hôc sæculo *nor in that which is to come*, and (2), the fire which shall try every man's work. I think Platonic philosophy and the Greek mysteries must have had a good deal to do with introducing the idea originally; but with them—as to Virgil—it was part of the Eastern vision of a circling stream of life from which only a few drops were at intervals tossed to a definitely permanent Elysium or a definitely permanent Hell. It suits that scheme better than it does the Christian one, which attaches ultimately in all cases infinite importance to the results of life in hoc sæculo.

"Do you know any representation of Heaven or Hell unconnected with the Last Judgment? I don't remember any, and as Purgatory is by that time past, this would account for the absence of pictures of it.

"Besides, Purgatory precedes the Resurrection — there is continual question among divines what manner of purgatorial fire it may be that affects spirits separate from the body—perhaps Heaven and Hell, as

[1] [That is, from north to south (Iona to Cyrene) and from west (Calpe, *i.e.* Gibraltar) to east.]

[2] [1 Peter iii. 19.]

56. Neither do I know nor care to know—at what time the notion of Justification by Faith, in the modern sense, first got itself distinctively fixed in the minds of the heretical sects and schools of the North. Practically its strength was founded by its first authors on an asceticism which differed from monastic rule in being only able to destroy, never to build; and in endeavouring to force what severity it thought proper for itself on everybody else also; and so striving to make one artless, letterless, and merciless monastery of all the world. Its virulent effort broke down amidst furies of reactionary dissoluteness and disbelief, and remains now the basest of popular solders and plasters for every condition of broken law and bruised conscience which interest can provoke, or hypocrisy disguise.

57. With the subsequent quarrels between the two great sects of the corrupted church, about prayers for the Dead, Indulgences to the Living, Papal supremacies, or Popular liberties, no man, woman, or child need trouble themselves in studying the history of Christianity: they are nothing but the squabbles of men, and laughter of fiends among its ruins. The Life, and Gospel, and Power of it, are all written in the mighty works of its true believers: in Normandy and Sicily, on river islets of France and in the river glens of England, on the rocks of Orvieto, and by the sands of Arno. But of all, the simplest, completest, and most authoritative in its lessons to the active mind of North Europe, is this on the foundation stones of Amiens.

opposed to Purgatory, were felt to be picturable because not only spirits, but the risen bodies too are conceived in them.

"Bede's account of the Ayrshire seer's vision gives Purgatory in words very like Dante's description of the second stormy circle in Hell; and the angel which ultimately saves the Scotchman from the fiends comes through hell, 'quasi fulgor stellæ micantis inter tenebras'—'qual sul presso del mattino Per gli grossi vapor Marte rosseggia.'[1] Bede's name was great in the Middle Ages. Dante meets him in Heaven, and I like to hope, may have been helped by the vision of my fellow-countryman more than six hundred years before."

[1] [*Purgatorio*, ii. 13, 14.]

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The Holy Innocents & Other Subjects.

38 A 37 A 36 A 35 A
38 B 37 B 36 B 35 B

58. Believe it or not, reader, as you will: understand only how thoroughly it *was* once believed; and that all beautiful things were made, and all brave deeds done, in the strength of it—until what we may call "this present time," in which it is gravely asked whether Religion has any effect on morals,[1] by persons who have essentially no idea whatever of the meaning of either Religion or Morality.

Concerning which dispute, this much perhaps you may have the patience finally to read, as the Flèche of Amiens fades in the distance, and your carriage rushes towards the Isle of France, which now exhibits the most admired patterns of European Art, intelligence, and behaviour.

59. All human creatures, in all ages and places of the world, who have had warm affections, common sense and self-command, have been, and are, Naturally Moral. Human nature in its fulness is necessarily Moral,—without Love, it is inhuman,—without sense,* inhuman,—without discipline, inhuman.

In the exact proportion in which men are bred capable of these things, and are educated to love, to think, and to endure, they become noble,—live happily—die calmly: are remembered with perpetual honour by their race, and for the perpetual good of it. All wise men know and have known these things, since the form of man was separated from the dust. The knowledge and enforcement of them have nothing to do with religion: a good and wise man differs from a bad and idiotic one, simply as a good dog from a cur, and as any manner of dog from a wolf or a weasel. And if you are to believe in, or preach without half believing in, a spiritual world or law—only in the hope that whatever you do, or anybody else does, that is foolish

* I don't mean æsthesis,—but νοῦς, if you *must* talk in Greek slang.[2]

[1] [The reference is to a "Symposium" in the first volume of the *Nineteenth Century* on the question of "The Influence of the Decline of Religion on Morality."]

[2] [For Ruskin's use and distinction of these terms, see Vol. XX. p. 207 Vol. XXII. p. 130; and Vol. XXV. p. 123.]

or beastly, may be in them and by them mended and patched and pardoned and worked up again as good as new—the less you believe in—and most solemnly, the less you talk about—a spiritual world, the better.

60. But if, loving well the creatures that are like yourself, you feel that you would love still more dearly, creatures better than yourself—were they revealed to you; —if striving with all your might to mend what is evil, near you and around,[1] you would fain look for a day when some Judge of all the Earth shall wholly do right, and the little hills rejoice on every side;[2] if, parting with the companions that have given you all the best joy you had on Earth, you desire ever to meet their eyes again and clasp their hands,—where eyes shall no more be dim,[3] nor hands fail;—if, preparing yourselves to lie down beneath the grass in silence and loneliness, seeing no more beauty, and feeling no more gladness—you would care for the promise to you of a time when you should see God's light again, and know the things you have longed to know, and walk in the peace of everlasting Love—*then*, the Hope of these things to you is religion, the Substance of them in your life is Faith. And in the power of them, it is promised us, that the kingdoms of this world shall yet become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.[4]

[1] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 76 (Vol. XXIX. p. 88), and Ruskin's note there.]
[2] [Genesis xviii. 25; Psalms lxv. 12.]
[3] [Isaiah xxxii. 3.]
[4] [Revelation xi. 15.]

APPENDICES

I. Chronological List of the Principal Events referred to in "The Bible of Amiens"

II. References Explanatory of the Photographs illustrating Chapter IV.

III. General Plan of "Our Fathers have Told Us"

APPENDIX I

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS REFERRED TO IN THE "BIBLE OF AMIENS"

A.D.		Chap.	Sect.	Page in this Volume.
250.	Rise of the Franks	ii.	17	61
301.	St. Firmin comes to Amiens	i.	6	29
332.	St. Martin and the Beggar at Amiens	i.	23	40
345.	St. Jerome born	iii.	34	106
350.	First Church at Amiens, over St. Firmin's grave	i.	8	30
		iv.	14	134
358.	Franks defeated by Julian near Strasburg	ii.	35	74
405.	St. Jerome's Bible	ii.	47	80
		iii.	36	108
420.	St. Jerome dies.	ii.	2 *n.*	54
		iii.	40	111
421.	St. Geneviève born. Venice founded	ii.	2, 3	54
445.	Franks under Clodion take Amiens	i.	10, 34	32, 48
447.	Merovée king at Amiens	i.	10	32
451.	Battle of Chalons. Attila defeated by Aëtius	i.	10	32
457.	Merovée dies. Childeric king at Amiens (457–481)	i.	12	33
466.	Clovis born	i.	12	33
476.	Roman Empire in Italy ended by Odoacer	i.	12	33
481.	Clovis crowned at Amiens	i.	12, 34	33, 48
		ii.	2, 49	54, 81
„	St. Benedict born	ii.	2, 3	54
485.	Battle of Soissons. Clovis defeats Syagrius	i.	13, 34	34, 48
		ii.	49	82
486.	Syagrius dies at the court of Alaric	ii.	49	82
489.	Battle of Verona. Theodoric defeats Odoacer	ii.	54	85
493.	Clovis marries Clotilde	ii.	50	82
496.	Battle of Tolbiac. Clovis defeats the Alemanni	i.	13, 21	34, 39
		ii.	52	83
„	Clovis crowned at Rheims by St. Rémy	i.	13	34
500.	Clovis baptized by St. Rémy	i.	20	39
508.	Battle of Poitiers. Clovis defeats the Visigoths under Alaric. Death of Alaric	i.	13	34
		ii.	53	84

APPENDIX II

REFERENCES EXPLANATORY OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS ILLUSTRATING CHAPTER IV

The quatrefoils on the foundation of the west front of Amiens Cathedral, described in the course of the fourth chapter, had never been engraved or photographed in any form accessible to the public until last year [1880], when I commissioned M. Kaltenbacher (6, Passage du Commerce), who had photographed them for M. Viollet le Duc, to obtain negatives of the entire series, with the central pedestal of the Christ.

The proofs are entirely satisfactory to me, and extremely honourable to M. Kaltenbacher's skill: and it is impossible to obtain any more instructive and interesting, in exposition of the manner of central thirteenth-century sculpture.

I directed their setting so that the entire succession of the quatrefoils might be included in eighteen plates; the front and two sides of the pedestal raise their number to twenty-one: the whole, unmounted, sold by my agent Mr. Ward (the negatives being my own property) for four guineas; or separately, each five shillings.[1]

Besides these of my own, I have chosen four general views of the cathedral from M. Kaltenbacher's formerly-taken negatives, which, together with the first-named series, (twenty-five altogether,) will form a complete body of illustrations for the fourth chapter of "The Bible of Amiens"; costing in all five guineas, forwarded free by post from Mr. Ward's (2, Church Terrace, Richmond, Surrey).[1] In addition to these, Mr. Ward will supply the photograph of the four scenes from the life of St. Firmin, mentioned in Chapter i. § 7; price five shillings.*

For those who do not care to purchase the whole series, I have marked with an asterisk the plates which are especially desirable.

The two following lists[2] will enable readers who possess the plates to refer without difficulty both from the photographs to the text, and from

* This is the first of another series of photographs illustrative of the cathedral, which has not been continued.—Ed. (1897).

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[1] [Copies of the photographs are now (1907) to be had of George Allen and Sons.]

[2] [To which in this edition references have been added to the Plates on which the several photographs are reproduced.]

the text to the photographs, which will be found to fall into the following groups :—

Photographs.

1–3. The Central Pedestal.

David.

4–7. The Central Porch.

Virtues and Vices.

8–9. The Central Porch.

The Major Prophets, with Micah and Nahum.

10–13. The Façade.

The Minor Prophets.

14–17. The Northern Porch.

The Months and Zodiacal Signs, with Zephaniah and Haggai.

18–21. The Southern Porch.

Scriptural History, with Obadiah and Amos.

22–25. Miscellaneous.

PART I

List of Photographs with reference to the Quatrefoils, etc.*

1–3. Central Pedestal. See §§ *32–33*.

		Plates.
*1. Front	David. Lion and Dragon. Vine.	
*2. North Side	Lily and Cockatrice.	XIII.
*3. South Side	Rose and Adder.	

4–7. Central Porch.

Virtues and Vices (§§ 39 & 41).

4.	1 a. Courage.	2 a. Patience.	3 a. Gentillesse.	XIV.
	1 b. Cowardice.	2 b. Anger.	3 b. Churlishness.	
5.	4 a. Love.	5 a. Obedience.	6 a. Perseverance.	XV.
	4 b. Discord.	5 b. Rebellion.	6 b. Atheism.	
6.	9 a. Charity.	8 a. Hope.	7 a. Faith.	XVI.
	9 b. Avarice.	8 b. Despair.	7 b. Idolatry.	
7.	12 a. Humility.	11 a. Wisdom.	10 a. Chastity.	XVII.
	12 b. Pride.	11 b. Folly.	10 b. Lust.	

* The sections referred to in this Appendix are those of Chapter IV.—Ed. (1897).

Photographs.

8–9. Central Porch.

The Major Prophets (§§ 39, 42), *with Micah and Nahum* (§§ 40, 43).

			Plates.
*8. Isaiah.	Jeremiah.	Micah.	
13 a.	14 a.	22 c.	XVIII.
13 b.	14 b.	22 d.	
9. Nahum.	Daniel.	Ezekiel.	
23 a.	16 a.	15 a.	XIX.
23 b.	16 b.	15 b.	

10–13. The Façade.

The Minor Prophets (§§ 40, 43).

*10. Amos.	Joel.	Hosea.	
19 a.	18 a.	17 a.	XX.
19 b.	18 b.	17 b.	
*11. Micah.	Jonah.	Obadiah.	
22 a.	21 a.	20 c.	XXI.
22 b.	21 b.	20 d.	
*12. Zephaniah.	Habakkuk.	Nahum.	
25 a.	24 a.	23 c.	XXII.
25 b.	24 b.	23 d.	
13. Malachi.	Zechariah.	Haggai.	
28 a.	27 a.	26 c.	XXIII.
28 b.	27 b.	26 d.	

14–17. The Northern Porch.

The Months and Zodiacal Signs (§ 47), *with Zephaniah and Haggai* (§§ 40, 43).

	41.	42.	43.	44.	
14.	Capricorn. December.	Aquarius. January.	Pisces. February.	Aries. March.	XXIV.
	45.		46.	25 c.	
15.	Taurus. April.		Gemini. May.	Zephaniah. 25 d.	XXV.
	26 a.		52.	51.	
16.	Haggai. 26 b.		Cancer. June.	Leo. July.	XXVI.
	50.	49.	48.	47.	
17.	Virgo. August.	Libra. September.	Scorpio. October.	Sagittarius. November.	XXVII.

Photographs.

18–21. The Southern Porch.

Scriptural History (§ 51), *with Obadiah and Amos* (§§ 40, 42, 43).

				Plates.
*18.	29 A. Daniel and the stone.	30 A. Gideon and the fleece.		
	29 B. Moses and the Burning Bush.	30 B. Moses and Aaron.		
	31 A. The message to Zacharias.	32 A. The Silence of Zacharias.		XXVIII.
	31 B. Dream of Joseph.	32 B. "His name is John."		
19.	33 A. The Flight into Egypt.	34 A. The Fall of the Idols.	19 C. Amos.	
	33 B. Christ and the Doctors.	34 B. Return to Nazareth.	19 D. Amos.	XXIX.
20.	20 A. Obadiah.	40 A. Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. The Grace Cup.	39 A. Solomon enthroned.	
	20 B. Obadiah.	40 B. Solomon teaching the Queen of Sheba. "God is above."	39 B. Solomon in prayer.	XXX.
21.	38 A. Holy Innocents.	37 A. Herod and the Kings.		
	38 B. Herod orders the Kings' ship to be burnt.	37 B. The burning of the ship.		
	36 A. Adoration in Bethlehem (?).	35 A. The Star in the East.		XXXI.
	36 B. The voyage of the Kings.	35 B. The Kings warned in a dream.		

22–25. Miscellaneous.

*22.	The Western Porches	X.
*23.	The Porch of St. Honoré	...[1]
24.	The South Transept and Flèche	VIII.
25.	General View of the Cathedral from the other Bank of the Somme	III.

[1] [This photograph has been given already in Vol. XVI. Plate XVI. (p. 356), where the porch is more fully described.]

PART II

List of Quatrefoils with reference to the Photographs

Black letter No. in text.	Name of Statue.	Subject of Quatrefoil.	Section where described (chap. iv.)	No. of Photograph.	No. of Plate.
	The Apostles.	*Virtues and Vices.*			
1.	St. Peter	A. Courage	§§ 39, 41	4	XIV.
		B. Cowardice	,,		
2.	St. Andrew	A. Patience	§§ 39, 41		
		B. Anger	,,		
3.	St. James	A. Gentillesse	,,		
		B. Churlishness	,,		
4.	St. John	A. Love	,,	5	XV.
		B. Discord	§§ 39, 41		
5.	St. Matthew	A. Obedience	§§ 39, 41		
		B. Rebellion	,,		
6.	St. Simon	A. Perseverance	,,		
		B. Atheism	§§ 39, 41		
7.	St. Paul	A. Faith	,,	6	XVI.
		B. Idolatry	,,		
8.	St. James the Bishop	A. Hope	§§ 39, 41		
		B. Despair	,,		
9.	St. Philip	A. Charity	,,		
		B. Avarice	§§ 39, 41		
10.	St. Bartholomew	A. Chastity	§ 41	7	XVII.
		B. Lust	,,		
11.	St. Thomas	A. Wisdom	,,		
		B. Folly	,,		
12.	St. Jude	A. Humility	§§ 39, 41		
		B. Pride	,,		
	The Major Prophets.				
13.	Isaiah	A. The Lord enthroned	§ 39	8	XVIII.
		B. Lo! this hath touched thy lips	§ 42		
14.	Jeremiah	A. The burial of the girdle	§ 39		
		B. The breaking of the yoke	§ 42		
15.	Ezekiel	A. Wheel within wheel	,,	9	XIX.
		B. Set thy face towards Jerusalem	,,		
16.	Daniel	A. He hath shut the lions' mouths	,,		
		B. Fingers of a man's hand	§§ 39, 42		

The Minor Prophets.

Black letter No. in text.	Name of Statue.		Subject of Quatrefoil.	Section where described (chap. iv.)	No. of Photograph.	No. of Plate.
17.	Hosea		A. So I bought her to me	§§ 40, 43	10	XX.
			B. So will I also be for thee	§§ 40, 43		
18.	Joel		A. The sun and moon lightless	§§ 40, 43		
			B. The fig-tree and vine leafless	,,		
19.	Amos	Façade	A. The Lord will cry from Zion	,,		
			B. The habitations of the shepherds	,,		
		Porch	C. The Lord with the mason's line	§ 40	19	XXIX.
			D. The place where it rained not	§ 43		
20.	Obadiah	Porch	A. I hid them in a cave	,,	20	XXX.
			B. He fell on his face	,,		
		Façade	C. The captain of fifty	,,	11	XXI.
			D. The messenger	,,		
21.	Jonah		A. Escaped from the sea	§ 43		
			B. Under the gourd	§§ 40, 43		
22.	Micah	Façade	A. The tower of the Flock	,,		
			B. Each shall rest	,,		
		Porch	C. Swords into ploughshares	§ 40	8	XVIII.
			D. Spears into pruning-hooks	§ 43		
23.	Nahum	Porch	A. None shall look back	,,	9	XIX.
			B. The Burden of Nineveh	,,		
		Façade	C. Thy Princes and great ones	§§ 40, 43	12	XXII.
			D. Untimely figs	,,		
24.	Habakkuk		A. I will watch	,,		
			B. The ministry to Daniel	,,		
25.	Zephaniah	Façade	A. The Lord strikes Ethiopia	§§ 40, 43		
			B. The beasts in Nineveh	,,		
		Porch	C. The Lord visits Jerusalem	,,	15	XXV.
			D. The Hedgehog and Bittern	,,		
26.	Haggai	Porch	A. The houses of the princes	§ 40	16	XXVI.
			B. The Heaven stayed from dew	§ 43		
		Façade	C. The temple desolate	,,	13	XXIII.
			D. Thus saith the Lord	,,		
27.	Zechariah		A. The lifting up of Iniquity	,,		
			B. The angel that spake to me	,,		
28.	Malachi		A. Ye have wounded the Lord	§§ 40, 43		
			B. This commandment is to *you*	,,		

SOUTHERN PORCH—*to the Virgin.*

Black letter No. in text.	Name of Statue.		Subject of Quatrefoil.	Section where described (chap. iv.)	No. of Photograph.	No. of Plate.
29.	GABRIEL	A.	Daniel and the stone cut without hands	§ 51	18	XXVIII.
		B.	Moses and the burning bush	,,		
30.	VIRGIN ANNUNCIATE	A.	Gideon and the fleece	,,		
		B.	Moses and the law. Aaron and his rod	,,		
31.	VIRGIN VISITANT	A.	The message to Zacharias	,,		
		B.	The dream of Joseph	,,		
32.	ST. ELIZABETH	A.	The silence of Zacharias	,,		
		B.	"His name is John"	,,		
33.	VIRGIN IN PRESENTATION	A.	Flight into Egypt	,,	19	XXIX.
		B.	Christ with the Doctors	,,		
34.	ST. SIMEON	A.	Fall of Idols in Egypt	,,		
		B.	The return to Nazareth	,,		
35.	THE FIRST KING	A.	The Star in the East	,,	21	XXXI.
		B.	"Warned in a dream"	,,		
36.	THE SECOND KING	A.	Adoration in Bethlehem (?)	,,		
		B.	The voyage of the Kings	,,		
37.	THE THIRD KING	A.	Herod inquires of the Kings	,,		
		B.	The burning of the ship	,,		
38.	HEROD	A.	Massacre of the Innocents	,,		
		B.	Herod orders the ship to be burnt	,,		
39.	SOLOMON	A.	Solomon enthroned	,,	20	XXX.
		B.	Solomon in prayer	,,		
40.	QUEEN OF SHEBA	A.	The Grace cup	,,		
		B.	"God is above"	,,		

NORTHERN PORCH—*to St. Firmin* (p. 234, § 44).

41.	ST. FIRMIN CONFESSOR	A.	Capricorn	§ 47	14	XXIV.
		B.	December	,,		
42.	ST. DOMICE	A.	Aquarius	,,		
		B.	January	,,		
43.	ST. HONORÉ	A.	Pisces	,,		
		B.	February	,,		
44.	ST. SALVE	A.	Aries	,,		
		B.	March	,,		

Black letter No. in text.	Name of Statue.	Subject of Quatrefoil.	Section where described (chap. iv.)	No. of Photograph.	No. of Plate.
45.	St. Quentin	A. Taurus	§ 47	15	XXV.
		B. April	,,		
46.	St. Gentian	A. Gemini	,,		
		B. May	,,		
47.	St. Geoffroy	A. Sagittarius	,,	17	XXVII.
		B. November	,,		
48.	An Angel	A. Scorpio	,,		
		B. October	,,		
49.	St. Fuscien, Martyr	A. Libra	,,		
		B. September	,,		
50.	St. Victoric, Martyr	A. Virgo	,,		
		B. August	,,		
51.	An Angel	A. Leo	,,	16	XXVI.
		B. July	,,		
52.	St. Ulpha	A. Cancer	,,		
		B. June	,,		

APPENDIX III

GENERAL PLAN OF "OUR FATHERS HAVE TOLD US"[1]

The first part of *Our Fathers have Told Us*, now submitted to the public, is enough to show the proposed character and tendencies of the work, to which, contrary to my usual custom, I now invite subscription, because the degree in which I can increase its usefulness by engraved illustration must greatly depend on the known number of its supporters.

I do not recognize, in the present state of my health, any reason to fear more loss of general power, whether in conception or industry, than is the proper and appointed check of an old man's enthusiasm: of which, however, enough remains in me to warrant my readers against the abandonment of a purpose entertained already for twenty years.

The work, if I live to complete it, will consist of ten parts, each taking up some local division of Christian history, and gathering, towards their close, into united illustration of the power of the Church in the Thirteenth Century.

The present volume completes the first part, descriptive of the early Frank power, and of its final skill, in the Cathedral of Amiens.

The second part, "Ponte della Pietra," will, I hope, do more for Theodoric and Verona than I have been able to do for Clovis and the first capital of France.

The third, "Ara Cœli," will trace the foundations of the Papal power.[2]

The fourth, "Ponte-a-Mare," and fifth, "Ponte Vecchio," will only with much difficulty gather into brief form what I have by me of scattered[3] materials respecting Pisa and Florence.

The sixth, "Valle Crucis," will be occupied with the monastic architecture of England and Wales.[4]

The seventh, "The Springs of Eure," will be wholly given to the cathedral of Chartres.

[1] [For the earlier forms of this "Advice," see the Bibliographical Note, above, p. 7.]

[2] [For notes written for this part, see below, pp. 191 *seq.*]

[3] [That is, in Ruskin's diaries; as nothing sufficiently definite to be available has now been found among his MSS. It will be remembered, however, that in this edition Ruskin's lectures on the "Schools of Florence," which he had reserved, have been published, as also some matter additional to *Mornings in Florence:* see Vol. XXIII. pp. 185 *seq.*, 436–457.]

[4] [See the chapters "Candida Casa" and "Mending the Sieve"; below, pp. 205–254.]

The eighth, "Domrémy," to that of Rouen and the schools of architecture which it represents.[1]

The ninth, "The Bay of Uri," to the Pastoral forms of Catholicism, reaching to our own times.

And the tenth, "The Bells of Cluse," to the pastoral Protestantism of Savoy, Geneva, and the Scottish border.

Each part will consist of four sections only; and one of them, the fourth, will usually be descriptive of some monumental city or cathedral, the resultant and remnant of the religious power examined in the preparatory chapters.

One illustration at least will be given with each chapter, and drawings made for others, which will be placed at once in the Sheffield museum for public reference,[2] and engraved as I find support, or opportunity for binding with the completed work.

As in the instance of Chapter IV. of this first part, a smaller edition of the descriptive chapters will commonly be printed in reduced form for travellers and non-subscribers; but otherwise, I intend this work to be furnished to subscribers only.

[1] [For a reference to this intended Part, see *Præterita*, i. § 182.]

[2] [See the Index to the Catalogue of the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield for drawings and studies made at Verona, Chartres, and Rouen, as also for additional illustrations of details in Amiens Cathedral (Vol. XXX. pp. 289–293).]

II

CHAPTERS FOR LATER PARTS OF "OUR FATHERS"

NOTES FOR "ARA CŒLI" (*the intended Part III.*):—

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF ST. GREGORY

"VALLE CRUCIS" (*the intended Part VI.*):—

1. CANDIDA CASA
2. MENDING THE SIEVE (1882)

[*Bibliographical Note.*—For particulars with regard to *Ara Cœli* (hitherto unprinted), see below, p. 191.

The other chapters were intended for the Sixth Part of *Our Fathers have Told Us* (see above, p. 186).

The first chapter, entitled "Candida Casa," was set up in type by Ruskin some years before it was published in the volume edited for him by Mr. W. G. Collingwood under the title *Verona and other Lectures* (1893). For bibliographical particulars of that book, in which "Candida Casa" occupied pp. 77–108, see Vol. XIX. p. 427.

An "Appendix to 'Candida Casa,' on Saxon Money," occupied pp. 109–111. This has been printed with Ruskin's other remarks on Coins in Vol. XXX. p. 278.

The second chapter, also printed in *Verona and other Lectures*, and there entitled "Mending the Sieve," was originally written for a lecture delivered at the London Institution on Monday, December 4, 1882. The lecture was then entitled "Cistercian Architecture."

A full abstract of the lecture (made by Mr. Wedderburn with Ruskin's sanction, and with the help of the MS. lent him for that purpose), containing several textual quotations and the plan of the Abbey of St. Gall, appeared in the *Art Journal*, February 1883, pp. 46–49. Shorter reports appeared in the *Times* and *Pall Mall Gazette*, December 5, 1882.

Passages in the *Art Journal's* report of the lecture as delivered, which were not reprinted, are now given in footnotes (see pp. 227, 235, 242, 245, 246).

The lecture, in a revised form, had been set up in type by Ruskin as a chapter for *Valle Crucis;* but was not published until it appeared in *Verona and other Lectures* (1893), where it occupied, with the Appendix (here, pp. 250–254), pp. 115–152.]

NOTES FOR "ARA CŒLI"

(*THE INTENDED THIRD PART OF "OUR FATHERS HAVE TOLD US"*)

[The Third Part of *Our Fathers have Told Us*, entitled by Ruskin *Ara Cœli*, was to "trace the foundations of the Papal power."[1] He thus entitled it from the Church of Santa Maria in Ara Cœli in Rome, and various trains of thought converged in his title. His subject, "the transition of the Roman pontificate into the Christian Papacy,"[2] had been briefly glanced at in *The Bible of Amiens*.[3] The church of Ara Cœli is itself a witness of this transition. It is, says Lanciani, "particularly associated with the Sibyls, because tradition refers the origin of its name to an altar —*Ara Primogeniti Dei*—raised to the Son of God by the Emperor Augustus, who had been warned of his advent by the sibylline books. For this reason the figures of Augustus and of the Tiburtine Sibyl are painted on either side of the arch above the high altar. They have actually been given the place of honour in this church; and formerly, when at Christmas time the *Presepio* was exhibited in the second chapel on the left, they occupied the front row, the Sibyl pointing out to Augustus the Virgin and the Bambino who appeared in the sky in a halo of light."[4] Ruskin, who spent the winter of 1840–1841 in Rome,[5] may well have seen this suggestive piece of show; which, in his later thoughts, would have recurred to his mind in connexion with his doctrine of continuous Inspiration, as expounded in *The Bible of Amiens*[6]—inspiration in the "Sacred classic literature, running parallel with that of the Hebrews, and coalescing in the symbolic legends of mediæval Christendom."

With these deeper thoughts, personal recollections and feelings came into Ruskin's mind at the words "Ara Cœli." It was at Rome in 1840 that he had first seen, then in the bloom of her youth and beauty, the English girl who in after years became one of his dearest friends and "a tutelary power" to him "of the brightest and happiest." He describes in *Præterita* how he haunted the churches throughout the winter because

[1] [See *Bible of Amiens*, Appendix III.; above, p. 186.]
[2] [*Roadside Songs*, Vol. XXXII. p. 119 *n.*]
[3] [Ch. iii. § 35 *n.*: see above, p. 107.]
[4] [*Pagan and Christian Rome*, by Rodolfo Lanciani, 1892, p. 24.]
[5] [See Vol. I. p. xxxviii.]
[6] [Ch. iii. §§ 52, 53: see above, pp. 118, 119.]

at musical services there was always a chance of catching sight of Miss Tollemache "above the bowed heads of the Italian crowd."[1] The steps of the Ara Cœli became thus a sacred spot in his memory.

But this was esoteric. The further significance of *Ara Cœli* in his projected history of Christendom was that the church is as old as the sixth century, when it was dedicated by St. Gregory as Sancta Maria in Capitolio, and the second chapter of Ruskin's *Ara Cœli* was to have contained the Life of the great Pope. In the *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*, Part iii. (published in 1884), Ruskin had expressed his hope of issuing in that year this chapter, "together with the second chapter of *Valle Crucis*, containing the Life of St. Benedict." The reader will remember the dates; St. Benedict, 480–540; St. Gregory, 540–604. The two chapters, read together, would thus have covered one of the periods in the history of Christianity as defined by Milman[2]—the period in which Christianity is not only the religion of the Roman or Italian, but in part of the barbarian world; in which monastic Christianity, having received a strong impulse from St. Benedict, is in the ascendant; and of which Gregory I., alike as Pope and writer, is the model.

Ruskin's chapter on St. Gregory, however, was not published, though there are some references to his life and character in *Roadside Songs*;[3] but among Ruskin's papers is much material collected for the intended study. Most of this is in the form only of notes, references, and memoranda; but there are several sheets in a completed form, and these are here printed.

His general subject was to have been, as already stated, "the transition of the Roman pontificate into the Christian papacy." He intended therefore to begin with some notes on the character of Priesthood (§§ 1–5 below)—notes which should be compared with the essay on "The Priest's Office" in *Roadside Songs*. He then passes to sketch the life and position of Gregory the Great (§§ 6–11).]

1. First, then, there is the natural priesthood of good men who walk with God,[4] and learn the secrets of His Law, and of Nature, in humility, and are able to teach and comfort, and help and feed, the common flock of men. This is the priesthood of the Most High God,—without father, without mother, without descent. Born of God only, a blessing to the Kings of the earth,—bringing forth Bread and wine for its labourers—praying for all,—in every act and service intended to express love towards God,

[1] [*Præterita*, ii. § 39, iii. § 28.]

[2] [Milman's third period (from the death of Pope Leo the Great, 461, to the death of Gregory): *History of Latin Christianity*, Book i. ch. i. (vol. i. p. 23, small edition).]

[3] [See Vol. XXXII. pp. 121–124.]

[4] [Genesis v. 24 (Enoch); vi. 9 (Noah).]

leading and ministering for all, and of whom it is written, "Holiness becometh Thine House, Oh Lord for ever."[1] The direct relation of the Jewish priesthood to this Pontificate of the World is expressed, before the giving of the Sinaitic Law, by the marriage of Joseph to the daughter of the chief priest of Egypt, and of Moses to the daughter of the chief priest of Midian.[2]

2. Secondly, there is the Hieratic priesthood; (among the Jews hereditary) implying no superiority of intellect, or loftiness of moral character; but merely the separation in external purity and common honesty, of a certain race or society of men for the care of the Temples, and the performance of material ceremonies of religious service. No power of teaching, nor any authority over the body of the nation except in the direction of its religious acts, and discernment of the persons who may be allowed to take part in them, belongs to this priesthood, the idea and practical agency of which is no less universal than that of the greater and inspired one, having also, in powers of augury from sacrifice or flight of birds, a minor and so to speak prophetic function. Enoch, Noah, Melchizedek, Job, or Daniel need no "auguries"—but the lower priesthood has constantly oracular function, though in many cases the oracle is not understood by themselves. The most beautiful and easily remembered example of its power and of the reverence given to it by the great nations of antiquity is in the pause before the battle of Platæa;[3] the great poetical type of it is the Chryses of Homer;[4] and observe, all the sorrow of the *Iliad* begins in the cruelty and insult done to him by Agamemnon. Apollo sends or stays his arrows at the prayer of Chryses. But the God's own revenge for his priest is in the deathstroke to Patroclus.[5] It is especially to be noted that these Hieratic priesthoods are always

[1] [Psalms xciii. 5.]
[2] [Genesis xli. 45; Exodus ii. 16, 21.]
[3] [See Vol. IV. p. 329 *n.*]
[4] [Compare *Roadside Songs*, Vol. XXXII. p. 119 *n.*]
[5] [*Iliad*, xvi. 788, 789.]

married. And the chief poetical and sacred interest of the legends respecting them is not around themselves, but around their children—the daughters of Chryses, Potipherar, and Jethro;—the son of Zacharias.[1]

3. Thirdly, the Pontifical priesthood, uniting the serviceable Hieratic functions with those of the Earthly Teacher, Lawgiver, and Governour, in all things pertaining to the Nation's Health, Holiness, and Honour. Not necessarily prophetic or oracular, but dictating constant law, and maintaining spiritual discipline,—spiritual especially in that the relative guilt of crime is counted by its motive and meaning, and the power of pardon or of death remains with the judge who looks on the heart.[2]

"Whose soever sins ye remit, etc.,"[3]—of this tremendous priesthood having power of Judgment by Fire,—("the fining pot is for silver, and the furnace for gold, but the Lord trieth the hearts"[4]) the Israelitic types are Elijah and Samuel,—but in the West the purifying and chastening powers are associated with the long recognized, actively beneficent and protective functions of the Roman Pontifex Maximus; and in the minds of all educated men the two functions of the priesthood, in divine and human service, are symbolized in their enduring names, *Hieratic*, from the word originally meaning Strength[5]—of the priesthood set apart for the Service of Heaven,—and the Sun in Heaven, priests of the Augur Apollo, and the Christian Sun of Righteousness; and *Pontifical*—Builders of the Bridge from Earth to Heaven, builders with stones of the brook and wood of the forest, Guides of the Way, and Hospitallers of the Wayfarer.

4. The younger reader will do well to learn by heart the

[1] [Chriseis (*Iliad*, i.); Asenath, wife of Joseph and mother of Manasseh and Ephraim (Genesis xlv. 50–52); Zipporah, wife of Moses (Exodus ii. 21); Luke i.]

[2] [1 Samuel xvi. 7: compare *The Lord's Prayer and the Church*, Letter vi. (Vol. XXXIV.).]

[3] [John xx. 23.]

[4] [Proverbs xvii. 3: see *The Storm-Cloud*, § 82 (Vol. XXXIV.).]

[5] [According to Curtius, the primitive notion of *ἱερός* is *mighty*, as with *ἴς* (Latin *vis*).]

Latin interpretation of their name, attaching two primary ideas to it:—

"A ponte faciendo, nam ab iis sublicius est pactus primum et restitutus sæpe, cum ideo sacra et uls et cis Tiberim fiant." *

Sublicius—on piles,[1] the Pontifex making safe what was dangerous, secure what was uncertain; architect not merely of wall or rock,—but of foundation, amidst wave,—builder of pier and arch alike.

"Making sacred both sides of Tiber," no more forbidding rivers to flow that they may pass into their own narrow Holy Land; but by bridge or ford now making all Races known to each other, and all Lands Holy.†

5. "It is impossible to conceive what had been the confusion, the lawlessness, the chaotic state of the Middle Ages, without the mediæval Papacy; and of the mediæval Papacy the real Father is Gregory the Great"—in whose person "Monasticism ascended the Papal Throne."[2]

I must pause for a moment to give the true sense of the word Monasticism, which the reader will find explained at length in *The Bible of Amiens*.[3] Monasticism is no more essentially Christian than priesthood is; it means in the fact of it, refusal to take part in the world's follies and sins, the exercise of strict temperance, and the devotion of

* Adam's *Roman Antiquities*, p. 265; his following abstract of the Pontifical duties and powers cannot be bettered.

† I need not point out that the Roman arch is the root of all Christian building; the Roman Eagle, the symbol of all Christian strength —Ye shall mount up with wings as Eagles—As an Eagle stirreth up her nest[4]—etc. Compare Dante of the Kings of Justice in the *eye* of the Eagle[5]—in the natural world, the white and yellow Daisies,—especially the Hawkweed (Hieracium).

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[1] [See below, p. 467 *n.*]

[2] [Milman, *History of Latin Christianity*, Book iii. ch. vii. (vol. ii. pp. 101–102, 111).]

[3] [See above, pp. 101–105.]

[4] [Isaiah xl. 31; Deuteronomy xxxii. 11.]

[5] [See *Paradiso*, xx. 37–72.]

the energies of life to useful labour, to charity, and to religious imagination. All these three elements are essential to it—monks who do not labour or do not love are merely sects of madmen, remaining voluntarily in their hospital, and men who labour and love without the exercise of the religious imagination remain merely virtuous peasants. All good priests are necessarily monks; there may be any number of monks who are never priests; but the priesthood, signifying the fulfilment of a definitely sacred office for men by the command of God, is no essential part of the monastic institution.

6. The power of all Christian monasticism is represented perfectly by St. Benedict, that of Christian priesthood by St. Gregory, the priest's office being forced upon him by the choice alike of the Pope and the Roman nation.

He was born about 540, of senatorial family; his father bore the imperial name of Gordian, his mother that of Silvia. Pope Felix II., who had built the church of St. Cosmo and Damiano close to the temple of Romulus, was his ancestor in the fourth degree; two sainted virgins, Thyrsilla and Silvia, were his aunts. To his noble descent was added considerable wealth, and all that wealth, the moment he became master of it by the death of his father, was at once devoted to religious uses. He was then Prætor, thirty-four years old, and having long resisted the impulse to contemplative life, lest it should interfere with his practical usefulness there, he says, "When hitherto I had willed to serve this present world at least in outer seeming, with my might, there began many things to rise against me out of that care, so that now, it held me not in seeming only, but in mind."[1]

7. The sentence, quoted by Milman only in its obscure Latin, needs to be explained as well as translated. To

[1] [Milman, *History of Latin Christianity*, Book iii. ch. vii. (vol. ii. p. 103 *n.*), quoted in Latin from Gregory's Preface to Job.]

serve the world in seeming* was Sta. Zita's service; it was possible to her to pray always, yet wash or bake just the same.[1] But not possible for a Roman Prætor to do his work, and yet pray without ceasing.[2] Prætor's work must be left to lay hands.

He gave his personal goods at once to the poor,† with his estates in Sicily, founded six monasteries on that island; a seventh (founded or previously existing?) in Rome, he chose for his own retreat, monastery dedicated to St. Andrew, Peter's brother.

There he began with the lowest monastic duties.‡ "His whole time was passed in prayer, reading, writing, and dictation."[3] If he began with the lowest monastic duties, most of his time must have been passed more actively. As far as I can gather and conceive the facts out of the confused nonsense of Milman's 432nd page,[4] the young monk laboured, dreamed, and starved himself nearly to death, evincing with that all but mortal effort the hearts and imaginations of the brothers round him and of all in the city who heard of him—so that the monastery of St. Andrew became a perpetual scene of preternatural wonder. The English orthodox Divine thinks it becomes

* "In seeming," not hypocritically, but as it appeared to others—the world only seeing her active service to it, not in the least knowing she was with her heart in another world.

† Milman, more eloquently—or at least more loquaciously—"Having lavished on the poor all his costly robes—his silk, his gold, his jewels, his furniture," the historian does not tell us what the poor did with his furniture, or how his jewels became them. The word "lavished," never used by good writers except of reckless expenditure, expresses the Dean of St. Paul's instinctive sense of the impropriety and folly of the whole proceeding.

‡ Milman: "Not even assuming the abbacy of his convent," implying that he had founded this also. But I am yet to learn that in those times a young lord who founded a convent *could* assume the abbacy of it all at once.

[1] [See "The Ballad of Santa Zita" in *Roadside Songs*, Vol. XXXII. pp. 18 *seq.*]
[2] [Thessalonians v. 17.]
[3] [Milman, *History of Latin Christianity*, vol. ii. p. 103 (small edition).]
[4] [Ruskin's reference is to the octavo edition; the passages quoted on this page are at vol. ii. pp. 102–104 of the small edition.]

him to be—in such small cockney manner as he is capable of—satirical on the state of things that followed:—

"Fugitive monks were seized upon by devils, who confessed their power to Gregory; others were favoured with visits of angels summoning them to peace; and one brother, whose whole life, excepting the intervals of food and sleep, was spent in psalmody, was not merely crowned by invisible hands with white flowers, but fourteen years after, a fragrance, as of the concentrated sweetness of all flowers, breathed from his tomb. Such was the poetry of those days."[1]

8. The last sentence—equally, and violently, foolish and false—I must put well out of the reader's way. Whatever these phenomena were, they were not poetry.[2] They might have been insanity, or the reports of them may be folly, but they were neither troubadour romances nor Newdigate prize poems. Those who told them, believed what they had seen,—those who heard them, what they had heard;* and, whether sane or insane, some part of the related phenomena is absolutely true, and may be ascertained to be so by any one who can bear the trial. And this I know simply because I have been forced myself to bear it not once nor twice, and have experienced the two forms of states, quickening of the senses both of sight and hearing, and the conditions of spectral vision and audit, which belong to certain states of brain excitement.

[Here follows in the MS. a passage on Gregory's severe discipline as abbot, which was used in *Roadside Songs* (Vol. XXXII. p. 122).]

9. While yet abbot of St. Andrea, Gregory saw the angelic Northumbrian slaves exposed for sale. "To be the first missionary to this beautiful people became the holy ambition of Gregory."[3] (Why *ambition*, Mr. Dean? can't a

* Farther on, the Dean rightly says of St. Gregory's interpretation of the book of Job: "Of that book as a poem, the most sublime of all antiquity, he had no conception; to him it is all pure, unimaginative, unembellished history" [p. 108].

[1] [Milman, *History of Latin Christianity*, vol. ii. p. 104.]
[2] [Compare *Pleasures of England*, § 47; below, p. 449.]
[3] [Milman, *History of Latin Christianity*, vol. ii. p. 106.]

man want to help nice people without having any ambition about it, or notions of himself being first?) Not ambition, Mr. Dean (and please observe also, good reader, once for all, there is no holy form of that feeling), neither in Montalembert's prettier phrase, "le rêve le plus cher de son âme,"[1] but a benevolent resolution rightly founded, and wisely executed. There are endless repetitions of what Gregory *said*—unfortunately, no authoritative account of what he instantly *did*—on seeing the Northumbrians; but the tradition is, I doubt not, true, that he redeemed * them —took them to his monastery and entertained them in the Stranger's house there, where he was in the habit of himself serving the table of the poor.

10. And now I must weave together in some detail the clues of this history of the conversion of England—it may well befit the record of the last Christian Songs of Italy.[2]

The Monastery of St. Andrew stood on the site of the ancient wood and spring of Egeria. Roman Law † and

* "Redeemed"—*i.e.*, bought and set free; this being entirely legitimate use of what Mr. Dean calls the "common property of the Brotherhood,"[3] —and the manner in which *their* Money did *not* Perish with them.

† Montalembert's Catholicism most marvellously blinds him to this half of history. He thinks with Tacitus[4] the battles of Boadicea the "initium libertatis totius Britanniæ" from the "hideuse domination" of Roman law: "its unwholesome roots never wound around, stifled, or poisoned the vigorous shoots of civil, political, and domestic freedom. The same thing may be said of all other similar influences. Neither in the institutions nor in the monuments of Britain has Imperial Rome left any trace of her hideous domination."[5] And while he gives the feeblest Roman Catholic tradition as divine gospel, calls in this very passage I am above translating the tradition of Numa and Egeria a "roman gracieux."[6]

[1] [*Les Moines d'Occident*, Book xii. ch. ii. (vol. iii. p. 376).]

[2] [The chapter was intended (see above, p. 192) to be read in connexion with the *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*.]

[3] [Milman, *History of Latin Christianity*, p. 105; for the Bible reference, see Acts viii. 20.]

[4] [See *Annals*, xii. 34, but Montalembert's quotation is not textual. Ruskin incorrectly makes Montalembert apply the words to Boadicea; they are put by Tacitus into the mouth of Caractacus.]

[5] [*Les Moines d'Occident*, Book x. ch. i. (vol. iii. pp. 10, 11).]

[6] [*Ibid.*, Book xii. ch. i. (vol. iii. p. 351). The grotto in which, according to the legend and Juvenal's description (iii. 12), Numa held his secret meetings with

Christian Kinghood alike begin with the inspiration of Numa;[1] and the providential law of the giver of that spirit keeps the sign of their unity in her native rock and native spring. At this day, to the left of the great staircase which conducts to the existing monastery three small buildings detach themselves from the ground of green. On the door of one we read the words

"Triclinium Pauperum,"

and there is preserved the table where came every day to sit the twelve poor whom Gregory supported and served himself. The building opposite is dedicated to the memory of his mother Silvia, who had followed his example in devoting herself to the religious life, and whose portrait he had caused to be painted in the porch of his monastery.* Between these, doubtless, is the site, perhaps in doubtful vestige, even the remains, of the Oratory first consecrated by St. Gregory when he left his father's house. And in the church itself is the altar before which he prayed for England, and consecrated at which, six years after the redemption of her captives, he sent to her the Prior of his monastery, Augustine.

* Here is a beginning of Christian portraiture I had never thought of, in any of my former notices of that peculiarly English branch of Art.[2]

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the nymph Egeria, is at the foot of the Cælian Hill, not far from S. Gregorio. The springs still make their way, and beautiful ilexes flourish on the very spot of the old Sacred Grove: see Lanciani's *Pagan and Christian Rome*, pp. 293–294 and woodcut. The monastery of St. Andrew was founded by Gregory in his paternal house which "stood on the slope of the Cælian, facing the palace of the Cæsars, on a street named the Clivus Scauri, which corresponds very nearly to the modern Via dei SS. Giovanni e Paolo. The place, which was governed by the rule of St. Benedict, became known as the 'Monastery of S. Andrew in the street of Scaurus.' The typical plan of a Roman palace was not altered; the atrium, accessible to the clients and guests of the monks, is described as having in the centre 'a wonderful and most salubrious spring,' no doubt the 'spring of Mercury' of classical times. It still exists, in a remote and hardly accessible corner of the garden" (*ibid.*, p. 229). In this garden, to the left of the atrium, are three chapels, erected by Gregory, that on the right dedicated to S. Silvia.]

[1] [See above, p. 101.]

[2] [See *Lectures on Art*, § 15 (Vol. XX. p. 31).]

11. Six years after,—the delay not of his own will. Instantly after seeing what manner of men the North-umbrians were, the Abbot resolved to be himself their missionary;—obtained the Pope's leave (Pelagius II.) and set forth. The Roman people rose in grief at the loss of him, obtained revocation of the Pope's edict,—sent messengers after him, who overtook him at three days' journey from Rome and brought him back.

"And where now," goes on passionately Montalembert, "is there the Englishman worthy of the name, who, looking from the Palatine to the Coliseum, can contemplate without emotion and without remorse the corner of Earth from which came to him the faith and the name of Christian, the Bible of which he is so proud, and the Church of which he has retained the phantom? No country has received the gift of salvation more directly from the Popes and the Monks, and none, alas! has so soon and so cruelly betrayed them."[1]

So cruelly! Well may the noble Catholic say so. From the day when, at the word of Augustine, Bertha, and Ethelbert, ten thousand Saxons were baptized in Medway, to the murder of Sir Thomas More, the history of the *mind* of England is written in her architecture; that of her *heart* has yet to be written. But of all the deliberate and *dispassionate* crimes recorded among the contests of nations,—of all the violations of honour, gratitude, justice, and mercy, ever committed unanimously by the base—that

[1] [Ruskin translates from the French, *Les Moines d'Occident*, Book xii. ch. i. (vol. iii. p. 353). The words of Lanciani (*loc. cit.*, p. 231) may be added: "Let us pause on the top of the staircase (leading up to S. Gregorio), with our faces towards the Palatine; there is no more impressive sight in the whole of Rome. From the hill beyond us the generals who led the Roman armies to the conquest of the world took their departure; from this modest monastery went a handful of humble missionaries who were to preach the gospel and to bring civilization into countries far beyond the boundary line of the Roman Empire. Of their success in the British Islands we have monumental evidence everywhere in Rome. Here in the vestibule of this very church is engraved the name of Sir Edward Carne, one of the Commissioners sent by Henry VIII. to obtain the opinion of foreign universities respecting his divorce from Catherine of Arragon; and, not far from it, that of Robert Peckham, who died in 1567, an exile for his faith, and left his substance to the poor."]

murder, so far as I have knowledge, is the cruellest. And, with the betrayal of Joan of Arc to us by the French, it is being avenged on both nations to this day. For the French and English are one, in *this* history, root and branch. Augustine's mission had been vain but for the already Christian queen, Bertha, the great granddaughter of St. Clothilde. Then, Saxon Alfred, Plantagenet Black Prince, and Parisian St. Louis mean the History of France and England, for that time. Charlemagne means the History of Europe.

But the close of the Pope's letter to the Queen, written on receiving the news of her kindness to his missionaries, ought to be remembered by every French and English girl: "I pray God that the finishing of your work may give as much joy to the angels in Heaven as I owe you already on earth."[1] In this gladness, he chose out another group of missionaries, and sent them to England with all such treasures as could make the service of the Church stately, but above all with books for the founding of the library of Canterbury.[2]

[Here the MS. breaks off.]

A NOTE ON MONTALEMBERT

[Ruskin, as will have been seen, used Montalembert a good deal in this chapter. Elsewhere among his papers is a sheet (headed "Araceli—Fair text") containing the following appreciation of the author of *Les Moines d'Occident*. Other references to him will be found in *The Pleasures of England*, §§ 33, 34 (below, pp. 439, 440) and in a letter of April 2, 1886, on "The Life of St. Patrick," now included in *Arrows of the Chace* (Vol. XXXIV.).]

Montalembert is the most graceful, glowing, and, in affectionate sympathy, the most to be trusted of Catholic historians, in his records of Catholic affairs. He loses all rank and usefulness as a general historian, in his inconceivable hatred of Pagan Rome. He becomes blind and deaf to a point incredible in a man of education, the moment he thinks of imperial Rome. The sentence into which he is thus betrayed (vol. iii. p. 11) respecting British civilization, "Tout ce qui n'est pas Celtique y est Teutonique," is the

[1] [*Les Moines d'Occident*, Book xii. ch. ii. (vol. iii. p. 379).]
[2] [For this reference, see *Roadside Songs*, Vol. XXXII. pp. 121–122.]

absurdest, wildest, and blindest I ever found yet in the writings of any honourable historian. The key to the passionate religious convictions which dictated it is given in the preceding and following sentences: "Pas plus dans les institutions que dans les monuments de la Bretagne, Rome Impériale n'a laissé aucune trace de sa hideuse domination. La langue (!) et les mœurs lui ont échappé comme les lois. Tout ce qui n'est pas Celtique y est Teutonique. Il était réservé à Rome catholique, à la Rome des papes, d'imprimer une ineffaceable empreinte sur cette île célèbre, et d'y revendiquer, pour l'immortelle majesté de l'Evangile, l'influence sociale qui partout ailleurs lui a été disputée ou dérobée par l'heritage fatal de la Rome des Césars." Observe, however, such a furiously false statement as this *can* only be fallen into by an *honest* historian—*i.e.*, one who is not on his guard because he believes himself teaching invincible truth. A dishonest one, who is writing either for his own glory or for a cause which he is retained by worldly interests to defend, does not fall into faults like this, but labours his guarded phrases into modified and cunning misrepresentations—the guiltiest and basest forms of deliberate blasphemy.

VALLE CRUCIS:

STUDIES IN MONASTIC HISTORY AND ARCHITECTURE

(CHAPTERS FOR THE INTENDED SIXTH PART OF "OUR FATHERS HAVE TOLD US")

I

CANDIDA CASA

1. In the most finished of the poems which Wordsworth dedicated to the affections,—Lucy Gray,[1]—the most descriptive also of the local English character of which his works are the monument at once, and epitaph,—I would pray any of my elder readers cognizant of the grace of literature, to consider a little the power of the line in the introductory stanzas,—"The *Minster*-clock has just struck two,"—partly to enhance, partly to localize, the aspect of mountain solitude which the rest of the poem is intended to describe; and to associate with it in the reader's thought, another manner of solitude, no less pathetic, belonging to more ancient time.

2. For, suppose that the verse had allowed, and the poet used, the word "Cathedral" instead of Minster? "Cathedral" is the more musical word of the two, and defines no less clearly the relation of the wild moor to the inhabited plain with its market-city. But the reader of cultivated taste would feel in a moment, not only that the line itself had lost its total value by the substitution, but

[1] [For other references to the poem, see Vol. XXXII. p. 136 *n.*]

that the purity and force of the entire poem were seriously impaired.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the force of evidence given, in this slight trial, of the affection and respect with which all remaining traces and memories of the *monastic* life of our country are regarded by the scholarly and healthy English mind: by all educated men, that is to say, whose habits of life and tones of temper have not been perverted by avarice, ambition, or sensuality.

3. On the other hand, that most deadly form of all ambition, the religious one, which is the root of schism, manifests itself most furiously, as most ignorantly, in those states of temper which are chiefly antagonistic to the monastic life: while the avarice, which is at once the demon and torture of the modern laic mind, beginning, as of old, with the pillage of whatever the piety, wisdom, and sorrow of its ancestors had bequeathed to houses of charity, concludes in a fierceness of steady enmity to the monkish character and principle—past or present—the like of which has not, so far as I am acquainted with history, been ever till now recorded in all the darkest annals of human malice.

4. I have devoted these chapters to showing some part of the ground on which English respect for the former monks of England, ineradicable by our anger, and ineffaceable by our folly, was originally and for ever founded: but I must first divide the space of English history which this section of my book[1] includes, into the periods which my younger readers will find the most clearly limited for successive examination.

In doing this, I must introduce reference not to times only, but to countries, and to distinctions of race, which require to be held in mind together with the general chronology; and which force us to break up that chronology into pieces that sometimes overlap one another, and sometimes leave interstices between one another. Thus, it

[1] [*Valle Crucis*, the sixth part of *Our Fathers have Told Us*, of which only this chapter and the next were completed.]

is quite easy to constitute a broad first period of "British" or "British Isle" Christianity, from the death of Boadicea, A.D. 61, to the arrival of the Saxons, in 449. But this British Christianity is itself separated into the three minor dynasties;—"*English*"—that is to say, of the English lowlands; *British*, of the mountain districts of Cornwall, Wales, and Cumberland; and *Iernic*,[1] extending from the north of Ireland across into Scotland and down into Northumberland. These are three entirely separate well-heads of the Christian Faith, represented both essentially and historically in the persons of St. Alban, King Arthur, and St. Columba; and the Saxon invasion terminates the flow of none, though it presents a new condition of embankment, and new fields for irrigation, to all. To outward appearance, however, the Lowland religion vanishes under the Saxon sword: and that of the British mountain border passes into the spiritual energy of tradition only: while that of Ireland and Scotland rises into the most splendidly practical missionary power; and, so far from being checked by Saxon barbarism, is at its own culminating height in the seventh century!

5. Understanding, by this first example, the impossibility of bringing our subject within *merely* chronological limits, the reader will find it nevertheless convenient to arrange the studies belonging to the religion of his own country under these following successive heads, and spaces of time:—

(1.) The British period: that of the progress of religious feeling in England, from the death of Boadicea to the landing of Hengist. A.D. 61—449.

(2.) The Iernic * period: that of the missionary force of Ireland and Scotland,[2] from the birth of St. Patrick to the death of St. Cuthbert. 372—687.

(3.) The Heptarchy, and gathering of England. 449—829.

* I am forced to use the word Iernic rather than "Irish," because this latter word would now imply separation from Scotland, whereas the methods

[1] [Ierne was Strabo's name for Ireland, which he conceived to be to the north of Britain (Book i. ch i., etc.).]

[2] [Compare *Pleasures of England*, § 28 (below, p. 435).]

(4.) The youth of England and her education by Alfred, Canute, and the Confessor. 849—1066.
(5.) The training of England, under her French kings, from the battle of Hastings to the deposition of the son of the Black Prince. 1066—1399.
(6.) The Fates of the House of Lancaster. 1399—1461.

Of these dates the young student should commit to memory only the cardinals, 61, 449, 1066, 1461, which bound the three great periods of British, Saxon, and Norman Christianity; and he may mass these three periods still more broadly in his mind as extending from the first to the fifth century inclusive, from the fifth to the tenth inclusive, and from the tenth to the fifteenth inclusive; the fifteenth century closing in England, as elsewhere, the history of Christen*dom*,—that is to say, of the dominion of Christ in all matters temporal and spiritual over the nation's acts and heart.

6. And we shall find this division still more vital and serviceable, as we examine the history of those arts which are the exponents of religion. For during the first of them, the *progressive* art of England is merely the adoption of that of Rome, with what refracted influence could through her be received from Greece: but between the fifth and tenth centuries, the school of Saxon art develops itself with a freedom of manner and a fulness of meaning which might have led—no one can say how far, unless it had been repressed by the Normans.[1] Their invasion congeals the Saxon fluency, condenses their spiritualism, and the transitions of style in our religious architecture are thence-forward either in sympathy with the French schools, or, so far as independent, become so only by narrowness of aim, as in the development of effect by mere depth of mouldings and grace of archivolt-curve, in Early English Gothic.

of decoration which I call Iernic, (because their spring is in Ireland,) are developed by St. Columba in Scotland, and carried by St. Columbanus into *Burgundy*, whence crossing the Alps, they receive their final and loveliest forms at Monte Cassino, in the thirteenth century.

[1] [Compare *Pleasures of England*, § 69 (below, p. 464).]

Massing therefore in our minds, so far as we are concerned with the progress of technical design, the entire space of time through which, here in our own island, manual skill developed itself under Christian impulses,—into five centuries of British, five centuries of Saxon, and five centuries of Norman, art—periods not at all gradated into each other, nor even much mingling with or mortised into each other, but each of them outlined with heraldic precision,—we note within them, in the order above given, the vital conditions of advance.

7. (1) THE BRITISH PERIOD:[1] the beginning, that is to say, of the influence of Christianity in the island of Britain. In which there are of course two stages—first, the fall of Druid faith before the classic gods of the Romans—the "Gods" of Lear and Cymbeline; and secondly, the diffusion amidst Roman law and civil luxury, of the fresh and recent faith in Christ.

These two states of the national mind have been, strange to say, of all that England has passed through, most fruitful and enduring among us at this day. The relation of literature and art to the religion of the Saxon has passed altogether from our own,—the red cross of Norman devotion is on the English knight's breast only an order of merit, and has been effaced utterly from the national coin, while the proud legend of the Protestant monarchy, "FID. DEF."—shortened already to its initials,[2] is likely soon also to disappear. But the natural virtue of Cordelia and Imogen remains still the standard of honour to British maid and wife,[3] and the Christianity of Arthur is still the inspiration of our noblest British song.[4]

[1] [The rest of this chapter is devoted to this period; the Saxon (2) and the Norman (3) periods were to have been dealt with in subsequent portions of *Our Fathers have Told Us.*]

[2] [Compare Ruskin's remarks on the coins of Elizabeth in the catalogue of the Sheffield Museum (Vol. XXX. p. 277). See also, below, p. 367. It may be noted that on the coinage of Edward VII. "Fid. Def." has been further shortened to "F.D."]

[3] [See, again, below, p. 441; and on the ideals of Cordelia and Imogen, *Proserpina,* Vol. XXV. pp. 416, 418.]

[4] [For another reference to the "Morte d'Arthur," see below, p. 271; and for mentions of the legends of Arthur, pp. 441, 462.]

8. One of the most singular proofs of the energy of this early British religion, is the force and the precision of its *heresy*. It is absolutely necessary, amidst the endless petty confusions of doctrinal dispute, that the careful reader of Church history should know the vital from the verbal questions, and the practical heresies from the speculative.* Disputes concerning the nature of God are in their nature endless; but those concerning the duty of man may be settled by reason and experience.

The essentially British heresy, the Pelagian—that men can save themselves by the exertion of their own will, and do not need the calling or grace of God—is also the essentially practical one—an extremely healthy heresy, to my thinking, and one half of it quite true; for indeed the will of a man to do his best is like the staunchness of masts and trim of sail in a good ship, without which the rudder is of no avail;—but the other half of the wisest men's creed in this matter, that "it is God that worketh in us, both to will and to do, of His good pleasure,"[1] is the essentially Christian half;—and as such, fought for by the French orthodox bishops, against the strong, saucy, and plausible British heresy, in a most impatient and diligent manner.

9. And as the vigour of our heresy, so also was the vigour of our work. This first phase of British history is, of course, exactly co-existent with the duration of the Roman Empire; and in the importance of its civil progress there has been nothing since to compare with it. Under the protection of the Romans, ninety-two considerable

* All heresies which have widely and enduringly divided the Church may be wisely and usefully massed under three heads:—

On the nature of Man, Pelagian, with antagonist St. Augustine.

On the nature of God, Arian, with antagonist St. Athanase.[2]

On the nature of Duty, Lutheran, with antagonists St. Peter and St. James.

[1] [Philippians ii. 13.]

[2] [On the Pelagian and Arian heresies, see further, below, p. 428; and for other references to the former, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 96 (Vol. XXIX. p. 518), and below, p. 226.]

towns had arisen in the several parts of England, and among these

"thirty-three cities were distinguished by their superior privileges and importance. *Each of these cities*, as in all the other provinces of the empire, *formed a legal corporation for the purpose of regulating their domestic policy*, and the powers of municipal government were distributed among annual magistrates, a select senate, and the assembly of the people, according to the original model of the Roman constitution. The habits of public counsel and command were inherent in these petty republics, and the episcopal synods were the only councils that could pretend (as distinguished from them) to the weight and authority of a national assembly. In such councils, when the princes and magistrates sat promiscuously with the bishops, the important affairs of the State as well as of the Church might be freely debated, and there is reason to believe that in moments of extreme danger a Pendragon or Dictator was elected by the general consent of the Britons." *

10. To my own mind, this form of "British constitution" seems extremely preferable to some of our more recent ideals —much more, to their realizations; but it is a most material question to determine how far it was an artificial and impressed form only; and how far a natural and crystalline one.

I have above given the date of the death of Boadicea for the beginning of the British Christian period, because the temper, which under that Queen had displayed itself in the torture of the most beautiful and high-born ladies of Rome, is by her death brought finally under the temporal and *spiritual* power of Rome: temporal instantly, by Agricola—spiritual gradually, by missionary and captain alike, down to Constantius. Moulded by these Roman influences to what she was at the fall of the empire, she remained and remains in some measure the same, even through Saxon and Norman days, to our own—so far as this Roman law is in her heart, and Roman pride in her nature.

11. Taking then the death of "Lioness Boadicea," A.D. 61, for the beginning of Christendom in England, I shall take the words of the reputed earliest English historian, Gildas, for the first of our English history.

Prefatorily, be this much said of Gildas himself,—that

* Gibbon [ch. xxxi.], vol. v. pp. 349–352, with omission of irrelevant matter.

nothing is *known* of him, and all that is *said*, contradicted instantly; but that his book exists, undeniable, substantial, and pleasantly readable,—altogether good, right, and modest in temper, ingenious and graceful in thought, quoting nothing but the Bible, and to be received as one among the sacredest of writings founded on the Bible.

Of which book the author himself says, that "in zeal for the house of God and for His holy law, constrained alike by the reasonings of my own thoughts and the entreaties of my brethren, I now discharge the debt so long exacted of me, humble indeed in style, but faithful, as I think, and friendly to all Christ's youthful soldiers."

The title of the first translation * is as follows:—

"The Epistle of Gildas, the most ancient British author, who flourished in the year of our Lord 546, and who by his great erudition, sanctity, and wisdom, acquired the name of Sapiens, the wise."

12. Of which let us take, for outset of instruction, this following description of the "Island of Britain, poised in the divine balance which supports the whole world":—

"It is famous for eight-and-twenty cities, and is embellished by certain castles, with walls, towers, well-barred gates, and houses with threatening battlements built on high, and provided with all requisite instruments of defence. Its plains are spacious, its hills are pleasantly situated, adapted for superior tillage, and its mountains are admirably calculated for the alternate pasturage of cattle, where flowers of various colours, trodden by the feet of man, give it the appearance of a lovely picture. It is decked, like a man's chosen bride, with divers jewels, with lucid fountains, and abundant brooks wandering over the snow-white sands; with transparent rivers, flowing in gentle murmurs, and offering a sweet pledge of slumber to those who recline upon their banks, whilst it is irrigated by abundant lakes, which pour forth cool torrents of refreshing water.

"This island, stiff-necked and stubborn-minded from the time of its being first inhabited, ungratefully rebels, sometimes against God, sometimes against her own citizens, and frequently, also, against foreign kings and their subjects."

* London, 12mo, 1638. I use throughout Mr. Giles's translation, Bohn, 1841, which, with the series of which it forms a part, should be in every student's library.[1]

[1] [*Bohn's Antiquarian Library.* The particular volume quoted here by Ruskin is entitled *Six Old English Chronicles . . . edited by J. A. Giles, D.C.L.* Ruskin quotes from pp. vii., 299–300.]

Under this impression of our national character, (not likely, it seems to me, to have been less distinct had Gildas lived in these days,) the historian gradually saddens to severer thoughts of the land itself, and advising us, a few sentences further on, that, after Boadicea's defeat, it was no longer thought to be Britain, but a Roman island, and all its money, whether of copper, gold, or silver, was stamped with Cæsar's image, tells of its dawn of Christian faith in these terms:—

"Meanwhile these islands, stiff with cold and frost, and in a distant region of the world, remote from the visible sun, received the beams of light, that is, the holy precepts of Christ,—who is the true Sun, and who shows to the whole world His splendour, not only from the temporal firmament, but from the height of heaven, which surpasses every thing temporal, —at the latter part, as we know, of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, by whom His religion was propagated without impediment, and death threatened to those who interfered with its professors."[1]

Meaning by Tiberius, doubtless, the first Claudius, by whom a Roman colony was founded at Camelodunum in A.D. 43, just before Boadicea's revolt; between which time and A.D. 61 I note only, among the many persons reported by tradition to have brought Christianity to England, two, of whose existence, and the place and manner of it, there is no doubt.

The first, the beautiful British lady, Claudia, the wife of Pudens, and St. Paul's friend (2 Tim. iv. 21), celebrated by Martial for her beauty and wit;* the second, Pomponia Græcina, the wife of the first governor of the Roman province formed by Claudius in South Britain. I give Henry's translation of Tacitus' account of her, with his following comment:—

"'Pomponia Græcina, an illustrious lady, married to Plautius, who was honoured with an ovation or lesser triumph for his victories in Britain, was accused of having embraced a strange and foreign superstition; and

* Henry, i. 126; whose suggestion respecting Pomponia is in the preceding page.[2]

[1] [Gildas (as quoted above), § 7, p. 302.]

[2] [Robert Henry's *History of Great Britain*, 1771. The passages in Martial are iv. 13, and xi. 53.]

her trial for that crime was committed to her husband. He, according to ancient law and custom, convened her whole family and relations, and having, in their presence, tried her for her life and fame, pronounced her innocent of anything immoral. Pomponia lived many years after this trial, but always led a gloomy, melancholy kind of life.'[1]

"It is highly probable that the strange superstition of which Pomponia was accused, was Christianity; for the Roman writers of these times knew very little of that religion, and always speak of it in such slight contemptuous terms. The great innocence of her manners, and the kind of life which she had led after her trial, render this still more probable. Now, if this illustrious lady was really a Christian,[2] and accompanied her husband during his residence in Britain, from A.D. 43 to A.D. 47, she might be one of the first who brought the knowledge of Christ into this island, and might engage some of the first preachers of the Gospel to come into it in this very early period."

Without pressing this conjecture too far, still less the tradition that St. Paul himself before his death visited both Britain and Spain—of which there is considerable evidence, and no disproof[3]—this at least is sure, that the continually increasing intercourse between Rome and Britain must have brought with it manifold seeds of Christianity, and "as the conquest of South Britain was completed by the Romans before the end of the first century, we have reason to think that the name and religion of Christ were known, in some degree, in almost every corner of that country, about the beginning of the second."[4]

From that time forward, we have two separate currents of formative energy in the British people—a certain number of little known Christian persons, increasing unawares, and dimly influencing those near them; while the mass of the nation was learning what it could of the Gods, the laws, and, as aforesaid, the proud mind, of Rome.

13. How far in the future the noble pride of Rome *did* remain for her bequest to Britain, can best be judged by Shakespeare's perfect rendering of the character of Coriolanus, and his easy and infallible sympathy with every

[1] [*Annals*, xiii. 32.]

[2] [An hypothesis which is rendered almost certain by the discovery of the name Pomponius Græcinus in the cemetery of Callixtus: see Lanciani's *Pagan and Christian Rome*, 1892, p. 9.]

[3] [See on the subject Henry's *History of Great Britain*, vol. i. pp. 129–131.]

[4] [Henry (as quoted above), vol. i. p. 135.]

motive of heroism, and majesty of race, by which Rome had lived, and in the forfeiture of which she fell. The three tragedies of Coriolanus, Cæsar, and Antony, are all based on the excess, or defeat, of pride: Coriolanus showing how it changes into selfishness,—Cæsar, how it passes into impiety, (all the insolence of succeeding emperors gathered into the words by which he pronounces his own death,—

> "I do know but one,
> That *unassailable* holds on his rank,
> Unshamed of motion; and that I am he,"[1])—

and Antony, the disgrace of it by lower passion. But with the gentleness by which this pride was tempered in the gracious emperors who redeemed the state in the third century, and made Rome capable of becoming the centre of Christianity, Shakespeare himself had little sympathy; and the reader of mere history has no chance of comprehending it, under the mass of horror which alone attracts the vulgar historian.

14. Of these gracious emperors, the first, Claudius the Dacian,* best exhibits the new virtue of *Justice in pity* instead of anger, whose ensign of the Cross was so soon to rise above the Eagles. On his accession,

"an aged woman threw herself at his feet, and complained that a general of the late emperor had obtained an arbitrary grant of her patrimony. This general was Claudius himself, who had not entirely escaped the contagion of the times. The emperor blushed at the reproach, but deserved the confidence which she had reposed in his equity. The confession of his fault was accompanied with immediate and ample restitution."

And at the very same instant, we find in the prayer of the people for the punishment of Gallienus *after* death, "terram matrem deosque inferos precaretur sedes impias uti Gallieno darent,"[2] the beginning of the deeper sense of inexpiable guilt which culminates in the days of Dante.

* Reigned from March 268 to March 270: Gibbon [ch. xi.], ii. 8 *et seq.*

[1] [*Julius Cæsar*, Act iii. sc. 1.]
[2] [Quoted by Milman in a note on Gibbon, ch. xi. vol. ii. p. 7.]

But the reflection of this first act of Claudius, in the justice of Trajan to the widow, was accepted both by Dante[1] and the Senate of Venice, as the type of enduring Roman virtue; though in the sermon-sculpture of the Ducal Palace,[2] all is taught by the memory of the good; and there is no word of the death of the wicked.

15. Claudius died in his native district of Sirmium,[3] (where also the father of Aurelian was a peasant leaseholder of a small farm): *Gothic* Claudius, he is called, according to historians,[4] for his Gothic victories,—but, remember, he is also of Gothic *race*, and to us in England of most enduring interest, because his grand-nephew, Constantius, invading us from Boulogne, ends the last effort of Britain for her island independence, and founds, at York, the undivided empire of Constantine over the Western and Eastern world.

16. He founds it in his *gentleness*. While yet the vicegerent of Diocletian, "his mild and humane temper was averse from the oppression of any part of his subjects. The principal offices of his palace were filled by Christians; he loved their persons, esteemed their fidelity, and entertained not any dislike to their religious principles."* It was not, indeed, in his power openly to reject the edicts of Diocletian, or to disobey the commands of Maximian. His authority contributed, however, to alleviate the sufferings which he pitied and abhorred:—

"He consented with reluctance to the ruin of the churches; but he ventured to protect the Christians themselves from the fury of the populace, and from the rigour of the laws. The provinces of Gaul were indebted for the singular tranquillity which they enjoyed to the gentle interposition of their sovereign. The elevation of Constantius to the supreme and independent dignity of Augustus, gave a free scope to the exercise of his virtues, and the shortness of his reign did not prevent him from establishing a system of toleration, of which he left the precept and the example

* Gibbon [ch. xvi.], ii. 481 *et seq.*

[1] [See *Purgatorio*, x. 73 *seq.*, and *Paradiso*, xx. 44–47, 106–117.]

[2] [On one of the capitals: see *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 389).]

[3] [On the importance of the great city of Sirmium, on the Save, as one of the outer bulwarks of Italy, see Hodgkin's *Theodoric*, pp. 211–213. The ruins of the city may still be seen about eighty miles west of Belgrade.]

[4] [See Gibbon, ch. xi.; vol. ii. p. 11.]

to his son Constantine. His fortunate son, from the first moment of his accession, declaring himself the protector of the Church, at length deserved the appellation of the first emperor who publicly professed and established the Christian religion." [1]

17. Now, (A.D. 306)—the moment we hear of the crowning of Constantine, we all of us rush over instantly to Italy, and the Hellespont, and think not a whit more of old Britain and the way she was constructing herself, under the new dispensation. From 306 to the Saxon invasion, 449, there are, however, one hundred and forty-three years, concerning the religious progress of which, I must leave the reader to gather what he can find from other sources; I having only room here to take note of an extremely momentous practical event which takes place in them,—the founding, namely, of the British Navy.

18. Which, it is well that the British boy-reader should be made clearly, however reluctantly, aware, that we owe entirely to the *French*, Dutch, and Germans; and, but for them, for aught we know, might have been to this day upsetting ourselves in wicker coracles;—a sorrowful remnant of which ancestral habit is visible in our two great British distinctive naval performances—the loss of the *Royal George*, and the *Captain*.[2] No other nation is recorded in history as having sunk a ship of the line while it was being painted in the harbour, or sent one to sea which would turn bottom upwards in the first squall that struck it.*

* The subjoined letter from Mr. Robert Leslie may be depended upon by the reader in its corroboration of the statements in the text which might otherwise be laid to the account of my love of paradox:[3]—

"6 Moira Place, Southampton,
"*Shrove Tuesday*, 1885.

"Dear Mr. Ruskin,—I am afraid you much overvalue anything I can tell you about boats at any time, while I think no one knows much about them when the Celts went to sea in skin boats, as the Esquimaux do now. I believe the Irish fishermen had boats of this sort until quite recently, and went far away long-line fishing in them.

"There may have been coracles *and* coracles, for we know that the

[1] [Gibbon, ch. xvi.; vol. ii. pp. 481–482.]
[2] [For other references to the loss of the *Captain*, see below, p. 508.]
[3] [See Vol. XXII. p. 349, and the note there.]

19. The beginners of all our rule of the waves in everything, then, wonderful to say, are the French. In the middle of the third century—256—Gaul had to be delivered from the Rhine-swimming and Maes-jumping Franks,[1] by

Madras surf boats are nothing but great coracles. And again, there is the strange fact, that so late as the time of Columbus, the North American Indian had not advanced beyond the birch-bark canoe or his dug-out in naval architecture. The English fishermen have always been noted beachmen, and have always used the clench, or overlapping plank, riveted together for their boats. (I have said something about this on page 32 in the scrap-book.[2]) The Norway people also seem to have built in this way mostly. I have myself seen a fisherman (professional) in a coracle upon the Dee in Wales.

"On the other hand, I think that in the *South* and *South-east* of England, shipbuilding was carried on by settlers from France or Denmark from very early times indeed.

"Round here, at such little places as Bursledon, Beaulieu, Lymington, etc., there were great ships built for the navy: this I know from a list of them given in Charnock's *Naval Architecture*.[3]

"I believe you cannot lay too much stress upon the *fact* that all naval progress came to us first from France.

"I don't quite like the name of the poor old *Royal George*, coupled with that ridiculous arrangement of iron and air cells, the *Captain*. You will find in my book[4] a scrap bearing upon this subject, written in 1883, which may interest you. Still you are right in the main (as you always are), about the *Royal George*, for our old English liners were at that time very kettle-bottomed, and did not compare well with the French models of the same period."

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[1] [See *Bible of Amiens*, ch. ii. § 30 (above, p. 70).]

[2] [This must have been a book of MS. extracts, drawings, newspaper cuttings, etc., from which material Mr. Leslie, encouraged by Ruskin, afterwards compiled the book mentioned below. The "compared sails" spoken of in Ruskin's letter are given in the early chapters of the book.]

[3] [See vol. iii. pp. 258 *seq.* of John Charnock's *History of Marine Architecture*, 1802.]

[4] [*Old Sea Wings, Ways and Words in the days of Oak and Hemp*—a book published in 1890. "The *Royal George*," says Mr. Leslie, "launched at Woolwich in 1756, as we all know, was capsized and sunk at her anchorage, Spithead, while heeled over to repair an old worn-out sea-water tap in her bottom. In speaking of the fate of this fine old ship, it is always said that it was due to a sudden squall. But from a circumstantial narrative of the disaster by a survivor, published in 1834 in the *Penny Magazine*, it seems that her loss was really owing to the obstinacy, or worse, of a lieutenant of the watch," etc. (pp. 156, 157). In the Preface Mr. Leslie gives the following letter from Ruskin :—

"*December* 1884.

"My dear Leslie,—I never saw anything half so delightful or useful as these compared sails so easily explained. Do set yourself at this with all your mind and time on this plan. It will be the most refreshing thing to me to take it up with you I could possibly have.

"Ever your grateful

"J. Ruskin."]

that Posthumus, whom Shakespeare, contrary to his wont, has made an incredible Briton of in *Cymbeline;*[1] the real Posthumus being the saviour of Gaul, not England, from the spluttering and spray of the Franks, which for twelve years, unchecked, had kept the whole of Gaul in hot water, —splashed over even into Spain—and, at last, "when that exhausted country no longer supplied a variety of plunder," or variety of entertainment, to the Frankish mind, they seized on some vessels in the ports of Spain and transported themselves over into Mauritania! (G. i. 437).*[2] What became of this first Frank expedition to Algeria one does not hear; † but it is evermore to be remembered as the beginning of the grand naval thieving expeditions in which our Gothic sailors were bred, consummating themselves in Sir Francis Drake, and his Sunday morning arrival. (*Fors*, Letter 14.[3])

20. This first French naval excursion was, you see, exquisitely and typically piratical; for they stole even the ships they sailed in! But the next nautical adventure is German-Gothic, and prepared with every appliance of native builders' art.

Already, even in the tempestuous northern belt, and under the feet of its fiercest soldiery, had grown up, like the wood-sorrel beneath its pines, the gradually softened and informed classes of the husbandman and craftsman.

* The reader will have no occasion to refer to Gibbon—unless he like, —or suspect me of unfair quotation,—in which case he will find that my numerals refer to volume and page of Milman's edition (Murray, 1838). What I think it necessary should be read, I shall quote in full, so that I shall not give references to any other edition than that I use.

† From Gibbon, at least, who leaves them stranded in Morocco, and passes on to the Suevi, whom he makes an extremely early sprout of Saxons—then Semnones. The inextricable notes of his tenth chapter are, I suppose, now superseded, or I would have cut some way through them.

[1] [For another reference to Shakespeare's Posthumus, see Vol. XXV. p. 418.]

[2] [Chapter x.]

[3] ["Master Francis Drake, setting out in his little *Paschal Lamb* to seek his fortune on the Spanish seas, and coming home, on that happy Sunday morning, to the unspeakable delight of the Cornish congregation;" the reference being to a passage quoted in Letter 13: see Vol. XXVII. pp. 238, 244.]

The class concerned with tillage is of comparatively little importance among Huns, Teutons, or Goths: but the *craftsmen*, never spoken of by historians any more than the peasantry, must very early have been of great and gaining influence,—and thus, in A.D. 269, we are told by Gibbon, in his politely alternative and safely dubious form of statement, that "The various nations who fought under the Gothic standard *constructed* on the banks of the Dniester *a fleet of two thousand, or even of six thousand, vessels*, in order to transport a pretended army of three hundred and twenty thousand barbarians" (ii. 9, 10).[1]

The student is expected, within the limits thus suggested, to determine for himself how many vessels there probably were, and to what force the pretended army is to be reduced, (surely the odd twenty thousand of imaginary troops might have been thrown out, or another eighty thousand thrown in, for the sake of round numbers?) Beyond a few vague hints in chap. xxv. Gibbon does not tell us what a Gothic ship was like, or how many of the crew could fight, and under what sort of compulsion the rest rowed.[2] Let us get, however, at what stable, however few, realities of the old earth and sea we may glean out of the alternatives and dubieties thus proposed to us.

21. In the first place, for leaders, and types in character of "various nations who fought under the Gothic standard," we need not hesitate to take the tribe afterwards called "Saxons"; for there is no rational doubt that the prime plotters in the business were the Cimbri of Tacitus,—the unconquerable German power,—"potius triumphata quam

[1] [Chapter xi.]

[2] ["As to the circumstances under which the rowers rowed, about which Mr. Ruskin asks, we gather that they were free men, as in the triremes of the Peloponnesian war; not slaves, as in modern galleys. Somewhat later, indeed, but in ships similar in size to the Nydam boat, for every rower there was also one man to protect him, and one more to do the fighting. Among a race of athletes, rowing was not looked upon as servile. Of "gentle shipmates" and "girls they left behind them," we have plenty of legends in the Sagas. Their arts, by now, are much better known than they were a generation back; and what is known fully justifies Mr. Ruskin's belief that they must have had fine craftsmen and decorators among them, even at the early period of which he writes." (Note by W. G. Collingwood in *Verona and other Lectures*.)]

victa,"[1] which held the root of the Danish Peninsula, and took its enduring name afterwards from a single tribe in the midst of it. So much of claim in these, and pride in their first recorded seafaring, we have, as in our veins of Saxon blood.

22. Next, look back to p. 91 of *The Bible of Amiens* for account of the two *moat* rivers of Europe—Vistula and Dniester. These Saxons, you will then perceive, not yet knowing what they are about, will circumnavigate Europe proper as one island. The exploring Saxons float themselves up Vistula,—inquire what water-carriage may be, among the farther hills; and hear good report of Dniester flowing exactly counter to Vistula, and as nearly as may be of the same length. In weight of waters, however, and knowable depth of constant channel, the Vistula is much the nobler stream; the Dniester is for most of its course shifty and shallow, ending in mere lagoon; so that the tall and bony hundreds of thousands have to float themselves down it in, assuredly, some flat-bottomed type of barge, in which, nevertheless, they fearlessly betake themselves to the Black Sea, coast it down to the Bosphorus,—run through that, and the Dardanelles,—and then divide themselves for discovery, southward and westward, of what may be curious or profitable. Part of them, the boldest, down the Ægean to Cyprus, where one does not hear what happens to them; the greater part more cautious, by coast of Thrace to Athos, where they take to land again, and straggle about, troublesome to the good people of Thrace till they fall in with the Emperor Claudius, who beats them home over the Carpathians.

23. But think what all this, on the least conceivable scale, involves necessarily of craftsmanship, seamanship, captainship, clerkship of a kind, and commissariat. These flat-bottomed floats could not have been mere logs lashed together! I believe our own Thames barges are not afraid of a breeze at the Nore, but the Black Sea and Ægean

[1] [Tacitus, *Germania*, 37: Germani . . . triumphati magis quam victi sunt.]

are wilder-waved than the brackish tides by Sheppey and Rochester; and there must have been good squaring and fitting of timber in that coasting fleet. The ship- or even stout boat-builder is one of the highest of craftsmen. Metal working and forging must have been on no inconsiderable scale also; sail-making, and cordage, and all associated spinnings and weavings. Of decoration, and inspiring sounds—what art? no one tells us,—*some*, certainly, pict[1] or embroidered, blown on pipes or dubbed upon drums. Of Song, or kindly mutual cheer and Yo Heave-oh, what topics—what measures? Camp followers or camp companions, or gentle shipmates, any? if not, in what temper of expectation, what comfort of household circumstance, the girls they left behind them? It is all less and less conceivable the more we try to conceive—the purple and black sails of Odysseus,—of Jason,—of Theseus, infinitely clearer on the horizon than these. But all this did in some solid manner actually happen, with many consequences for us; though what record there is of it in any credible tradition preserved in writing might, I suppose, be put in small compass by an exact scholar;—is there any exact one at leisure to do it for us, ready for supplementary and revisional notes if ever we get to the end of our text?[2]

24. This much, or little, then,—date no matter, facts on indeterminable scale, but true as lightning, and ominous of all storm to come,—is the first you hear of the NORTHMEN,

[1] [This use of *pict* (for the old English *picted*) in the sense of painted seems peculiar to this one passage of Ruskin. For the word *pictus* as connected with *picæ*, see Vol. XXV. p. 153.]

[2] ["In speaking of the origin of the navy the Author inquires for information about barbarian shipping in the third century A.D. A better answer than any literary records will be found in archæological discoveries, and especially in the Nydam boat, which is exactly one of the Saxon ships in question. As it is fully described and illustrated in Du Chaillu's *Viking Age* (vol. i. pp. 219–234), a work at present generally accessible, there is no need to enter into detail here. The reader might also look at engravings of ships in the chapter on sculptured stones, vol. ii. pp. 116–134; and the bronze models of boats, vol. i. p. 105,—as specimens of *earlier* vessels. The *later* shipping is fully illustrated in vol. ii. pp. 136–234. It is not agreed how much use was made of sails in the third century; but in the *Viking Age*, vol. i. p. 107, there are indications of sails in engravings on knives of the bronze period—much earlier." (Note by W. G. Collingwood in *Verona and other Lectures*.)]

on the Greek seas. Eight years afterwards, follow again the Franks.*

When the Emperor Probus delivered Gaul from the Franks, Burgundians, and black-painted Lygii, in 277, he sets a price on the heads of the Lygii, and makes the Burgundians buy peace with the surrender of spoil. But though he drives the Franks "back into their morasses" (G. ii. 74[1]) in Holland, he feels them so strong, and finds them so trustworthy, that he establishes a colony of them on the Black Sea, to hold for Rome against the Goths (Alani, G. ii. 82). The Franks do what they undertook to do; but finding it not lively work enough to keep the Alani in check, get hold of some (Gibbon does not say whose, but I suppose Roman) war ships stationed in a Euxine harbour, and set off on an independent cruise.

25. I now—with the always necessary queries—must trust myself to Gibbonian eloquence. "They resolved, through unknown seas, to explore their way from the mouth of the Phasis to that of the Rhine. They easily escaped" (from whose pursuit?) "through the Bosphorus and Hellespont, and, cruising along the Mediterranean, indulged their appetite for revenge" (but who had offended them then?) "and plunder" (but maintaining always of course the honourable name of Freemen), "by frequent descents on the unsuspecting shores of Asia, Greece, and Africa. The opulent city of Syracuse, in whose port the navies of Athens and Carthage had formerly been sunk, was sacked by a handful of barbarians who massacred the greatest part of the trembling inhabitants."[2] This is a sublime antithesis; but if, instead of the highly imaginative epithet "trembling," the historian had only told us how many of these unwarlike inhabitants there were, or what he means by a "handful" of Franks, he would have deserved more thanks, if less

* The three memorable dates are, 256, Franks in Morocco; 269, Northmen at Cyprus; 277, Franks from Phasis to Rhine.

[1] [Chapter xii.]
[2] [Ch. xii.; vol. ii. p. 82.]

admiration. "From the island of Sicily, the Franks proceeded to the columns of Hercules, trusted themselves to the ocean, coasted round Spain and Gaul, and steering their triumphant course through the British Channel" (Britannia at present nowhere, you observe), "at length finished their surprising voyage by landing in safety on the Batavian or Frisian shores."[1]

26. In plain English, I suppose the facts were that the Black Sea colony grew tired of fighting for Probus, and, fearing that they could not make their way by land, seized some Roman ships and robbed their living round by sea,—a splendid piece of early seamanship,* and more necessary piracy and massacre than our own descents or ascents against Caffres and Afghans,[2] for their poor properties to help out our wretchedness in London. But at all events, *this* is the beginning both of the French and British Navies. For, once knowing their way, the Rhenish Franks began to make a regular business of naval excursions through the straits of Dover and along the coast of France for whatever they could pick up. To check these piracies, the emperor (Probus ? †) established a Roman fleet in the straits, having its harbour at BOULOGNE, and commanded by an admiral from the Low Countries—Carausius,—who, being a man of strong sense and courage, gradually becomes the felt and acknowledged Master as well as admiral of the Roman

* Of this expedition, Mr. Sharon Turner observes, with the tranquil wisdom peculiar to the modern British historian, that "its novelty and improbability secured its success" (i., p. 142).[3]

† Gibbon does not give the name, but the revolt of Carausius being in 287, it is not too much to allow at the least five years for the previous consolidation of his force, and the accumulation of wealth which caused Maximian to give orders for his death, and so compel him to rebellion, or at least, assertion of independent power, afterwards ratified by Diocletian. Now Probus was assassinated in 282, so that we can scarcely be wrong in attributing to him the appointment of Carausius, and the consequent establishing of Boulogne as the chief Gallic naval

[1] [Ch. xii.; vol. ii. pp. 82–83.]

[2] [For other references in the same sense to Native wars in South Africa, see Vol. XI. p. 261, Vol. XVII. p. 219 *n.*, Vol. XXV. p. 130, and Vol. XXVII. p. 12; to Afghan wars, Vol. XXV. p. 452, Vol. XXIX. p. 389, and *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 58.]

[3] [Sharon Turner, *History of England*, vol. i. (Anglo-Saxons).]

fleet—enriches his sailors with the confiscated spoils of the pirate Franks; then, feeling himself strong enough, lands at Dover, wins over the Roman Legions in England, and proclaims himself the Roman Emperor of England.[1]

27. This beginning of our worldly prosperity, at sea, then, is owing to the Franks; not to Rome at all. But our Christianity and our civic prosperity from 306 to 409 are altogether owing to Rome, and under the authority of Rome; only reflecting back to her our own fresh spirit-power.

Think of it! Constantine was crowned at York in 306. His mother, an innkeeper's daughter by the shore of Hellespont:[2] his father, a Dacian mountaineer: he himself born in the very midst of Northern Macedon—the race of the Danube and the Scamander mixed,—the "come over into Macedonia and help us"[3] brought now over into Britain indeed; and, from this piece of British plain, carried back to Byzantium.

28. Then, note that during these 143 years of following State Christianity in Britain, the whole work of St. Jerome is done at Rome and Bethlehem. He was a youth at Julian's death in 363, and died at Bethlehem, 30th September, 420. Antony in Egypt is 305–370; Ulphilas in Mœsia, 360. So that you have these years of Britain's own Christian pride,—briefly, the fourth century and one-third of the fifth,—founding monastic life all through the East, and fixing, for West and East alike, the Canon of

station in the north,—*Bononia Oceanensis*, "Bologna of the Sea," as distinguished from the Bologna of Italy, is its proper name.

I see, however, that the Emperor Claudius is spoken of as having sailed for Britain from it. It was first fortified by Pedius, Julius Cæsar's grandnephew and legate in Gaul; who is said to have been born at Bologna, and to have planned some resemblance in the upper walled town to his own native one. *Caligula* built its first lighthouse, which was still standing in the seventeenth century (*Histoire des Villes de France*[4]).

[1] [See for § 26, Gibbon, ch. xiii.; vol. ii. pp. 120–123.]
[2] [Gibbon, ch. xiv.; vol. ii. p. 186.]
[3] [Acts xvi. 9.]
[4] [A. Guilbert, *Histoire des Villes de France*, 1845, vol. ii. p. 98.]

the Bible. And all this, before a Saxon syllable is heard in British air.

[Here Ruskin's completed MS. ends. The following pages are Mr. Collingwood's reconstruction (in *Verona and other Lectures*) of the remainder of the chapter:—]

The missing pages—leading up the story to the point at which the Author meant to break off, in order to recommence, in his next chapter, with the history of the Anglo-Saxon Church—can be partly reconstructed from the Author's rough notes, from which it seems that, after showing at some length how much we in this island owe to foreign influence—our navy, for example, to the Franks, and our Church to Rome, in the first instance,—he was going to recur to the Pelagian heresy,[1] as not only a proof of island vigour and characteristic independence, but also as the occasion for the sending by Pope Celestine of Palladius, as first bishop of the Scots of Ireland and the Hebrides. This at once localises the story in the north-west, and forms a link between Scottish Christianity and Rome, in spite of the disclaimer of those who would like to believe in an original British Church, anti-Roman from the beginning.

The next topic was to have been the mission of St. Germain of Auxerre and St. Loup of Troyes, another link between our country and Roman Gaul—"St. Loup, a scholar of the great college of Lerins, who for the fifty years of his pontificate at Troyes was recognized through France as the most polished of scholars, and earnestly kind of prelates, 'the Father of Fathers, the Bishop of Bishops, the prince of the prelates of Gaul, the rule of manners, the pillar of Truth, the friend of God.'"[2] Their legend, and the story of the Alleluia victory, which the Author has noted for description, can be read in Bede (book i. chapters 17–20). The Author meant to return, in conclusion, to the end of the fourth century, and to St. Ninian, "a most reverend bishop and holy man of the British nation," says Bede (book iii. chap. 4), "who had been regularly instructed at Rome in the faith and mysteries of the truth; whose episcopal see, named after St. Martin, the bishop"—whom he had visited and corresponded with—"and famous for a stately church, wherein he and many other saints rest in the body, is still in existence among the English nation. The place belongs to the province of the Bernicians, and is generally called *The White House*, because there he built a church of stone, which is not usual among the Britons."

With which assemblage of pregnant associations—linking together Ninian, our north-country patron of churches and holy-wells, with far-away Rome; and the Roman pilgrim with Wandering Willie's country-side by Solway shore; and wild Galloway in the dark ages with wonderful St. Martin of Tours; and the familiar ruins of Whithorn with the first glimmer, in Gaul, and Britain, and the islands seen through the sea-fog, of all the Lamps of Architecture:—with this bouquet, so to speak, of poetical ideas, thus gathered together, the story was to pause at Candida Casa.

[1] [See above, § 8; p. 210.]

[2] [Sidonius Apollinaris, quoted by Montalembert, *Monks of the West*, vol. i. p. 471; for the mission of St. Loup to Great Britain (A.D. 429), see *ibid.*, vol. iii. p. 17. The sentence in inverted commas is here added from Ruskin's notes.]

II

MENDING THE SIEVE; OR, CISTERCIAN ARCHITECTURE

(Read, as a lecture, at the London Institution, December 4, 1882)[1]

1. Among the circumstances of my early life which I count most helpful, and for which I look back with more than filial gratitude to my father's care, was his fixed habit of stopping with me, on his business journeys, patiently at any country inn that was near a castle, or an abbey, until I had seen all the pictures in the castle, and explored, as he always found me willing enough to do, all the nooks of the cloister.[2] In these more romantic expeditions, aided and inspired by Scott, and never weary of re-reading the stories of *The Monastery*, *The Abbot*, and *The Antiquary*, I took

[1] [In the abstract of this lecture in *The Art Journal*, the following introductory remarks are reported :—

"In answer to a very warm welcome, he addressed a few words to his audience, assuring them of his pleasure in being back amongst them, and expressing his sorrow that his health did not permit him to appear there more frequently. He had, he said, to apologise to them, first for not saying more on that matter, and secondly, for the change, already announced, in the title of his lecture. As to the first, he had meant to deliver an extempore speech to them, and had spent half the morning writing it; but he found it wouldn't be learnt by heart, and so—well, it must be forgiven him. Then as to the change of title: the lecture was to have been on 'Crystallography,' and now it was to be on 'Cistercian Architecture.' He had changed the title, and would have apologised more, only a certain newspaper had had a consolatory paragraph on the subject, in which it had said that all his titles were equally good for all his lectures; nobody could tell from any of them what was coming, and so one did as well as another. There was some truth, too, in it after all, for the 'Crystallography' lecture would have said a good deal about 'Cistercian Architecture,' and as for the present lecture, he had found great difficulty, and really had to exercise no little self-denial, to keep it off 'Crystallography.' Not that there was much in it about 'Cistercian Architecture' either. Those who knew his writings would know that to him the 'stones of Citeaux' would be interesting only as they expressed the minds and souls of their builders, and so it ought not to surprise some of his hearers to find a lecture by him on 'Cistercian Architecture' dealing mainly with the Cistercians themselves."]

[2] [Compare *Præterita*, i. §§ 5, 6.]

an interest more deep than that of an ordinary child; and received impressions which guided and solemnized the whole subsequent tenor of my life.

2. One error there was, and one only, in the feeling with which these scenes were interpreted to me. For though I was bred in the strictest principles of Calvinism, my father and mother were both too well-informed to look without reverence on the vestiges of early Catholic religion in Britain: nor did they ever speak of it in dishonourable terms, or cast doubt on the sincerity of the faith which had founded our fairest cathedrals, and consecrated our bravest kings. But, in common with most English people of their day, they were suspicious of the *Monastic* as distinguished from the Clerical power; and it was an inevitable consequence, that, as we descended from the hillsides of Yorkshire, or the Lothians, into the sweet meadows beside their pebbly streams, and saw the cattle resting in the shadows of Jedburgh or Bolton, it should have been pointed out to me, not without a smile, how careful the monks had been to secure the richest lands of the district for their possession, and the sweetest recesses of the vale for their shelter.

3. Nor was Scott himself without some share in the blame of this gravely harmful misrepresentation. I cannot but regard with continually increasing surprise, the offence which was taken by the more zealous members of the Scottish Church, at what they imagined Scott's partiality to Catholicism. The fact really is that every heroic, graceful, and intelligent virtue is attributed by him at every period of the Reformation to the sincere disciples of Presbyterian doctrine, but that, on the contrary, he has been content to portray the Catholic faith only in its corruption or its depression.[1] Finding material enough, and that of

[1] [The MS. has the following further passage :—
". . . its depression, or its weakness, and in the characters of Abbots Ingilram and Boniface in *The Monastery*, of Lord Glenallan's mother and of his confessor in *The Antiquary*, of the Abbess of St. Hilda and her assessors in *Marmion*, and of the whole body of the Knights Templars in

the most tractable kind, in the picturesque and pathetic oppositions of the Cameronian and Cavalier, the Puritan and Catholic, the mountaineer and dalesman, he gave in the stories of *Waverley*, *Rob Roy*, *Old Mortality*, *Redgauntlet*, *Nigel*, *Peveril*, and *The Abbot*, a series of realizations which are, respecting their several periods, the best historical painting yet done in Europe. But the libraries and old bookstalls of Edinburgh seldom threw a parchment in his way which would give him clue to the realities of human life before the fifteenth century; his conception of more remote periods, coloured by the partialities of his heart, and discoloured by the dulnesses of scholastic history, dwelt rather on the military than the missionary functions of British Christianity. The crozier and the cowl become with him little more than paraphernalia of the theatre, to relieve in richer chiaroscuro its armour and plumage; and the final outcome and effective conclusion of all his moonlight reveries in St. Mary's aisle,[1] was but, for himself and for his reader, that

> "The Monks of Melrose made gude kale
> On Fridays, when they fasted."[2]

I am going to ask you to consider with me, this evening, whether, admitting such to be the fact, the monks of Tweeddale were altogether to be blamed, or ridiculed, for

> *Ivanhoe* and *The Talisman*, he gave a series of pictures which complied with every prejudice of his countrymen, and were discreditable to his own genius and scholarship not only by the vulgarity of their colouring, but in their unconsidered violations of historical accuracy.
>
> "Unconsidered, observe, I say with emphasis and asseveration. Scott is never malignant; never, consciously, a partizan, even in politics, still less in religion. But he is liable to be carried too far by the imagination, to which he assigned no graver task than to amuse his readers, and not to carry far enough the antiquarian research which he followed with scarcely other purpose than to amuse himself. Wherein not caring usually, except for the sake of Wallace or Bruce, to pass beyond the day of Elizabeth and the Queen of Scots, and finding material enough . . ."

For Boniface, see *The Monastery*, *passim*, and for Ingilram (his predecessor), chaps. x. and xxxvii.; the reference to *Marmion* is to canto ii. ("The Convent"). For Scott's treatment of Catholicism, compare, below, p. 512.]

[1] [See *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, the first lines of canto ii.]

[2] [See Scott's *Abbot* (ch. xvi.): quoted also in *The Oxford Museum*, Vol. XVI. p. 230.]

the excellence of their broth,—whether, on the contrary, the making of good broth be not one of the essential functions of a good monk,—and even whether, but for the gray brother's intervention, the kale pot would in those times have boiled as merrily at Melrose, even for other people.

4. You cannot but feel that this British Isle of ours, after all its orthodox Reformations and cautious constitutions, presents you with materials for this inquiry in extreme sharpness and simplicity. At one crook of the glen are the remains of the Abbey, with its half-fallen tower and half-buried cloister; at the next are the new mills, with their cloud-piercing and cloud-compelling chimney, and their quarter of a mile of square windows in dead wall. As you walk back to the village inn, you meet the clergyman inspecting the restoration of his parish church; in the parlour of it you find the squire, bent on the introduction of agricultural machinery, which will send the congregation to America. And among the various shades of benevolent avarice, pious egotism, and interest-bearing charity, in which the enterprises of a rational age must be undertaken, we shall surely be able to discover, if human nature be as constant as it is alleged, the likeness, in some sort, or even the remnant, of ancient enthusiasm, and discern, in the better movements and kindlier impulses of our own hearts, ground for believing that even monastic sentiment was not entirely dishonest, nor monastic adventure entirely selfish.

5. And as the first step towards a true estimate of either, we must address ourselves to obtain some idea of the aspect of these glens of ours before the monks settled in them. Those now daisy-sprinkled or deep-furrowed fields were not laid in their sweet levels by the mountain streams; and the land which we conceive to have attracted the covetousness of the friars lay in alternations of shingle and of marsh, under shades of thorny thicket and heath-beset rock.[1] The sagacity which discerned and the industry which

[1] [On this point, compare *The Schools of Florence*, § 25 (Vol. XXIII. pp. 203–4).]

redeemed the waste alluvial soil, not of our English dells only, but of the river-sides throughout Europe, where they were pestilent with miasma, desolate by flood, and dark with forest, were found exclusively among the societies of men whom we might, with no unapt distinction, call the Valley Monks, wisely and calmly devoted to all the arts and labours which are serviceable to mankind; skilful especially in the primary ones of architecture and agriculture, but the leaders also in the literature of their time, and its tutors in the soundest principles of temporal policy.

6. These Monks of the Valley,—distinct alike from the earlier mountain Eremites, and from all contemporary or subsequent brotherhoods, who led lives of meditation inconsistent with practical and affectionate duty,—will be discerned by the final justice of history to have been absolutely the purest, and probably the most vital, element of Christian civilization during a period, of which I can scarcely venture to state the duration, without first sketching in simpler terms than are usually allowed by its chroniclers, the æras of rise and decline in our old ecclesiastical polity.[1]

In eighteen years from next Christmas will open the twentieth century of the Christian æra. If we divide by simplest arithmetic these two thousand years into four groups of five hundred each, they will successively present us with a quite distinct series of phenomena, more intelligible and memorable, by far, in their separate than in their consecutive aspect.

(I.) In the first five hundred years you have, with the fall of the Roman empire, the extinction of ceremonial

[1] [The MS. here contains the following remarks, introductory to the following paragraph:—

"It will be found always a method of great advantage in teaching history to young people to give them clear conceptions of the great spaces of time, rather than a minute memory of its dates. And as you fill these spaces discriminately for them, with their prolonged and influential events, you will find the æras become coloured under your hand like the districts of a map, or the zones of a rainbow, and without any effort of technical memory, but merely by the natural sympathy and intelligence of an attentive observer, detach themselves one from another in their due relief, and link themselves one with the other in clear successions of easily remembered melody."]

Paganism in South Europe, the establishment of the traditions of the mystic saints, chiefly martyrs, and of the theories and practices of ascetic monachism. The Vulgate translation of the Bible is finished at Bethlehem by St. Jerome,[1] and the doctrinal and imaginative machineries of the Catholic Church are completed, with such faults and virtues as we may each of us see good to ascribe or concede to them.

(II.) In the second five hundred years the proper work of the Church begins upon the ruins of Paganism. Her working saints, not St. Catherines, nor St. Cecilias, nor St. Damians, nor St. Christophers, but people of substantial presence in flesh and blood;—people who by no means appear only to expire, and exist thenceforward as pictures stuck full of hearts and arrows, but persons as busy, as obstinate, and as inevitable as modern engineers and railway contractors, are establishing not Christian belief merely, but Christian law, in every Saxon, French, Latin, and Byzantine town. Their disciple-kings, Theodoric, Alfred, Canute, Charlemagne, are forming and consolidating the civil dynasties of the North; and the narrow, but not false, Mohammedan theology is similarly tempering to its fiery edge the scimitar of the Saracen.

(III.) In the third five hundred years you have in no small degree by the energy of the Cistercian order, on whom our attention is fixed this evening, the creation of Gothic architecture, with all that it means; and by that of the Franciscans and Dominicans, the resuscitation of the art of painting,[2] lost since Apelles, with all that *it* means.

You have perfect laws of honest—I lean on the word, —honest—commerce engraved on the walls of the churches by which its activities are centralized at Florence and on the Rialto.[3] You have a perfect scheme of Christian education

[1] [See above, p. 108; *Bible of Amiens*, ch. iii. § 36.]
[2] [Compare below, p. 245.]
[3] [For the inscription on the church of S. Giacomo di Rialto, see Vol. XXI. p. 269 (and below, p. 442 *n.*), and for one on the Badia of San Domenico, near Florence, *ibid.*, p. 266.]

defined for you also on the walls of Florence.[1] And you have the perfect victory of civil justice in Christian Kinghood, when the king and the barons of England submitted their quarrel to the arbitrement of St. Louis.[2]

All these unquestionable pieces of good work you find to have been done, beyond any bettering, in these great five hundred years of the Church's life. Towards their close, it corrupts itself; in their close, it virtually expires.

(IV.) And then, fourth and lastly, in these presently proceeding, fast concluding, five hundred years, you have printing, gunpowder, and steam; Liberty, Reason, and Science; Parliamentary eloquence, and Parliamentary Clôture,[3] doing for you——it yet remains to be seen, exactly, what.

7. The trenchant separation of these groups of years would commend itself to you still more frankly, if we were more in the habit of connecting the history of art with that of religion; but, while historians cannot fail to see that it is necessary for them to follow with some attention the changes in links of armour and locks of helmets, they think it matter of no serious moment whether kings are enthroned under round arches or pointed, and whether priests chant beneath carved walls or coloured windows. My own mind has become much sobered in its estimate of such things, since my literary efforts began with *The Poetry of Architecture;*[4] but the pilgrimage from which I

[1] [See the account of the frescoes in the Spanish chapel of S. Maria Novella in *Mornings in Florence,* chaps. iv. and v.: Vol. XXIII. pp. 379 *seq.*]

[2] [In 1263–1264, when, by the Mise of Amiens, St. Louis set aside the Provisions of Oxford; for another reference to this, see above, p. 5.]

[3] [The "closure" of debate, adopted from the *clôture* in the French Assembly, had at the time of Ruskin's lecture (1882) been for the first time introduced into the House of Commons.]

[4] [See Vol. I. The MS. of the lecture as delivered has here an additional passage (referring to the original title of the lecture):—

> ". . . *Poetry of Architecture;* and indeed had I returned from Italy in time to prepare my diagrams, I should have more confidently proposed to you to-night some of the prose of Crystallography. Prose is, indeed, a somewhat degrading term even for that exact science; for no Cistercian tracery can be more marvellous—no Benedictine law more beneficent—than the forms and methods of crystalline architecture by which the mountains stand in their majesty and the veins of them glow with their gifts of crystal and gold. But the pilgrimage . . ."]

have just returned, through the earlier Burgundian churches, to the birthplace of the two St. Bernards, of the Alp and of the Vale,[1] has for the moment thrown me back into old channels of affection, wherein I trust your indulgence for an hour's lingering with you.

8. Lingering, however, with some timidity,—first, because I imagine many here must know most of what I have to tell at least as well as I do; and secondly, because it must be confessed that the traditions we can now collect respecting either Bernards or Benedicts are of a nature more calculated to amuse young people than to edify the members of the London Institution. Yet it cannot but be remembered, in our dealing with them, that these fairy tales, though in their first aspect a good deal more foolish than any that are acceptable in the nursery, have at the root of them some unquestionable fact, the basis of things real and visible around us,—fact of which we can only hope to be made intelligently aware, by letting it announce and describe itself first in its own way.

Returning, then, to my divisions of five hundred years, and it being of course understood that we must not in the joints of such massive chronology run the exact dates too fine, I will ask the younger part of my audience to fix in their memories the two precise years of 480 and 1480, giving a clear thousand years in the interval, for the limits of our second and third religious æras—beginning the second with the reign of Theodoric and closing the third at the birth of Raphael.

9. In that first year, 480, there was born in Rome,[2] then fallen for ever from her war-throne, but more luxurious and wanton in her disgrace than in her majesty—there was born a boy of a senatorial house, who was brought up

[1] [St. Bernard, archdeacon of Aosta (died 1081), born at the château of Meuthon, on the Lake of Annecy. St. Bernard, of Citeaux and Clairvaux (1091–1153), born at La Fontaine, near Dijon: see below, § 25. For Ruskin's journey in the summer of 1882, see the Introduction; above, pp. xxxvi., xliii.]

[2] [Here Ruskin is not quite accurate. St. Benedict was born at Nursia in Umbria, but was early sent to Rome to be educated.]

during his childhood amidst all the pleasures, and shames, of the most godless city of the earth. There was no atheism, says Mr. Froude,[1] like the atheism of Rome; and I may refer you to the pictures of Mr. Alma Tadema for a realization, both learned and vivid, of the kind of life her atheism ended in. Such as it was, this strange boy, at fifteen years old, could no longer endure it; resolved to break with it and have done with it, left his father's house alone, and escaped to the hills beyond the Campagna. What search was made for him by his parents we know not. One person, however—his nurse—sought for him indefatigably; found him, was allowed to stay with him for a while, and take care of him. And I could very earnestly wish, for my own part, that both Shakespeare and the British public had been less lavish of their emotions about the Veronese legend of Juliet and her nurse, and had but been one half as interested in conceiving the quiet little domestic drama of St. Benedict and *his* nurse, which had far more useful consequences.

10. Many a library shelf have I sifted, always in vain, to find out who gave him, or how he got, his name. He found his way to a hermit, who taught him the hope of a better life than that in Rome; and, I suppose, baptized him in such hope, and blessed him in the search for it. Thenceforth, for him also, the verse of the Virgin's song became true, "All generations shall call me blessed." Yet in a still higher sense, not merely happy, which is all that the Madonna claims to be called, but in the more solemn power of the word in the Benedictus itself, "Blessed be

[1] [The abstract of the spoken lecture in *The Art Journal* adds:—
"... the most godless city of the earth," justifying in her pleasures and in her shames the emphatic utterance of Mr. Froude in "that splendid address of his on Calvinism, delivered before the University of St. Andrews, that there was no atheism like the atheism of Rome"—a state of mind illustrated just now by the pictures of Mr. Alma-Tadema, which were "fast becoming very admirable and wonderful pictures of very detestable things."
For the passage in Froude, see *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, ed. 1891, vol. ii. p. 33. For other references to Alma-Tadema's pictures of Roman life, see below, pp. 319–322.]

the Lord God of Israel, for He has visited and redeemed His people."[1]

11. You will not, I think, find the working saints, of whom this one is the Captain of the Host, lean much upon their miracles; and I suppose no modern philosophy could conceive the subsequent effect upon human imagination of the belief in that extremely tiny miracle with which St. Benedict's ministry traditionally begins: mending a corn-sieve which his nurse had broken, only because she was so vexed about it. He did not care for himself to have his corn sifted.

Of course, I could not offer you a little miracle more easily, if you wish it, explained away; and that without having the least recourse to the vulgar Gibbonian theory of pious imposture. The Gibbonian method is the most simple, and to minds of a certain temper the most satisfactory: you explain the miracle in Cana, for instance, by supposing that the Madonna had arranged with the servants the moment for exchanging the pots. But for our poor little nursery miracle here, we need accuse no one of any guile; and merely admitting the young Benedict to have been neat with his fingers, as some of our own boys are, though their virtue does not always show itself in the mending of things, we can fancy his nurse's ecstasy of admiration at her boy's dexterity—"è un miracolo"—and so forth.

12. Make what you will of it—break what you will of it, the absolute fact remains fast, that in all the choral services of the Church this legend holds the first place in the praise of St. Benedict. It is just as important in his life as the killing of the Nemean lion is in the life of Heracles.[2] And when we come to reflect on the essential function of the Benedictine, I do not think there will remain any difficulty in seeing how this myth became the popular symbol of it.

[1] [Luke i. 46, 68.]

[2] [For the importance of which, see *Queen of the Air*, § 53 (Vol. XIX. p. 353).]

During all the past five hundred years, Christians had been doing very little else than getting themselves persecuted for public nuisances. They had talked a great deal, quarrelled a great deal, suffered much,—but hitherto, in any palpable manner, mended nothing—hitherto produced nothing—hitherto shown the way to nothing—that anybody wanted to find a way to. They had gone mad, in great numbers,—had lived on blackberries, and scratched themselves virulently with the thorns of them,—had let their hair and nails grow too long,—had worn unbecoming old rags and mats,—had been often very dirty, and almost always, as far as other people could judge, very miserable.

13. St. Benedict examines into all that; tries what advantage there may really be in it. Does a certain quantity of rolling himself in nettles and the like; and hears with respect all that hermits have to say for their vocation. Finally, however, determines that Christian men ought not to be hermits, but actively helpful members of society: that they are to live by their own labour, and to feed other people by it to the best of their power. He is the apostle, first, of the peasant's agriculture, and secondly, of the squire's agricultural machines—for whatever good there is in them. The corn and the corn-sieve are alike sacred in his eyes. And, once understanding that, and considering what part of the "library" of his day, the Bible of St. Jerome's giving, would either touch himself most closely, or would be looked to by others as most descriptive of him, you will feel that the especially agricultural prophecy of Amos would become the guide of Benedictine expectation, and you may even, in thinking of him, find a weight in the words of it yourselves, unperceived before:—

"For lo, I will command, and I will sift the house of Israel among all nations, like as corn is sifted in a sieve, yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth.

"Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the ploughman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed, and the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt.

"And I will bring again the captivity of my people, and they shall

build the waste cities and inhabit them,—they shall also make gardens, and eat the fruit of them, and I will plant them upon their land, and they shall no more be plucked up out of their land which I have given them, saith the Lord thy God."[1]

14. This is the efficient practical Benediction with which the active Saint begins the second æra of Christendom. But he had also a doctrinal message, which we have no time this evening to examine; yet it must be noted as of equal moment with that which immediately interests us. We said that the first five hundred years after Christ saw the extinction of Paganism. In the deeper sense, nothing that once enters the human soul is afterwards extinct in it. Every great symbol and oracle of Paganism is still understood in the Middle Ages; and I have just been drawing from the twelfth-century porch of Avallon the sculptures of Herodias and her daughter on the one side, and of Nessus and Deianira on the other.[2] But as a formal worship, Paganism may be considered as significantly closing with the destruction, by St. Benedict and his disciples, of the temple of Apollo on Monte Cassino.[3] All the idolatry of the world, in the sense of misdirected faith, was recognized by the first instincts of Christianity, as worship of Baal,—worship of the sun by day, of the moon by night, as the vital powers of nature instead of God. And the darkening of the sun and moon on each side of the Cross, in symbolical representations of the Crucifixion,[4] is not, I believe, meant to express only the temporal affliction of them, but the passing away of their spiritual power. And in the Benedictine sign given on Monte Cassino, you have the true beginning of those ages, dark, as they have so long been called, in which the Apolline oracles and inspiration pass away; and which are *ended* by the resuscitation of

[1] [Amos ix. 9, 13–15.]

[2] [Ruskin's drawing is not known to the editors; but one of this subject by W. G. Collingwood is in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield: see Vol. XXX. p. 224.]

[3] [See Milman's *History of Latin Christianity*, Book iii. ch. vi. (vol. ii. pp. 87–88, small edition).]

[4] [Matthew xxvii. 45.]

Paganism, under the same symbol, as I pointed out now many and many a year ago,[1]—when the Dispute of the Sacrament and the Choir of Parnassus were painted side by side in the same chamber of the Vatican.

15. In the proclamation, then, of useful labour as man's duty upon earth, and of the Sun of Righteousness[2] as his Lord in Heaven, you have the Benedictine gospel: of which the most sensible and impartial of French historians writes, with no more than justice, "La Règle de Saint Benoit est peut-être le plus grand fait historique du Moyen Age."[3]

I translate to the best of my power the noble passage which follows:—

"We who live under regular governments, and in legally protected society, can only with difficulty conceive the disorder which followed the fall of the Roman Empire in the West. Everywhere ruin and distraction,—the triumph of brutal force, the loss of all respect for human dignity, the cultivated lands trampled by famished multitudes, the cities devastated, entire populations driven out or massacred, and over all this chaos of society in agony, wave upon wave the inundations of barbarians as tides upon the sea-sand. The monks descending from Monte Cassino spread themselves through Germany and Gaul even to the northern limits of Europe, opening out the forests, directing the water courses, and founding monasteries surrounded by workshops, which became centres, to the peasantry, of moral force and protected industry; to whom the new apostles, after providing for their safety and support, taught letters, sciences, and arts; fortified their souls, gave them the example of self-denial, taught them to love and to protect the weak, to succour the poor; to expiate faults, and to exercise themselves in virtue. They sowed among servile and degraded races the first seeds of independence and liberty, and they opened to them, as the last asylum against distress of body and soul, inviolable and sacred houses of prayer."

16. This passage, you will observe, includes, in the general grasp of it, the entire function of the Benedictine order, with that of all its later branches. For our own purposes, we must now follow out the more distinctive characters of these in relation to their times.

[1] [See *Lectures on Architecture and Painting* (1854), §§ 125–127 (Vol. XII. pp. 148–150).]

[2] [Malachi iv. 2: see *Unto this Last*, § 44 (Vol. XVII. p. 59).]

[3] [Viollet-le-Duc, *Dictionnaire de l'Architecture*, tom. i. p. 242.]

You will recollect—I again address my younger hearers[1]—the year 480, of St. Benedict's birth. He gives his rule about 505, and, in the time between its promulgation and the close of the year 1000, the order of St. Benedict had founded 15,070 abbeys throughout the world then known.[2]

Abbeys—institutions, that is to say, under the government of an *Abbot*—a totally different person, in the ideal of him, from a bishop. Partly a farmer, partly a schoolmaster, partly an innkeeper. Not, essentially, *he*, concerned with the cure of souls, but with the comfort of bodies, and the instruction of brains. Not merely *given* to hospitality, apt to teach,[3]—but vowed to hospitality, bound to teach.

17. Fifteen thousand, then, you have of these Abbot Samsons,[4] representing the schoolmaster abroad[5] and at home, at the close of the tenth century. A power independent of the Episcopal, often in rivalry with it, assuredly in front of it, in all progressive movement, and in its own centrifugal energy throwing off bishops and cardinals—ay, and popes when they were wanted, like fire from a grindstone. Seven thousand bishops they had given to the Church, and twenty-four popes, up to the time at which we have to study their division into the two branches of Cluny and Cîteaux.

18. I call those orders, you observe, branches—not reforms of the Benedictine. In an old thing and a strong thing, much may be faultful, much decayed, and more unable for other work than it did in its youth, and for other place than it found for its springing. But you might as well call the branches of the old Hampton Court vine, reforms of that, as Cluny and Cîteaux reforms of Monte Cassino. More various office was asked of the monks now. What we call "civilization" was beginning to fasten society painfully into its present orders of the rich and the poor.

[1] [See above, p. 234.]
[2] [See the passage quoted in the Appendix; below, p. 250.]
[3] ["A bishop then must be . . . given to hospitality, apt to teach" (1 Timothy iii. 2).]
[4] [See Carlyle's *Past and Present*, Book ii. chaps. vi. *seq.*]
[5] [The phrase was Lord Brougham's, in a speech on January 29, 1828.]

Practically, Cluny was founded for the Schooling of the rich, and Cîteaux for the Help of the poor. The lands of Cluny were given it by a Duke of Aquitaine, its walls were raised by the Kings of France and England, and the greatest prince was not educated with more care in the palace of kings than was the least of the children of Cluny.[1] But the first territory of Cîteaux was a desolate marsh. Its order was founded by a poor brother of the Abbey of Molesmes, with a few companions, vowed to the barest poverty and the rudest labour. Passed but a few years, and at their bidding, and in their monks' dress, you might see the most powerful lords drive the plough beside the poorest peasant.

19. Now, let us get the idea of the main stem and these two resilient branches well into our minds. How the axe was laid to the root of them, or how the wild boar out of the wood devoured,[2] you will find many a scornful historian glad to tell. But learn first, for truth's sake and love's, what the living stem was, and the use of God's two grafts on it.

The diagram[3] may stand for the general plan of a Benedictine abbey of any place or time; but it is, actually, that of the Abbey of St. Gall, given by Viollet-le-Duc as in all probability arranged by Abbot Eginhardt, *Charlemagne's own master of works:* and it is drawn in the original with such completeness that every bed in the kitchen garden has the name written beside it of the particular "kale" that is to be grown there.

The design of the church, with two circular apses, one at each end, is of singular completeness and beauty, but reduces itself afterwards to the square terminations which are constant in your English churches. The main entrance is at the west, between two detached chapels, one to the

[1] [See Appendix on "The Foundation of Cluny"; below, p. 253.]
[2] [See Matthew iii. 10; Psalms lxxx. 13.]
[3] [Plate XXXII. (see next page); from the article "Architecture" in vol. i. p. 243 of the *Dictionnaire de l'Architecture Française.*]

Archangel Michael, the other to Gabriel. There are two smaller lateral entrances; one for the guests of the Abbey, the other for its farm and other servants.

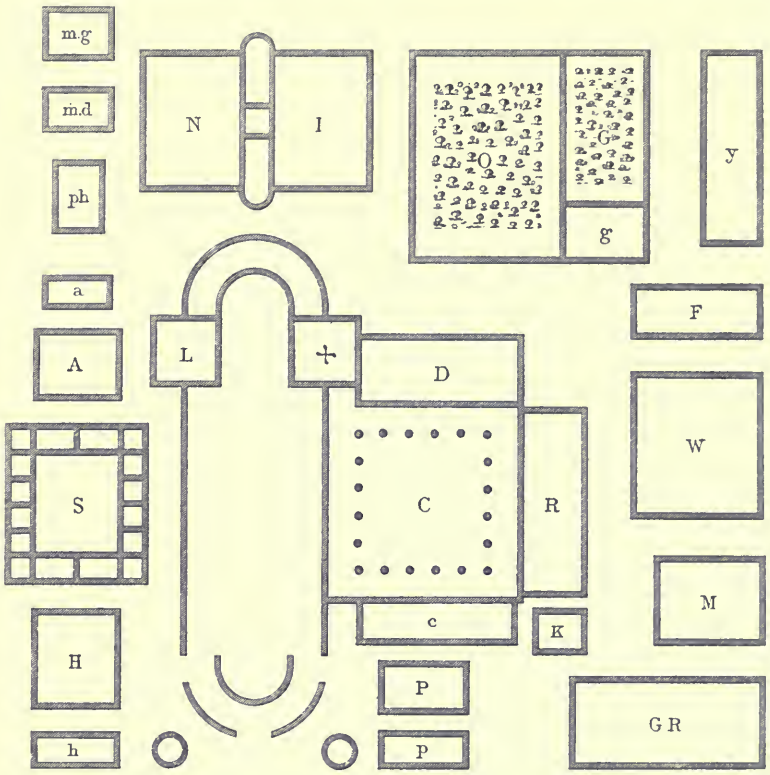
20. On the sides of the east chancel you have on the right the monks' entrance and the sacristy, marked by a cross;—on the left the Abbot's entrance and the library, consisting of the scribes' room below, and manuscript room above.[1] Then, on what you may think of as the literary and lay side of the nave, the north, *the schools;* to the south for what sun could be had, *the cloisters.* Between the schools and library, the Abbot's house and servants' offices, summed in the plan as the abbot's kitchen (little a). Next to the schools, H, the hospice or general stranger guest house,[2] with attached offices and kitchen (little h).

Next to the cloisters, P, the pilgrims' house, and little p, the pilgrims' kitchen. Round the cloisters, D the dormitories, R the refectory, little c the cellars—everybody's cellar, mind you, as well as the monks', though of course they had their bins in it; and if you choose to read big C and little c for Creature comforts—the sunny side of the church and the private key of the cellar, that was certainly so. Also here, you observe, that the kale might be hot as well as good, is the special refectory kitchen. Then beyond the eastern apse, N, the house of the novices, I, of the old

[1] [The abstract of the spoken lecture in *The Art Journal* adds:—

"... Look how on either side of the chancel were, on the right the sacristy, on the left the library, the furniture of the altar and the furniture of the school. They held equal places near the chancel, in testimony that both were equally sacred things, and that education was holy in its purposes, as well as in its subjects, in those days. 'I met,' said Mr. Ruskin, though not in these very words, 'with a curious commentary on this when in Paris the other day. I wanted to look at something in the life of St. Bernard, and I went in search of a life of him amongst the large booksellers north of the Seine. They all gave me one answer, there were no religious books north of the Seine; novels in abundance, yes, but religious books north of the Seine, not one; and I had to go over to the Quartier Latin, amongst the poor people or the very hard students, before I could get my life of St. Bernard; I couldn't get it, or anything of that sort—north of the Seine.'"]

[2] [See *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 93, where Ruskin, referring to this plan, notes that "appointed in its due place with the Church, the Scriptorium and the school, is the Hospitium for entertaining strangers unawares" (Vol. XXIX. p. 475).]



✢. Sacristy
L. Library
A. Abbot's House
a. Abbot's Kitchen

S. Schools
H. Hospice
h. Hospice Kitchen

C. Cloisters
P. Pilgrim's House
p. Pilgrim's Kitchen

D. Dormitories
R. Refectory
c. Cellar
K. Kitchen

N. Novices House
I. Infirmary
mg. Medicine Garden
md. Doctor's House
ph. Pharmacy

W. Workshops
M. Mills
GR. Granaries

O. Orchard
G. Garden
g. Gardener's House
F. Fruit House
y. Poultry yard

Plan of a Cistercian Abbey

and infirm monks, who could work no more. Young and old, each with their own little chapel: we may perhaps hope that the old monks' chapel was warmed for winter matins. Also for their refreshment, and old man's work—Simon Lee's weary hand on the mattock,[1]—here the orchard, there the garden, but the gardener himself an important personage, with his house nearly as big as the Abbot's. The fruit-store also very large. Doesn't it all remind you who know your Scott of the old abbot-gardener at Loch Leven?[2]

21. Opposite, in due symmetry, the physician's house, with its separate garden of medicinal herbs, and his store-house for them, and laboratory.

Then lastly, but occupying, you see, the space on one side of the cloisters, corresponding to that of the church on the other, you have the work-shops and farm-buildings. Work-*shops* I have called them; properly ateliers only,—no selling, here, all giving. You know well enough what became of the Church when she took to trading. In the meantime—whatever were the Abbot's faults as head of the firm, he took no commission on his workmen's labour.

Ateliers—of every useful handicraft known, but with a curious difference, afterwards establishing itself, between those of Cluny and Cîteaux. At Cluny the leading work is the jeweller's—goldsmith's and jeweller's, that is to say—and what sort of work it was you may still see in the brooch which clasped the mantle of St. Louis.

At Cîteaux there is no jewellery going on any more, but we have an entire—I was going to say Rochdale[3]—but I ought to say—Clear-Dale (Clairvaux) co-operation of every food-producing and pot-boiling business, organised in groups, each with their own master, the brother millers, brother bakers, green-grocers, carpenters, masons, smiths, weavers;

[1] [See Wordsworth's poem, *Simon Lee,* stanza 10.]
[2] [See *The Abbot,* ch. xxviii.]
[3] [For the "Rochdale Pioneers" (1844), see Holyoake's *History of Co-operation,* 1879, vol. ii. ch. iv.]

and at the head of the collective groups belonging to each abbey one monk charged with the distribution and organization of all the work.

22. Now, again, *young* people, fix this distinction between Cluny and Cîteaux well in your minds. Cluny is the culmination of the power of the monastic system, the universal monastic system of hill and plain, of town and country, of sackcloth and cloth of gold. It is Westminster Abbey and Bond Street in one—but missing out, I am sorry to confess, St. George's, Hanover Square. But all that was noblest, kingliest, brightest in the active world, looked for its guidance there. Its church was the largest church in all the west; its plan was given by St. Peter in a dream.

The popes had successively granted to its abbots formal bulls of exemption from the episcopal interference, and the abbots could menace with excommunication any bishop who trespassed on their privileges. In the time of St. Hugo of Cluny, the abbey with its dependencies formed a European university, with the power of a kingdom. He was called to regulate the religion of Spain by Alphonse of Castille, of England by William the Conqueror, and struck his own coinage at Cluny as the King of France at Paris.

23. Now turn we to Cîteaux. I do not think the readers of the essays on architecture, which of all my writings have had the most direct practical influence,[1] will think their hour mis-spent in enabling me personally to ask their pardon for the narrowness of statements into which either their controversial character, or the special direction of my earlier studies, hurried me. Of which faults, one of the chief lay in the depreciation of ecclesiastical influence, and the strong insistence on the national styles of civil building,[2] into which my dread of ritualist

[1] [Compare, on this point, the Introductions to *Seven Lamps* (Vol. VIII. pp. xlii., xliii.) and *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. pp. l., li.).]

[2] [See, for instance, *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, Vol. XII. pp. 36–43; and *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. pp. 119, 120).]

devotion in the first place, and in the second my too sanguine hope of turning the streets of London into the likeness of those of Nuremberg, provoked, or tempted me. It is indeed perfectly true, and I have nothing to retract from the distinctness of the assertion, that Gothic architecture is not, in the total spirit of it, more devotional than humane; that all the beautiful forms of it will condescend to the simplest domestic comfort, and that the luxurious and insensate splendours of it are as much forbidden to the church as to the palace and the council-hall. But also it is true, and salient among the noblest truths which illustrate the nature of man, that as the visionary faith of the Franciscans purified and animated the art of painting from its Roman pollution and its Byzantine palsy, so the modesty and valour of the Cistercians, subdued by the severe lessons of St. Bernard,[1]

[1] [Compare Vol. XXIII. p. 203. In the spoken lecture, Ruskin expanded the point here; the abstract in *The Art Journal* says:—

> "So came Citeaux to be a great abbey, of which now, however, nothing remains. St. Bernard trenched the marshes, and then he dealt with the buildings. He extended his severe lessons to Cistercian Architecture, forbidding in its decoration the use of anything that was either ludicrous or cruel, and restricting its ornament to sacred things. This raised an interesting question as to the introduction of profane subjects into sacred architecture. But lately, said Mr. Ruskin, he had been examining some of the most beautiful specimens of ancient architecture, and had found that the most spirited parts of it had reference to hunting. He wondered very much that our English squires were not inspired so to perpetuate the memory of their hunting achievements on the pillars of their churches. We hear much praise of hunting as a source of energy, and of the rifle as a great and useful thing; it may be so, and the praise of hunting rightly bestowed; and if so, why should it seem ridiculous that we should follow the pomp of Cluny, and immortalize in our churches our noble pursuits and great possessions?"

The MS. for the lecture contains the following passage in which Ruskin discusses St. Bernard's "severe lessons" in architecture:—

> "It had been well if the architects of the great cathedrals had also listened to his lesson. I have myself pleaded much in defence of luxuriant ornament [see, for instance, Vol. VIII. pp. 51, 52]; but I have never disguised the main fact that through the wantonness of unchastised fancy and redundance of ostentatious labour, Gothic architecture exhausted, while it disgraced, itself [see *ibid.*, pp. 97-99]; made itself at last a mere weariness of pride, and vanished. St. Bernard's influence would not only have checked this evil, at the time when it first exhibited itself in the overcharged incrustation of the porches of Rheims;—it was still more authoritative in arresting, so far as the Cistercians were concerned, the sculpture of meaningless or monstrous grotesque, which in all other schools

and restricting itself always to the use of materials nearest to their hand,[1] produced types of rational and beautiful structure of which the remains, in our age of iron, are still held sacred to the memory of the Catholic Church, and can scarcely be used in a civil building without a sense of profanity.

24. The severe lessons, I have said, admitting the popular impression of them. The *loving* lessons had been a juster word. He was the first of the noble Puritans, in the rejection of all that was unseemly, luxurious, or vain in the pretended service of God. He was the head and captain of the great race of northern farmers, who themselves preached, and to purpose, their more than one sermon a week, and stubbed Thornaby Waste[2] as well. But all this he was because he loved God, and believed, with all his heart and soul and strength. And whatever in the fullest glow of unsullied Christianity—whatever of comforting or purifying in the thoughts of a future state, we have associated most intimately with our social affections and earthly work, you will find to have been first rooted in the conviction and the benevolence of St. Bernard.

of Gothic remained to their shame: seldom without base undercurrents of unclean jest, or even frank and fearless scurrility, and a delight in distorted, impossible, or unnatural form, which reached its worst types in the dreadful Renaissance grotesques of jewellery and armour whose golden abhorrence fills the treasuries of the Louvre, and infects and pollutes your English schools in every elementary branch of them to this day."

For another reference to the Louvre armour, etc., see *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 102 (Vol. XXXIV.).]

[1] [Here, again, Ruskin digressed somewhat in the spoken lecture. The abstract in *The Art Journal* says:—

"Toward the close of his lecture, he paused to give an account of the way in which the old walls of Fiesole were built. Of late at Florence, he said, they had been doing some useful things, and among others had dug down to the foundations of the walls of Fiesole and found out how they were built. They are of the same stone as the rock itself, fitted on to the rock and to each other without alteration, but with the greatest ingenuity; an example of the noblest kind of building, raised 'out of the rock on the rock, with the nature of the rock in them and the nature of the man in them,' as in all great architecture."

On this subject, see Ruskin's letter to Miss Allen, given in the Introduction; above, p. xliv.]

[2] [For the reference here to Tennyson's *Northern Farmer*, compare Vol. XX. p. 87; Vol. XXIII. p. 331; and Vol. XXIX. p. 498.]

25. The name of his birthplace, you may easily remember; and the spot of it you may reach, by no toilsome, no irrational pilgrimage.

But two short miles to the north of Dijon, only just far enough to detach them completely from the new suburban city, rise the little hill and village of La Fontaine. Mound, rather than hill, it should be called; an outlier of the thin-bedded Jura limestone which forms all the long côteau to the west of Dijon and Mâcon. Steep enough the little mound, almost craggy on one side, sloping down on the other with its rough-built village some 150 feet into the plain, but completely insulated, and the summit of it not more than a furlong square, occupied by a small farmhouse, and its yet smaller garden. Farmhouse built more or less out of the ruins of the older château, itself also now in process of demolition, or readjustment to a modern chapel, enlarging from the recess behind the altar, which occupies the exact site of the room in which St. Bernard was born.

26. Feudal castle it was, remember: no stone of it now left on another; but you may stand at the edge of the little garden, on the rock where his childish feet first stood firm; the simple kinds of the wild flowers he knew still nestle, or wander, there, unchanged; the soft dingles of the Côte d'Or cast still the same shadows in the morning light; eastward, the cliffs and folds of Jura, and the one white cloud beyond, that never fades;—all these were, of his life, the same part that they are of ours; how far his work and thoughts are still to be with *us*, can scarcely be judged well, here in our London circus; you would judge of them otherwise, I believe, in looking from his native rock down the vast vale of the Saône, where, only fifteen miles to the south, the lines of poplar and aspen that soften the horizon, grow by the idle streams of what was once—Cîteaux.

27. Nothing is left of the abbey walls; a modern industrial school occupies their site. The only vestige left

of times even a little separated from our own is a, literally, moated grange, where a wide pond, almost a lake of absolutely quiet water, lulled among its reeds, is deep round the foundation stones of a granary, outbuilding once of *the* Cistercian farm.

The first brothers who settled there, those from the abbey of Molesmes, had hard times for many a day. The marshes would not drain, the seeds would not grow; the monks themselves died, one by one, of damp and fatigue. They had to rise at two in the morning for matins; it was not right to go to sleep again afterwards,—they were required to meditate till dawn, but I suppose, by Heaven's grace, sometimes nodded. They had to work with strength of hand seven hours a day, at one time or another. Dined at twelve; no animal food allowed except in sickness, and only a pound and a half of bread; vegetables, I suppose, what they would, except on fast days,—total, twice a week, as far as I can make out. Common human blood could not stand it; the marsh of Cîteaux was too deadly for them, and they died, and died, nameless people, foolish people, what you choose to call them,—yet they died for you, and for your children.

28. At last Bernard heard of them—then a youth, just back from Paris University. Gathered a few more fiery ones, of his own sort, and plunged into the marsh to the rescue. The poor Abbot and his forlorn hope of friars went out to meet them, singing songs of deliverance. In less than twenty-five years there were more than sixty thousand Cistercian monks, at work on any bit of trenchable ground they were allowed to come at, between the bay of Genoa and the Baltic.

29. Trenchable ground, I say, with intention; for there were two things, mind you, that the Cistercians always wanted: the *ground* on which they could do most good; the *water* with which they could do most work. Therefore in England you always find the monastery at the point of the valley where the stream first becomes manageable

on the level, and yet where the mill-wheel would still turn merrily.

Only, the defect of the whole institution to my own poor mind is, that you get the mill indeed, and the miller, but not the miller's daughter![1] And in that degree I own myself still a bigoted Protestant,—that Mysie Happer seems to me a most laudable adjunct to the Cistercian economy, and that I can imagine benighted persons who would be much better helped by the good heart and good looks of Mysie than by any higher images of the Queen of the Angels. Howbeit, whatever good there may be for persons of higher temperament, in Madonnas del Sisto or del Cardellino,[2] of course it is St. Bernard who begins all that for them, with the rest of his beginnings.

30. In 1090 he is born at La Fontaine, and whatever is loveliest in chivalry and ladyhood comes after that. You have trusted the traditions of them now to the overseer's factory chimney, to the squire's threshing machine, to the Board's school, industrial and other. For all these you have one watchword,—"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die:"[3] the exact contradiction to St. Bernard's—"Let us watch and pray, for to-morrow we live."

It is not mine to tell you which of these is true; but there is one word that is true for the feeblest of us, and for all it should be enough. "Let us labour joyfully while we have the light. The night cometh;—but thou knowest not what shall be on the morrow."[4]

[1] [The MS. adds:—

"... daughter. In Scott's perfect rendering of the Cistercian system in decline, he marks with a precision exquisitely intuitive, the separation of the Miller and the Bridgeward from the convent. Of old the Miller and the Pontifex were beyond all other lay brothers the attached servants of the rest. For my own part I can only speak as one of those benighted persons who think Mysie Happer an extremely laudable adjunct to the Cistercian economy, and can fancy that people may be a great deal more helped ..."

For Mysie Happer, the daughter of the miller, see *The Monastery*, chaps. xiii. *seq.*]

[2] [For other references to these pictures by Raphael, at Dresden and Florence, see the General Index.]

[3] [1 Corinthians xv. 32.]

[4] [John ix. 4; James iv. 14.]

APPENDIX

ON THE FOUNDATION OF CLUNY

"UNDER Charlemagne, the religious" (meaning monastic) "establishments held the head (*tenaient la tête*) of public instruction, of agriculture, of manufacture, of the arts and of the sciences. They alone of political bodies presented regular and stable constitutions. Out of their bosom came all the men destined to play any part in the world outside of the career of arms. From its foundation" (say in 505) "to the year of the Council of Constance, 1005, the order of St. Benedict had founded fifteen thousand and seventy abbeys throughout the world then known; given to the Church twenty-four popes, two hundred cardinals, four hundred archbishops, and seven thousand bishops.[1]

"But this prodigious influence had been the cause * of numerous abuses. The rule of St. Benedict had been far relaxed in the tenth century; the periodical invasions of the Normans had destroyed the monasteries and dispersed the monks;"—(and this "dispersion," mind you, which historians speak of as if it were merely the driving chaff before the wind, means—for human creatures who have hearts—much more than scattering. It means heart-breaking. For one monk who broke his vows in pride or weakness, hundreds were driven from the peace and fruition of their fulfilment, in despair) "misery, and the disorders which are the consequence of misery, altered the characters of the institution, and feudal *morcellement* completed the ruin of what the abuse of riches and power, as well as the misfortune of the time, had already undermined. Modern civilization, scarcely born under the reign of Charlemagne, seemed expiring in the tenth century, but from the order of St. Benedict, reformed by the abbots of Cluny and the rule of Cîteaux, enduring shoots of new life were to spring.

* Not the "cause," rightly thinking of the matter; the indefinitely increased monastic power was not the origin of abuses, but became the inevitably imperfect and decaying subject or sufferer of them, as the trunk of a great tree decays inwardly or is knotted and warped outwardly, while yet its branches are green, and its vital functions for a time retained. The "abuses," as the following sentences show, were rather those of the outward world than of the monasteries.

[1] [Viollet-le-Duc, *Dict. de l'Architecture*, tom. i. p. 245 (in the article "Architecture").]

"In the tenth century* Cluny was a little village in the district of Mâcon, which had become by bequest a part of the estates of William, afterwards called the Pious, Duke of Aquitaine. Towards the close of his life"—(I must now go on in my own words)—he wished to commend his soul and the souls of his ancestors to God, by founding a new monastery. Of the superstition, if he please to call it so, I pray the kindly reader to think, if not with respect, at least with pity: and I assure the proud and unkindly reader—whose eyes may fall on the passage—that the state of mind is nobler and wiser in which men give lands away in the hope of commending their souls to God, than that in which they let them at auction to swindling builders, raise their rents on industrious farmers, gamble them away in hells at watering-places, or borrow money on them for their *menus plaisirs*. For the rest, Duke William did not defer his design to his last hour, but while yet able to govern his lands and judge of their fitness for this or the other purpose, he sent for a monk whom he could trust as a friend, Bernon, Abbot of Gigny and Baume, and with him visited personally the whole of his estates,† to fix on a proper place for the foundation of the new abbey. "'They arrived at last,' says the chronicle,‡ 'in a place so far removed from all human society, that it seemed in some sort the image of the celestial solitude.'§ It was Cluny. But when the Duke objected that it would not be possible to establish a monastic society in that place, *because of the hunters and their dogs!* who filled the forest with which the country was covered, Bernon replied, laughing, 'Drive away the dogs, and fetch the friars; know you not whether will yield the better profit, the hounds' yelp or the monks' prayer?'"

M. Lorain's translation of the Duke's deed of gift[1] is throughout of extreme interest, but I must limit myself here to the following centrally important passages:—

"All my domain of Cluny, and all that is dependent on it, farms, oratories, slaves of both sexes, vineyards, fields under culture, waters, mills, meadows, forests, and wild land, I, William, and my wife Ingelberge, together give to the fore-named apostles (Peter and Paul): first, for the love of God; then also for the love (or sake) of the King Eudes, my

* The reader will take note of the continually reinforced importance of the cardinal divisions of time we at first assumed[2] at the close of the fifth, tenth, and fifteenth centuries. The actual date of the first founding of Cluny above told is 909.

† Personal—it is not said of what extent. The vast titular dukedom, Aquitaine, would imply a proportional estate of residence to which the bequest of Cluny would be a scarcely observed addition.

‡ Viollet-le-Duc does not say what chronicle; but refers to the *Histoire de l'Abbaye de Cluny*, par P. Lorain, Paris, 1845, p. 16.

§ In all such chance expressions, or indications without distinct expression, of a true desire for solitude as one of the conditions of religious felicity, it must be remembered that the real meaning is always that of being as a separate Spirit, alone with God. "*Thou*, when thou prayest, pray to thy Father which is in secret."[3]

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[1] [Cited in full by Viollet-le-Duc, vol. i. pp. 246–249.]
[2] [See above, pp. 231–232.]
[3] [Matthew vi. 6.]

Lord; and of my father and my mother; for me also, for my wife, for my sister Albane, who left me these possessions, for all the members of our family, and for the faithful persons attached to our service, and for the maintenance and integrity of the Catholic Religion. But I give these lands on condition that a monastery under regular orders shall be built at Cluny, to the honour of the apostles Peter and Paul; and that therein shall be united a society of monks living according to the rule of St. Benedict, possessing, detaining ('detenant'), and governing the things now given in perpetuity, so that this house may become the venerable abode of prayer; that it may be filled without ceasing by faithful wishes and pious petitions; and that therein may be sought *always, with vivid desire and heartfelt ardour, the miracles of Communion with God.*"

Now observe you have here a perfect, authoritative, and indisputable type of the tenth-century Catholicism in a knight's mind. Fifth-century Catholicism, seventh-century Catholicism, are different from this, and they are beautiful, in their own places and times, in the minds of good men and women. We will examine them in their order,[1] only first here is what they lead up to—with the good, or evil, or error that it means—here is your Lord of lands and men, giving away so many square miles of land with the inhabitants thereof, slaves, and other, (no slaves forced to work underground and be blown to pieces by scores every week, like ours; or to pass their lives in learning to blow other people to pieces; but hard-working, healthy creatures, raising their own food and clothing, happy when they were honest, and raised according to their merit,—emigrating, when they did so, with their landlord for leader of the expedition),—giving away, I say, the Land, and the Waters, and the Birds and the Beasts and the creeping things, and the Adams and Eves, and all the goodness of the days of its creation, for the maintenance of a certain separate group of select persons, in a *miraculous* communion with God.

What you please to think of all this is not my present business, only to state the facts to you indisputably.

I take up now Viollet-le-Duc's summary of them, vol. i. p. 123:—

"In 909, Duke William of Aquitaine had founded the abbey of Cluny, and given the lands of it to the apostles Peter and Paul.

"A bull of John IX., in March 932, confirms the charter of William, and frees the monastery 'from all dependence on any King, Bishop, or *Count* whatsoever, and from any even of Duke William's own family.'

"You must not judge this intervention of the Roman Pontiffs by modern ideas. You must reflect with conviction* that in the midst of general anarchy, of these thrusting encroachments of all powers, one against another, of this unbridled oppression by brutal force, the sovereignty ('suzerainté'),—accepted by the chair of St. Peter could oppose an invincible barrier to material force, could establish spiritual unity, and constitute a moral force of immeasurable power in the full heart of barbarism. And that was actually what happened. St. Anselm, Archbishop of

* "Il faut songer"—Laconic and firm French, not otherwise translatable with less lengthy English.

[1] [A reference to the intended continuation of *Our Fathers have Told Us.*]

Canterbury, St. Hugo, Abbot of Cluny, and Gregory VII., are the great figures which rule this epoch, and establish, no more to be overthrown,* the independence of the clergy. As may well be believed, the populations were not indifferent in their great debates; they saw rise round them, for an efficacious refuge † against oppression, these monasteries in which were concentrated the men of intelligence, the Spirits *d'élite*, who in the one strength given by profound conviction, that of a *regular* and *devoted* life, held in check all the great worldly power of the age. 'Opinion,' to use a modern word, was all for them, and it was not their least support; the regular clergy then gathered into and around themselves all the hopes of the lower orders. Therefore you must not be astonished if during the eleventh and part of the twelfth century they became the centre of all influence, all progress, and all knowledge. Everywhere they founded schools in which were taught letters, philosophy, theology, the sciences and the arts. At the Abbey of Bec, Lanfranc and St. Anselm, being Priors, did not disdain to instruct the secular youth, to correct, during their vigils,‡ the errors in the manuscripts of Pagan authors, of the Holy Writings, or of the Fathers. At Cluny the most attentive cares § were given to teaching. Ulric consecrates two chapters of his *Customs of Cluny* || in detailing the duties of the masters towards the children, or adults confided to them. 'The greatest prince was not educated with more care in the palace of kings than was the least of the children of Cluny.'"

Now, observe, the principles of teaching in their schools were not "founded" *with* the schools. There was no new system, no new philosophy, no new science, set up for a new light of the world by the Priors of Cluny. The teaching throughout was the teaching of Charlemagne: *he* is the Founder of the Schools of France; and through all the ruin of his temporal dynasty, what he appointed to be taught of sacred and everlasting truth and righteousness was still taught by the patience and cherished in the hearts of his clergy:—

"The schools founded by Charlemagne ¶ rose under the shelter of the churches; there necessarily took refuge all intelligence devoted to the study of the sciences and arts. Geometry, drawing, sculpture and painting could be taught only in the establishments which preserved yet a little of calm and tranquillity in the midst of the frightful chaos of the Carlovingian epoch.** And towards the end of the tenth century, at the moment

* "D'un manière inébranlable."—Of course the Priests' office, once the apostle's, may to-day be forfeited or sold, as in old days, but never, by external force, overthrown.

† Refuge, meaning, not mere Sanctuary, but Fortress.

‡ Veilles—"Watches of the Night."

§ "Les soins les plus attentifs."—The French plural is able to express the divided and opposite cares of true education where our English "care" does little more than indicate general anxiety, perhaps acting only in a single direction, and that a blundering one.

|| Udalrici Antiq. Consuet. Clun. Mon. lib. III., ch. viii. et ix.

¶ Viollet-le-Duc, under the word "Architecte," p. 108, where it is of extreme interest to see how his mind instantly fastens on Cluny as the Mistress of his own Art.

** Chaotic, however, only in central Europe, and only among the military powers.

when it seemed that society was about to extinguish itself* in barbarism, an abbey founded itself at Cluny, and from the bosom of that religious order, for more than a century, came out nearly all the men who, with an incomparable patience and energy, arrested the progress of the barbarism—put order into the chaos, and regulated the education—of Western Europe from Spain to Poland. There is no doubt that Cluny gave to Western Europe, not only her popes, her bishops, her ambassadors, and—so far as their education reached—her kings, but also her architects, painters, physicians, reforming scholars, and school-professors. Raze Cluny from the eleventh century, and we find scarcely anything left but darkness, gross ignorance, and monstrous abuses."

* S'éteindre.—Another precious French idiom. Let no society—no person—ever speak of their "extinction" but as self-caused.

III

THE ART OF ENGLAND

(1883)

THE ART OF ENGLAND.

LECTURES GIVEN IN OXFORD,

BY

JOHN RUSKIN, D.C.L., LL.D.,

HONORARY STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, AND HONORARY FELLOW OF CORPUS-CHRISTI COLLEGE,

DURING HIS

SECOND TENURE OF THE SLADE PROFESSORSHIP.

GEORGE ALLEN,
SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.
1884.

[*Bibliographical Note.*—The Lectures, ultimately published under the title *The Art of England*, were given by Ruskin at Oxford on his re-election (January 1883) to the Slade Professorship of Fine Art.

Lecture I. (announced in the *Oxford University Gazette*, March 6, 1883, as on "Recent English Art") was delivered on Friday, March 9. It was reported in the *St. James's Budget*, March 16, 1883 ("Mr. Ruskin's Latest"), and this report was reprinted in *Igdrasil*, March 1892, vol. iii. pp. 267-268, and thence in the privately-issued *Ruskiniana*, Part ii., 1892, pp. 240–241. A note from the report is now added under the text (p. 286).

"There was a scene of great enthusiasm when Mr. Ruskin appeared to deliver his first lecture on his re-election. Although there was a fair sprinkling of ladies, young and old, the majority of the audience was made up of undergraduates; and as they had begun to assemble an hour and a half beforehand, some of the principal persons in the University were unable to obtain admission. The Vice-Chancellor, who attended with the proctors, rose at the end of the lecture to say a few words of welcome, and his graceful remarks were received with a storm of applause" (*Truth*, March 15, 1883).

Lectures II., III., IV. were delivered in the ensuing term, each being given twice. They were first announced in the *University Gazette* (April 13) as on "Recent English Art (continued)." In the *Gazette* of May 1, 1883, the following further notice appeared:—

> "The Professor gives notice that persons desirous of attending his Lectures will be admitted only by tickets, to be obtained at the Ruskin School, University Galleries. The names of applicants must be entered on or before Monday, May 7; the tickets will then be left till called for. Members of the University and residents in Oxford and the neighbourhood will have precedence.
>
> "The Lectures will be subsequently delivered in London for non-residents.
>
> "Subject of Lectures: Arts of England (continued).
>
> "Saturday, May 12, and Wednesday, May 16. Mythic Schools (Burne-Jones and G. F. Watts).
>
> "Saturday, May 19, and Wednesday, May 23. Classic Schools (Sir F. Leighton and Alma-Tadema).
>
> "Saturday, May 26, and Wednesday, May 30. Fairy Land (Mrs. Allingham and Kate Greenaway)."

The next notice (*University Gazette*, May 8) shows that the demand for tickets was great:—

> "Professor Ruskin's Lectures.—For the convenience of persons wishing to attend these Lectures, the doors of the Lecture Theatre at the University Museum will be opened half-an-hour before the beginning of the lecture. The two front rows of seats will be reserved for Members of the University and friends introduced by them. Each Lecture will be repeated, but it is earnestly hoped that those who have attended the first Lecture will not prevent others from attending the repeated one."

In the following day's *Gazette*, yet another notice appeared:—

> "Professor Ruskin's Lectures: Explanatory Notice.—For the sake of preserving order, and at the request of Mr. Ruskin, Members of the University, as well as others, will only be admitted to his Public Lecture by tickets, which have been reserved for all Members of the University who applied, so far as there was room for them. At the informal Lecture which Mr. Ruskin kindly gives, admission is also by tickets, but the tickets are not reserved exclusively for Members of the University. No person can be admitted to either Lecture without a ticket.
>
> "B. JOWETT, *Vice-Chancellor.*
>
> "BALLIOL COLLEGE, *May* 8, 1883."

Lectures II., III., and IV. were reported (by E. T. Cook) in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of May 15, 21, and 28 respectively. Ruskin had the lectures printed before delivery, but frequently digressed from the printed text. The reports show accordingly some variations from the lectures as published, and these are now noted under the text (pp. 301, 303, 310, 318, 329).

The reports were reprinted from the *Pall Mall Gazette* in the *Oxford Chronicle* of May 19, 26, and June 2.

Lectures V. and VI. were delivered in the October term, being thus announced in the *University Gazette* (October 30, 1883):—

> "The Professor will give two Lectures on the Art of England (in completion of the series begun in the Spring Term) in the Lecture Theatre of the Museum, on the following days, at 2.30 P.M.
>
> "Lecture I. The Fireside. John Leech and John Tenniel. Wednesday, November 7. Repeated on Saturday, November 10.
>
> "Lecture II. The Hillside. George Robson and Copley Fielding. Saturday, November 17. Repeated on Wednesday, November 21.
>
> "Admission will be by ticket, to be obtained at the Ruskin School in Beaumont Street. The Lecture-room will contain only 500 persons, but 550 tickets will be issued, it having been found practically that nearly a fifth of the tickets issued were not presented."

These lectures were reported (by E. T. Cook) in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of November 8 and 19 respectively, and thence reprinted in the *Oxford Chronicle*, November 10 and 24 ("Mr. Ruskin on *Punch*"). Notes from the reports are now added under the text (pp. 386, 389).

In *Punch* of November 17, 1883, there was a notice of Lecture V., headed "The 'Fireside' at Venice; or, How would it have been."

It will have been noticed that Ruskin intended to repeat his lectures in London. This was not done, except that on June 5, 1883, he delivered a lecture in London, which was in part a repetition of Lecture IV., with a portion of Lecture I. The lecture was reported in the *Spectator* (June 9, 1883). As the report is mostly taken up with Miss Alexander's drawings, it has been printed in an Appendix to Vol. XXXII. (pp. 535–538).

ISSUE IN PARTS

The lectures, as already stated, were in type before delivery, and they were presently issued in Parts. The general title-page and Contents were issued with the last Part. The title-page was as shown here on p. 257.

Each Part was issued in buff-coloured paper wrappers, with the title-page (enclosed in a plain ruled frame) repeated upon the front, the price ("One Shilling") being stated below the rule. Of each Part 3000 copies were printed. The price (1s.) was reduced to 8d. per Part in July 1893, and 7d. in January 1901.

Part I. (May 1883). The title-page was:—

> The Art of England. | Lectures given in Oxford, | by | John Ruskin, D.C.L., LL.D. | Honorary Student of Christ Church, and Honorary Fellow of Corpus-Christi College, | during his | second tenure of the Slade Professorship. | Lecture I. | Realistic Schools of Painting. | George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent, 1883.

Small quarto, pp. iv. (unnumbered)+35. Title-page (with blank reverse), pp. i.–ii.; half-title ("Lecture I. | Realistic Schools of Painting. | D. G.

Rossetti and W. Holman Hunt"), with blank reverse, pp. iii.-iv.; Lecture, pp. 1–35.

Second Edition (1883), 3000 copies.

Third Edition (1890), 1850 copies.

Part II. (May 1883), containing Lecture II. Title-page as before, except for "Lecture II. Mythic Schools of Painting." This was repeated on the half-title, with the addition of "E. Burne-Jones and G. F. Watts." Pp. 37–72 (half-title, with blank reverse, pp. 37, 38).

Second Edition (1883), 3000 copies.

Third Edition (1893), 1350 copies.

Part III. (June 1883), containing Lecture III. On the title-page, "Lecture III. Classic Schools of Painting"—repeated on the half-title, with the addition of "Sir F. Leighton, and Alma-Tadema." Pp. 73–113.

Second Edition (1884), 3000 copies.

Third Edition (1898), 900 copies.

Part IV. (July 1883), containing Lecture IV. On the title-page, "Lecture IV. Fairy Land"—repeated on the half-title, with the addition of "Mrs. Allingham and Kate Greenaway." Pp. 115–157.

Second Edition (1884), 3000 copies.

Third Edition (1898), 800 copies.

Part V. (November 1883), containing Lecture V. On the title-page, "Lecture V. The Fireside"—repeated on the half-title, with the addition of "John Leech, and John Tenniel." Pp. 159–197.

Second Edition (1885), 3000 copies.

Part VI. (November 1883), containing Lecture VI. On the title-page, "Lecture VI. The Hillside"—repeated on the half-title, with the addition of "George Robson, and Copley Fielding." Pp. 199–241.

With this Part a slip was issued, containing the following:—

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE. THE ART OF ENGLAND

> This work will be completed by the publication, early in the ensuing year, of an extra number containing index to the whole, and explanatory notes; price one shilling. The volume, including the six lectures and appendix number, will be supplied bound in cloth for eight shillings.
>
> *December*, 1883.

The "explanatory notes" became an additional chapter called "Appendix."

Second Edition (1885), 3000 copies.

Part VII. (July 1884), containing this Appendix, which had not been delivered as a lecture. On the title-page, "Appendix and Index," and the date now became "1884." Pp. 243–292. Half-title ("Appendix"), with blank reverse, pp. 243–244; "Appendix," pp. 245–272; fly-title ("Index"), with blank reverse, pp. 273–274; Index (by Mr. Wedderburn), pp. 275–292. As the sections were not numbered, the references in this Index were to pages.

In this edition, as in all others till the present, the headlines on the right-hand pages were not (as in the present edition) the titles of the lectures ("Realistic Schools of Painting," etc.), but the names of the artists ("Rossetti and Holman Hunt," etc.).

Second Edition (1887), 1000 copies.

Third Edition (1893), 1500 copies.

SEPARATE ISSUE IN VOLUME FORM

On the publication of Part VII., the lectures were issued in volume form.

First Edition (1884).—This was made up of the separate Parts not previously disposed of.

Small quarto, pp. viii. + 292. Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. i.–ii.; Title-page (with imprint in the centre of the reverse, "Printed by | Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Limited, | London and Aylesbury"), pp. iii.–iv.; Contents (here p. 265), with blank reverse, pp. v.–vi.; Fly-title to Lecture I. (with blank reverse), pp. vii.–viii.; text of the lectures, Appendix, and Index (pages as in the Parts), pp. 1–292.

Issued in cloth boards (some green, others brown), lettered across the back, "Ruskin | The Art | of | England." Price 8s.

Second Edition (1887).—Of each Part there was a second edition, and these second editions were afterwards issued in volume form. The words "Second Edition" were printed on the title-page. The edition is otherwise an exact reprint of the first.

A *Third Edition* was similarly made up from those mentioned above. The sections were not numbered in these editions.

ISSUE WITH "THE PLEASURES OF ENGLAND"

The Art of England was next issued, in 1898, in a volume (uniform with the "Small Edition" of Ruskin's other books) together with the succeeding course of lectures on *The Pleasures of England*. The text was unchanged, but the date of the delivery of the several lectures was added after the headings to the chapters, and the sections were numbered (the references in the Index being changed from pages to sections). A few editorial notes, containing references, were added to the text.

First Edition (1898).—The title-page of the volume is:—

> The Art of England | and the | Pleasures of England | Lectures given in Oxford | in 1883–1885 | by | John Ruskin, D.C.L., LL.D. | Honorary Student of Christ Church, and Honorary | Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford | during his second tenure of the Slade | Professorship | New Edition in Small Form | George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington | and | 156, Charing Cross Road, London | 1898 | [*All rights reserved*].

Crown 8vo, pp. viii. + 415. Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. i.–ii.; Title-page, p. iii.; on p. iv. is the note, "The following lectures on 'The

Art of England' and 'The Pleasures of England' were originally published separately," and the imprint—"Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co., At the Ballantyne Press"; Contents (of both courses of lectures), pp. v.–vi.; half-title, "The Art of England" (with blank reverse), pp. vii.–viii.; text of *The Art of England*, pp. 1–229; Index (with half-title), pp. 231–260. For the remainder of the book, see below, p. 416.

Issued (April 27, 1898) in green cloth boards, lettered on the back, "Ruskin | The Art | and | The Pleasures | of | England." 2000 copies. Price 5s. (reduced to 3s. 6d., January 1904).

Second Edition (1900).—A reprint of the first edition; with the date "1900" and "Ninth Thousand in small form" on the title-page. (This description was inaccurate as applied to the "small form.")

Reprinted in 1904 ("Tenth Thousand").

Pocket Edition (1907).—From the electrotype plates of the edition last described, a "Pocket Edition" was issued in 1907, uniform with other volumes (see Vol. XV. p. 6). The title-page is:—

> The Art and Pleasures | of England | By | John Ruskin | London: George Allen.

4000 copies. Price 2s. 6d. net.

On the reverse at the foot, "July 1907 | Fourteenth Thousand | All rights reserved."

There have been *unauthorised American Editions* of *The Art of England.*

The Art of England, among other books, was reviewed in the *Church Quarterly Review*, April 1886, vol. 22, pp. 162–188 ("Materialism in Modern Art").

Notices of the combined edition of 1898 appeared in *St. George*, July 1898 (vol. i. pp. 154–156), and the *Architectural Review*, December 1898 (an interesting notice, signed "H. R."; see above, p. lxx. *n.*).

Variæ Lectiones.—Some differences between the original edition and its successors have been described above. To these it is to be added that in § 55, line 17, ed. 1 misprinted "anciently" for "intently."

In the present edition, numerous mistakes in the Greek in § 78 have been corrected; in § 84 the passage from *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* is not reprinted; in § 112, line 3, "Birkett" is corrected to "Birket"; in § 114, dots have been inserted to mark places where Ruskin made omissions; in § 123, line 14, "souls" has been misprinted "soul" in all the small editions; in § 128, in a footnote here, the reference in all previous editions has been "*Bible of Amiens*, p. 14"—that is, to p. 14 of the Separate Traveller's Edition of Chapter iv.; in § 135, line 4, "Burgmaier" is corrected to "Burkmair"; in § 166, line 13, "Cousins" is corrected to "Cozens"; in § 170, line 9, the word "it" has been omitted in all previous editions.]

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THE ART OF ENGLAND

LECTURE I

REALISTIC SCHOOLS OF PAINTING

D. G. ROSSETTI AND W. HOLMAN HUNT

(*Delivered 9th March* 1883)

1. I AM well assured that this audience is too kind, and too sympathetic, to wish me to enlarge on the mingled feelings of fear and thankfulness, with which I find myself once again permitted to enter on the duties in which I am conscious that, before, I fell short in too many ways; and in which I only have ventured to ask, and to accept, your farther trust, in the hope of being able to bring to some of their intended conclusions things not, in the nature of them, it seems to me, beyond what yet remains of an old man's energy; but, before, too eagerly begun, and too irregularly followed. And indeed I am partly under the impression, both in gratitude and regret, that Professor Richmond's resignation, however justly motived by his wish to pursue with uninterrupted thought the career opened to him in his profession, had partly also for its reason the courtesy of concession to his father's old friend;[1] and his own feeling that while yet I was able to be of service in advancing the branches of elementary art with which I was specially acquainted, it was best that I should make the attempt on lines already opened, and with the aid of old friends. I am now alike comforted in having left you,

[1] [For Sir William Richmond's statement in this connexion, see Vol. XXII. p. xxxii.]

and encouraged in return; for on all grounds it was most desirable that to the imperfect and yet in many points new and untried code of practice which I had instituted, the foundations of higher study should have been added by Mr. Richmond, in connection with the methods of art-education recognized in the Academies of Europe. And although I have not yet been able to consult with him on the subject, I trust that no interruption of the courses of figure study, thus established, may be involved in the completion, for what it is worth, of the system of subordinate exercise in natural history and landscape, indicated in the schools to which at present, for convenience' sake, my name is attached; but which, if they indeed deserve encouragement, will, I hope, receive it ultimately,[1] as presenting to the beginner the first aspects of art, in the widest, because the humblest, relation to those of divinely organized and animated Nature.

2. The immediate task I propose to myself is to make serviceable, by all the illustration I can give them, the now unequalled collection possessed by the Oxford schools of Turner drawings and sketches, completed as it has been by the kindness of the Trustees of the National Gallery at the intercession of Prince Leopold;[2] and furnishing the means of progress in the study of landscape such as the great painter himself only conceived the scope of toward the closing period of his life. At the opening of next term, I hope, with Mr. Macdonald's assistance, to have drawn up a little synopsis of the elementary exercises[3] which in my earlier books have been recommended for practice in Landscape,—a subject which, if you look back to the courses of my lectures here, you will find almost affectedly neglected, just because it was my personal province.[4] Other matters under deliberation, till I get them either done, or

[1] [The room with its collections is still named the Ruskin Drawing School: for the catalogue of it, see Vol. XXI.]
[2] [On this subject, see Vol. XIII. p. liii.]
[3] [This intention, however, was not carried out.]
[4] [Compare below, § 156, p. 372.]

determined, I have no mind to talk of; but to-day, and in the three lectures which I hope to give in the course of the summer term,[1] I wish to render such account as is possible to me of the vivid phase into which I find our English art in general to have developed since first I knew it: and, though perhaps not without passing deprecation of some of its tendencies, to rejoice with you unqualifiedly in the honour which may most justly be rendered to the leaders, whether passed away or yet present with us, of England's Modern Painters.

3. I may be permitted, in the reverence of sorrow, to speak first of my much loved friend, Gabriel Rossetti. But, in justice, no less than in the kindness due to death,[2] I believe his name should be placed first on the list of men, within my own range of knowledge, who have raised and changed the spirit of modern Art: raised, in absolute attainment; changed, in direction of temper. Rossetti added to the before accepted systems of colour in painting, one based on the principles of manuscript illumination, which permits his design to rival the most beautiful qualities of painted glass, without losing either the mystery or the dignity of light and shade. And he was, as I believe it is now generally admitted, the chief intellectual force in the establishment of the modern romantic school in England.

4. Those who are acquainted with my former writings must be aware that I use the word "romantic" always in a noble sense;[3] meaning the habit of regarding the external and real world as a singer of Romaunts would have regarded it in the Middle Ages, and as Scott, Burns, Byron, and Tennyson have regarded it in our own times. But, as Rossetti's colour was based on the former art of illumination, so his romance was based on traditions of earlier and more sacred origin than those which have inspired our

[1] [See Bibliographical Note; above, p. 260.]

[2] [Rossetti had died in the preceding year (1882). On the duties and proprieties of criticism, see below, p. 394 *n.*]

[3] [See, for instance, *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, §§ 29–31 (Vol. XII. pp. 53–55).]

highest modern romantic literature. That literature has in all cases remained strongest in dealing with contemporary fact. The genius of Tennyson is at its highest in the poems of "Maud," "In Memoriam," and the "Northern Farmer"; but that of Rossetti, as of his greatest disciple,[1] is seen only when on pilgrimage in Palestine.

5. I trust that Mr. Holman Hunt will not think that in speaking of him as Rossetti's disciple I derogate from the respect due to his own noble and determined genius. In all living schools it chances often that the disciple is greater than his master; and it is always the first sign of a dominant and splendid intellect, that it knows of whom to learn. Rossetti's great poetical genius justified my claiming for him total, and, I believe, earliest, originality in the sternly materialistic,* though deeply reverent, veracity, with which alone, of all schools of painters, this brotherhood of Englishmen has conceived the circumstances of the life of Christ. And if I had to choose one picture which represented in purity and completeness this manner of their thought, it would be Rossetti's "Virgin in the House of St. John."[2]

6. But when Holman Hunt, under such impressive influence, quitting virtually for ever the range of worldly subjects, to which belonged the pictures of Valentine and Sylvia, of Claudio and Isabel, and of the "Awakening Conscience," rose into the spiritual passion which first expressed itself in "The Light of the World,"[3] an instant and quite final difference was manifested between his method of

* See § 31 [p. 287].

[1] [Similarly in *Lectures on Art*, § 55 (Vol. XX. p. 63), Ruskin speaks of the school as "deriving its first origin from Rossetti." Mr. Holman Hunt, however, in his Autobiography, strongly combats the view that he was Rossetti's disciple and that Rossetti was the leader in the Pre-Raphaelite movement; he submits, on the other hand, that Rossetti was his disciple: see his *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*, 1905, vol. i. pp. 207–208, vol. ii. pp. 418 *seq.*]

[2] [A water-colour drawing, which was in Lady Trevelyan's possession: see below, p. 287.]

[3] [For Ruskin's notices of "Valentine and Sylvia" (1851), see Vol. XII. pp. 323, 324–325; "Claudio and Isabella" (1850), *ibid.*, p. 160; "The Awakening Conscience" (1854), *ibid.*, pp. 333–335; and "The Light of the World" (1854), *ibid.*, pp. 328–331.]

conception, and that of his forerunner. To Rossetti, the Old and New Testaments were only the greatest poems he knew; and he painted scenes from them with no more actual belief in their relation to the present life and business of men than he gave also to the "Morte d'Arthur" and the "Vita Nuova." But to Holman Hunt, the story of the New Testament, when once his mind entirely fastened on it, became what it was to an old Puritan, or an old Catholic of true blood,—not merely a Reality, not merely the greatest of Realities, but the only Reality. So that there is nothing in the earth for him any more that does not speak of that;—there is no course of thought nor force of skill for him, but it springs from and ends in that.

So absolutely, and so involuntarily—I use the word in its noblest meaning[1]—is this so with him, that in all subjects which fall short in the religious element, his power also is shortened, and he does those things worst which are easiest to other men.

Beyond calculation, greater, beyond comparison, happier, than Rossetti, in this sincerity, he is distinguished also from him by a respect for physical and material truth which renders his work far more generally, far more serenely, exemplary.

7. The specialty of colour-method which I have signalized in Rossetti, as founded on missal painting, is in exactly that degree conventional and unreal. Its light is not the light of sunshine itself, but of sunshine diffused through coloured glass. And in object-painting he not only refused, partly through idleness, partly in the absolute want of opportunity for the study of nature involved in his choice of abode in a garret at Blackfriars,—refused, I say, the natural aid of pure landscape and sky, but wilfully perverted and lacerated his powers of conception with Chinese puzzles and Japanese monsters,[2] until his foliage looked generally fit for nothing but a fire-screen, and his landscape

[1] [On this subject, see Vol. V. pp. 115–116, and the note on p. 116 there.]
[2] [Compare Vol. XVII. pp. 340, 341.]

distances like the furniture of a Noah's Ark from the nearest toy-shop. Whereas Holman Hunt, in the very beginning of his career, fixed his mind, as a colourist, on the true representation of actual sunshine, of growing leafage, of living rock, of heavenly cloud; and his long and resolute exile, deeply on many grounds to be regretted both for himself and us, bound only closer to his heart the mighty forms and hues of God's earth and sky, and the mysteries of its appointed lights of the day and of the night—opening on the foam—"Of desolate seas, in—Sacred—lands forlorn."[1]

8. You have, for the last ten or fifteen years, been accustomed to see among the pictures principally characteristic of the English school, a certain average number of attentive studies, both of sunshine, and the forms of lower nature, whose beauty is meant to be seen by its light. Those of Mr. Brett may be named with especial praise;[2] and you probably will many of you remember with pleasure the study of cattle on a Highland moor in the evening by Mr. Davis, which in last year's Academy carried us out, at the end of the first room, into sudden solitude among the hills.[3] But we forget, in the enjoyment of these new and healthy pleasures connected with painting, to whom we first owe them all. The apparently unimportant picture by Holman Hunt, "The Strayed Sheep," which—painted thirty years ago[4]—you may perhaps have seen last autumn in the rooms of the [Fine] Art Society in Bond Street, at once achieved all that can ever be done in that kind: it will not be surpassed—it is little likely to be rivalled—by the best efforts of the times to come. It showed to us, for the first time in the history of art, the absolutely faithful balances of colour

[1] [Keats, *Ode to a Nightingale:*

"magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."]

[2] [For Ruskin's praise of Brett's landscapes, see *Academy Notes*, Vol. XIV. pp. 234, etc. (Index, p. 314).]

[3] [There was no picture by H. W. B. Davis, R.A., in the first room in the exhibition of 1882; in the second room was his picture entitled "In Ross-shire."]

[4] [Exhibited 1853: see Vol. XIV. pp. 65, 226.]

and shade by which actual sunshine might be transposed into a key in which the harmonies possible with material pigments should yet produce the same impressions upon the mind which were caused by the light itself.

9. And remember, all previous work whatever had been either subdued into narrow truth, or only by convention suggestive of the greater. Claude's sunshine is colourless, —only the golden haze of a quiet afternoon;[1]—so also that of Cuyp: Turner's, so bold in conventionalism that it is credible to few of you, and offensive to many. But the pure natural green and tufted gold of the herbage in the hollow of that little sea-cliff must be recognized for true merely by a minute's pause of attention. Standing long before the picture, you were soothed by it, and raised into such peace as you are intended to find in the glory and the stillness of summer, possessing all things.

10. I cannot say of this power of true sunshine the least thing that I would. Often it is said to me by kindly readers, that I have taught them to see what they had not seen: and yet never—in all the many volumes of effort —have I been able to tell them my own feelings about what I myself see. You may suppose that I have been all this time trying to express my personal feelings about Nature. No; not a whit. I soon found I could not, and did not try to. All my writing is only the effort to distinguish what is constantly, and to all men, lovable, and if they will look, lovely, from what is vile or empty,— or, to well-trained eyes and hearts, loathsome;—but you will never find me talking about what *I* feel, or what *I* think.[2] I know that fresh air is more wholesome than fog, and that blue sky is more beautiful than black, to people happily born and bred. But you will never find, except of late, and for special reasons, effort of mine to

[1] [Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. i. (Vol. III. p. 184): Claude "set the sun in heaven"; and vol. v. (Vol. VII. p. 410): "Claude and Cuyp had painted the sunshine; Turner alone, the sun *colour*."]

[2] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 43 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 107), and the Preface to *Præterita*.]

say how I am myself oppressed or comforted by such things.[1]

11. This is partly my steady principle, and partly it is incapacity. Forms of personal feeling in this kind can only be expressed in poetry; and I am not a poet, nor in any articulate manner could I the least explain to you what a deep element of life, for me, is in the sight merely of pure sunshine on a bank of living grass.

More than any pathetic music,—yet I love music,—more than any artful colour—and yet I love colour,—more than other merely material thing visible to these old eyes, in earth or sky. It is so, I believe, with many of you also,—with many more than know it of themselves; and this picture, were it only the first that cast true sunshine on the grass, would have been in that virtue sacred: but in its deeper meaning, it is, actually, the first of Hunt's sacred paintings—the first in which, for those who can read, the substance of the conviction and the teaching of his after life is written, though not distinctly told till afterwards in the symbolic picture of "The Scapegoat."[2] "All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."[3]

12. None of you, who have the least acquaintance with the general tenor of my own teaching, will suspect in me any bias towards the doctrine of vicarious Sacrifice, as it is taught by the modern Evangelical Preacher. But the great mystery of the idea of Sacrifice itself, which has been manifested as one united and solemn instinct by all thoughtful and affectionate races, since the wide world became peopled, is founded on the secret truth of benevolent energy which all men who have tried to gain it have learned—

[1] [Here Ruskin is thinking of such passages in *Fors* as those in which he describes the interruptions of his work by noises, etc. (*e.g.*, Vol. XXVII. p. 328), and of his accounts of "The Storm-Cloud" and its effect on the art of the time. In this latter connexion, see below, pp. 400–406; and compare *The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century*, § 85 (Vol. XXXIV. pp. 77–78).]

[2] [See *Academy Notes, 1856*: Vol. XIV. pp. 61, 267.]

[3] [Isaiah liii. 6.]

that you cannot save men from death but by facing it for them, nor from sin but by resisting it for them. It is, on the contrary, the favourite, and the worst falsehood of modern infidel morality, that you serve your fellow-creatures best by getting a percentage out of their pockets, and will best provide for starving multitudes by regaling yourselves. Some day or other—probably now very soon—too probably by heavy afflictions of the State, we shall be taught that it is not so; and that all the true good and glory even of this world—not to speak of any that is to come, must be bought still, as it always has been, with our toil, and with our tears. That is the final doctrine, the inevitable one, not of Christianity only, but of all Heroic Faith and Heroic Being; and the first trial questions of a true soul to itself must always be,—Have I a religion, have I a country, have I a love, that I am ready to die for?[1]

13. That is the Doctrine of Sacrifice; the faith in which Isaac was bound, in which Iphigenia died, in which the great army of martyrs have suffered, and by which all victories in the cause of justice and happiness have been gained by the men who became more than conquerors through Him that loved them.[2]

And yet there is a deeper and stranger sacrifice in the system of this creation than theirs. To resolute self-denial, and to adopted and accepted suffering, the reward is in the conscience sure, and in the gradual advance and predominance of good, practically and to all men visible. But what shall we say of involuntary suffering,—the misery of the poor and the simple, the agony of the helpless and the innocent, and the perishing, as it seems in vain, and the mother weeping for the children of whom she knows only that they are not?[3]

14. I saw it lately given as one of the incontrovertible discoveries of modern science, that all our present

[1] [Compare *Unto this Last*, §§ 21, 22, where Ruskin makes the same question the test of the nobility of a profession (Vol. XVII. p. 40).]

[2] [Romans viii. 37.]

[3] [Jeremiah xxxi. 15.]

enjoyments were only the outcome of an infinite series of pain. I do not know how far the statement fairly represented—but it announced as incapable of contradiction—this melancholy theory. If such a doctrine is indeed abroad among you, let me comfort some, at least, with its absolute denial. That in past æons the pain suffered throughout the living universe passes calculation, is true; that it is infinite, is untrue; and that all our enjoyments are based on it, contemptibly untrue. For, on the other hand, the pleasure felt through the living universe during past ages is incalculable also, and in higher magnitudes. Our own talents, enjoyments, and prosperities, are the outcome of that happiness with its energies, not of the death that ended them. So manifestly is this so, that all men of hitherto widest reach in natural science and logical thought have been led to fix their minds only on the innumerable paths of pleasure, and ideals of beauty, which are traced on the scroll of creation, and are no more tempted to arraign as unjust, or even lament as unfortunate, the essential equivalent of sorrow, than in the sevenfold glories of sunrise to deprecate the mingling of shadow with its light.

15. This, however, though it has always been the sentiment of the healthiest natural philosophy, has never, as you well know, been the doctrine of Christianity. That religion, as it comes to us with the promise of a kingdom in which there shall be no more Death, neither sorrow nor crying,[1] so it has always brought with it the confession of calamity to be at present in patience of mystery endured: and not by us only, but apparently for our sakes, by the lower creatures, for whom it is inconceivable that any good should be the final goal of ill.[2] Towards these, the one lesson we have to learn is that of pity.[3] For all human loss and pain, there is no comfort, no interpretation worth a thought, except only in the doctrine of the Resurrection;

[1] [Revelation xxi. 4.]
[2] [Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, liv.]
[3] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 92 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 453-454).]

W. Holman Hunt

Allen & Co Sc

The Triumph of the Innocents

of which doctrine, remember, it is an immutable historical fact that all the beautiful work, and all the happy existence of mankind, hitherto, has depended on, or consisted in, the hope of it.[1]

16. The picture of which I came to-day chiefly to speak,[2] as a symbol of that doctrine, was incomplete when I saw it, and is so still; but enough was done to constitute it the most important work of Hunt's life, as yet; and if health is granted to him for its completion, it will, both in reality and in esteem, be the greatest religious painting of our time.

You know that in the most beautiful former conceptions of the Flight into Egypt, the Holy Family were always represented as watched over, and ministered to, by attendant angels. But only the safety and peace of the Divine Child and its mother are thought of. No sadness or wonder of meditation returns to the desolate homes of Bethlehem.

But in this English picture all the story of the escape, as of the flight, is told, in fulness of peace, and yet of compassion. The travel is in the dead of the night, the way unseen and unknown;—but, partly stooping from the starlight, and partly floating on the desert mirage, move, with the Holy Family, the glorified souls of the Innocents. Clear in celestial light, and gathered into child-garlands of gladness, they look to the Child in whom they live, and yet for them to die. Waters of the River of Life flow before on the sands: the Christ stretches out His arms to the nearest of them;—leaning from His mother's breast.

[1] [Compare, above, p. 101; *Lectures on Art*, § 151 (Vol. XX. p. 143); and *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 45 (Vol. XXXIV.).]

[2] ["The Triumph of the Innocents." What Ruskin saw was the first picture, which the painter afterwards abandoned owing to defects in the canvas. The design was afterwards repeated on a larger canvas, and the completed picture was exhibited at the Fine Art Society's rooms in 1885; it is now in the possession of Mr. J. T. Middlemore, M.P., of Birmingham. The relinquished painting was at a later date finished, and is in the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool. See *Catalogue of an Exhibition of the Collected Works of W. Holman Hunt, with a Prefatory Note by Sir W. B. Richmond*, 1906; and the artist's *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*, vol. ii. ch. xii., where (on pp. 341–342) he quotes §§ 16, 17 of Ruskin's lecture. The Plate here given (XXXIII.) is from the picture at Liverpool. The original study of the picture, painted in the East, is in the possession of Mrs. Sydney Morse.]

To how many bereaved households may not this happy vision of conquered death bring, in the future, days of peace!

17. I do not care to speak of other virtues in this design than those of its majestic thought,—but you may well imagine for yourselves how the painter's quite separate and, in its skill, better than magical, power of giving effects of intense light, has aided the effort of his imagination, while the passion of his subject has developed in him a swift grace of invention which for my own part I never recognized in his design till now. I can say with deliberation that none even of the most animated groups and processions of children which constitute the loveliest sculpture of the Robbias and Donatello, can more than rival the freedom and felicity of motion, or the subtlety of harmonious line, in the happy wreath of these angel-children.

18. Of this picture I came to-day chiefly to speak, nor will I disturb the poor impression which my words can give you of it by any immediate reference to other pictures by our leading masters. But it is not, of course, among these men of splendid and isolated imagination that you can learn the modes of regarding common and familiar nature which you must be content to be governed by—in early lessons. I count myself fortunate, in renewing my effort to systematize these, that I can now place in the schools, or at least lend, first one and then another, some exemplary drawings by young people—youths and girls of your own age—clever ones, yes,—but not cleverer than a great many of you:—eminent only, among the young people of the present day whom I chance to know, in being extremely old-fashioned;—and,—don't be spiteful when I say so,—but really they all are, all the four of them—two lads and two lassies[1]—quite provokingly good.

[1] [Signor Boni and Signor Alessandri (see below, p. 286 *n.*); Miss Francesca Alexander and Miss Lilian Trotter. For drawings by G. Boni, see the Index to the Oxford Collection, Vol. XXI. p. 320; for Signor Alessandri, Vol. XXX.]

19. Lads, not exactly lads perhaps—one of them is already master of the works in the ducal palace at Venice; lassies, to an old man of sixty-four, who is vexed to be beaten by them in his own business—a little older, perhaps, than most of the lassies here, but still brightly young; and, mind you, not artists, but drawing in the joy of their hearts—and the builder at Venice only in his playtime—yet, I believe you will find these, and the other drawings I speak of, more helpful, and as I just said, exemplary, than any I have yet been able to find for you; and of these, little stories are to be told, which bear much on all that I have been most earnestly trying to make you assured of, both in art and in real life.

20. Let me, however, before going farther, say, to relieve your minds from unhappily too well-grounded panic, that I have no intention of making my art lectures any more one-half sermons. All the pieces of theological or other grave talk which seemed to me a necessary part of my teaching here, have been already spoken, and printed;[1] and are, I only fear at too great length, legible. Nor have I any more either strength or passion to spare in matters capable of dispute. I must in silent resignation leave all of you who are led by your fancy, or induced by the fashion of the time, to follow, without remonstrance on my part, those modes of studying organic beauty for which preparation must be made by depriving the animal under investigation first of its soul within, and secondly of its skin without. But it chances to-day that the merely literal histories of the drawings which I bring with me to show you or to lend, do carry with them certain evidences of the practical force of religious feeling on the imagination, both in artists and races, such as I cannot, if I would, overlook, and such as I think you will yourselves, even those who have least sympathy with them, not without admiration recognize.

[1] [See, for instance, *Lectures on Art* (Vol. XX. pp. 70–72) and *Eagle's Nest* (Vol. XXII. p. 287).]

21. For a long time I used to say, in all my elementary books, that, except in a graceful and minor way, women could not paint or draw.[1] I am beginning, lately, to bow myself to the much more delightful conviction that nobody else can. How this very serious change of mind was first induced in me it is, if not necessary, I hope pardonable, to delay you by telling.

When I was at Venice in 1876—it is almost the only thing that makes me now content in having gone there,—two English ladies, mother and daughter, were staying at the same hotel, the Europa. One day the mother sent me a pretty little note asking if I would look at the young lady's drawings. On my somewhat sulky permission, a few were sent, in which I saw there was extremely right-minded and careful work, almost totally without knowledge. I sent back a request that the young lady might be allowed to come out sketching with me. I took her over into the pretty cloister of the church of La Salute, and set her, for the first time in her life, to draw a little piece of grey marble with the sun upon it, rightly. She may have had one lesson, after that—she may have had two; the three, if there were three, seem to me, now, to have been only one! She seemed to learn everything the instant she was shown it—and ever so much more than she was taught. Next year she went away to Norway, on one of these frolics which are now-a-days necessary to girl-existence; and brought back a little pocket-book, which she thought nothing of, and which I begged of her: and have framed half a dozen leaves of it (for a loan to you, only, mind,) till you have enough copied them.[2]

22. Of the minute drawings themselves, I need not tell you—for you will in examining them, beyond all telling, feel, that they are exactly what we should all like to be able to do; and in the plainest and frankest manner show

[1] [See Vol. XIV. p. 308 and *n.*]

[2] [These sketches by Miss Lilian Trotter remain, however, in the "Long Cabinet" in the Ruskin Drawing School at Oxford: see Vol. XXI. p. 306.]

us how to do it—or, more modestly speaking, how, if heaven help us, it *can* be done. They can only be seen, as you see Bewick Vignettes, with a magnifying glass, and they are patterns to you therefore only of pocket-book work; but what skill is more precious to a traveller than that of minute, instantaneous, and unerring record of the things that are precisely best? For in this, the vignettes upon these leaves differ, widely as the arc of heaven, from the bitter truths of Bewick. Nothing is recorded here but what is lovely and honourable: how much there is of both in the peasant life of Norway, many an English traveller has recognized; but not always looking for the cause or enduring the conclusion, that its serene beauty, its hospitable patriotism, its peaceful courage, and its happy virtue, were dependent on facts little resembling our modern English institutions;—namely, that the Norwegian peasant "is a free man on a scanty bit of ground which he has inherited from his forefathers; that the Bible is to be found in every hut; that the schoolmaster wanders from farm to farm; that no Norwegian is confirmed who does not know how to read; and no Norwegian is allowed to marry who has not been confirmed." I quote straightforwardly, (missing only some talk of Parliaments; but not caring otherwise how far the sentences are with my own notions, or against,) from Dr. Hartwig's collected descriptions of the Polar world. I am not myself altogether sure of the wisdom of teaching everybody to read: but might be otherwise persuaded if here, as in Norway, every town had its public library, "while in many districts the peasants annually contribute a dollar towards a collection of books, which, under the care of the priest, are lent out to all comers."[1]

23. I observe that the word "priest" has of late become more than ever offensive to the popular English mind; and pause only to say that, in whatever capacity, or authority,

[1] [*The Polar World: a Popular Description of Man and Nature in the Arctic and Antarctic Regions of the Globe*, 1869, p. 111. For a fuller quotation from the same passage, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 89 (Vol. XXIX. p. 406).]

the essential function of a public librarian must in every decent and rational country be educational; and consist in the choosing, for the public, books authoritatively or essentially true, free from vain speculation or evil suggestion: and in noble history or cheerful fancy, to the utmost, entertaining.

One kind of periodical literature, it seems to me as I study these drawings, must at all events in Norway be beautifully forbidden,—the *Journal des Modes*. You will see evidence here that the bright fancying alike of maidens' and matrons' dress, capable of prettiest variation in its ornament, is yet ancestral in its form, and the white caps, in their daily purity, have the untroubled constancy of the sea-shell and the snow.

24. Next to these illustrations of Norwegian economy, I have brought you a drawing of deeper and less imitable power: it is by a girl of quite peculiar gift, whose life has hitherto been spent in quiet and unassuming devotion to her art, and to its subjects. I would fain have said, an English girl, but all my prejudices have lately had the axe laid to their roots[1] one by one,—she is an American! But for twenty years she has lived with her mother among the peasants of Tuscany—under their olive avenues in summer —receiving them, as they choose to come to chat with her, in her little room by Santa Maria Novella in Florence during winter. They come to her as their loving guide, and friend, and sister in all their work, and pleasure, and —suffering. I lean on the last word.

25. For those of you who have entered into the heart of modern Italy know that there is probably no more oppressed, no more afflicted order of gracious and blessed creatures—God's own poor, who have not yet received their consolation,—than the mountain peasantry of Tuscany and Romagna. What their minds are, and what their state, and what their treatment, those who do not know

[1] [Matthew iii. 10.]

Italy may best learn, if they can bear the grief of learning it, from Ouida's photographic story of *A Village Commune*;[1] yet amidst all this, the sweetness of their natural character is undisturbed, their ancestral religious faith unshaken—their purity and simplicity of household life uncorrupted. They may perish, by our neglect or our cruelty, but they cannot be degraded. Among them, as I have told you, this American girl has lived—from her youth up, with her (now widowed) mother, who is as eagerly, and, which is the chief matter, as sympathizingly benevolent as herself. The peculiar art gift of the younger lady is rooted in this sympathy, the gift of truest expression of feelings serene in their rightness; and a love of beauty —divided almost between the peasants and the flowers that live round Santa Maria del Fiore. This power she has trained by its limitation, severe, and in my experience unexampled, to work in light and shade only, with the pure pen line: but the total strength of her intellect and fancy being concentrated in this engraver's method, it expresses of every subject what she loves best, in simplicity undebased by any accessory of minor emotion.[2]

She has thus drawn in faithfullest portraiture of these peasant Florentines, the loveliness of the young and the majesty of the aged: she has listened to their legends, written down their sacred songs; and illustrated, with the sanctities of mortal life, their traditions of immortality.

26. I have brought you only one drawing to-day; in the spring I trust you shall have many,—but this is enough, just now. It is drawn from memory only, but the fond memory which is as sure as sight—it is the last sleep from which she waked on this earth, of a young Florentine girl who had brought heaven down to earth, as truly as ever saint of old, while she lived, and of whom even I, who never saw her, cannot believe that she is dead. Her friend,

[1] [See the Introduction to Vol. XXXII. p. xxvi.]

[2] [Compare the similar estimate of Miss Alexander's work by G. F. Watts: Vol. XXXII. p. xxx.]

who drew this memorial of her, wrote also the short story of her life, which I trust you will soon be able to read.*

Of this, and of the rest of these drawings, I have much to say to you; but this first and last,—that they are representations of beautiful human nature, such as could only have been found among people living in the pure Christian faith—such as it was, and is, since the twelfth century; and that, although, as I said, I have returned to Oxford only to teach you technical things, this truth must close the first words, as it must be the sum of all that I may be permitted to speak to you,—that the history of the art of the Greeks is the eulogy of their virtues; and the history of Art after the fall of Greece, is that of the Obedience and the Faith of Christianity.

27. There are two points of practical importance which I must leave under your consideration. I am confirmed by Mr. Macdonald in my feeling that some kind of accurately testing examination is necessary to give consistency and efficiency to the present drawing-school. I have therefore determined to give simple certificates of merit, annually, to the students who have both passed through the required course, and at the end of three years have produced work satisfactory to Mr. Macdonald and myself.[1] After Easter, I will at once look over such drawings as Mr. Macdonald thinks well to show me, by students who have till now complied with the rules of the school; and give certificates accordingly;—henceforward, if my health is spared, annually: and I trust that the advantage of this simple

* See the frontispiece to *The Story of Ida*, by "Francesca." G. Allen, 1883. [Vol. XXXII. p. 3.]

[1] [For Ruskin's Professorial Notice on this subject, see Vol. XXI. p. 316. The terms of the Notice were not long enforced. At the conclusion of the first lecture of his next course, Ruskin remarked that "this 'modest ordinance,' having had the effect of emptying the school of its former pupils, and not having tempted new scholars, is now to be withdrawn, and the young ladies of Oxford are once more to be admitted to 'copy Turner in their own way.' 'As for the undergraduates, it will make no difference, for I never succeeded in getting more than two or three of them into my school, even in its palmiest days'" (*Pall Mall Gazette*, October 20, 1884).]

and uncompetitive examination will be felt by succeeding holders of the Slade Professorship, and in time commend itself enough to be held as a part of the examination system of the University.

Uncompetitive, always. The drawing certificate will imply no compliment, and convey no distinction. It will mean merely that the student who obtains it knows perspective, with the scientific laws of light and colour in illustrating form, and has attained a certain proficiency in the management of the pencil.

28. The second point is of more importance and more difficulty.

I now see my way to making the collection of examples in the schools, quite representative of all that such a series ought to be. But there is extreme difficulty in finding any books that can be put into the hands of the home student which may supply the place of an academy. I do not mean merely as lessons in drawing, but in the formation of taste, which, when we analyse it, means of course merely the right direction of feeling.

29. I hope that in many English households there may be found already—I trust some day there may be found wherever there are children who can enjoy them, and especially in country village schools—the three series of designs by Ludwig Richter, in illustration of the Lord's Prayer, of the Sunday, and of the Seasons.[1] Perfect as types of easy line drawing, exquisite in ornamental composition, and refined to the utmost in ideal grace, they represent all that is simplest, purest, and happiest in human life, all that is most strengthening and comforting in nature and in religion. They are enough, in themselves, to show that whatever its errors, whatever its backslidings, this century of ours has in its heart understood and fostered, more than any former one, the joys of family affection, and of household piety.

[1] [Two of the designs in the Lord's Prayer Series are reproduced in Vol. XXIX. (see pp. 594, 595), and another is given below (p. 300). For notes on the Sunday and the Seasons, see Vol. XXX. pp. 349–351.]

For the former fairy of the woods, Richter has brought to you the angel on the threshold; for the former promises of distant Paradise, he has brought the perpetual blessing, "God be with you": amidst all the turmoil and speeding to and fro, and wandering of heart and eyes which perplex our paths, and betray our wills, he speaks to us in unfailing memorial of the message—"My Peace I leave with you."[1]

[1] [John xiv. 27. "At the end of his lecture," says a report in the *St. James's Budget* (see above, p. 259), "Mr. Ruskin committed himself to a somewhat perilous statement. He had found two young Italian artists, in whom the true spirit of old Italian art yet lived. No hand like theirs had been put to paper since Lippi and Leonardo. Mr. Ruskin concluded by showing two sketches of his own, harmonious in colour and faithful and tender in touch, of Italian architecture, taken from the Duomo of Lucca, to show that though he was growing older his hand had not lost its steadiness." For the "two young Italian artists," see above, p. 278 *n.*; and for the drawings of Lucca, above, p. xlv.]

LECTURE II

MYTHIC SCHOOLS OF PAINTING

E. BURNE-JONES AND G. F. WATTS

(*Delivered 12th and 16th May* 1883)

30. It is my purpose, in the lectures I may be permitted henceforward to give in Oxford, so to arrange them as to dispense with notes in subsequent printing; and, if I am forced for shortness, or in oversight, to leave anything insufficiently explained, to complete the passage in the next following lecture, or in any one, though after an interval, which may naturally recur to the subject. Thus the printed text will always be simply what I have read, or said; and the lectures will be more closely and easily connected than if I went always on without the care of explanatory retrospect.

31. It may have been observed, and perhaps with question of my meaning, by some readers, that in my last lecture I used the word "materialistic"* of the method of conception common to Rossetti and Hunt, with the greater number of their scholars. I used that expression to denote their peculiar tendency to feel and illustrate the relation of spiritual creatures to the substance and conditions of the visible world; more especially, the familiar, or in a sort humiliating, accidents or employments of their earthly life; —as, for instance, in the picture I referred to, Rossetti's Virgin in the house of St. John, the Madonna's being drawn at the moment when she rises to trim their lamp.

* *Ante*, § 5 [p. 270].

In many such cases, the incidents may of course have symbolical meaning, as, in the unfinished drawing by Rossetti of the Passover, which I have so long left with you,[1] the boy Christ is watching the blood struck on the doorpost;—but the peculiar value and character of the treatment is in what I called its *material* veracity, compelling the spectator's belief, if he have the instinct of belief in him at all, in the thing's having verily happened; and not being a mere poetical fancy. If the spectator, on the contrary, have no capacity of belief in him, the use of such representation is in making him detect his own incredulity; and recognize, that in his former dreamy acceptance of the story, he had never really asked himself whether these things were so.

32. Thus, in what I believe to have been in actual time the first—though I do not claim for it the slightest lead in suggestive influence, yet the first dated example of such literal and close realization—my own endeavour in the third volume of *Modern Painters* (iv. 4, § 16)[2] to describe the incidents preceding the charge to Peter, I have fastened on the words, "'He girt his fisher's coat about him, and did cast himself into the sea,"[3] following them out with, "Then to Peter, all wet and shivering, staring at Christ in the *sun;*" not in the least supposing or intending any symbolism either in the coat or the dripping water, or the morning sunshine; but merely and straitly striving to put the facts before the readers' eyes as positively as if he had seen the thing come to pass on Brighton beach, and an English fisherman dash through the surf of it to the feet of his captain—once dead, and now with the morning brightness on his face.

33. And you will observe farther, that this way of

[1] [Plate XXXIV. The drawing was commissioned by Ruskin in 1854, but never completed by the artist (see, in a later volume, several references to it in Ruskin's letters to Rossetti). The drawing was shown at the Old Masters Exhibition of 1883, No. 364. It was at that time in the Ruskin Drawing School, but is now at Brantwood. For another reference to the drawing, see *The Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism*, § 22 (Vol. XXXIV.).]

[2] [See Vol. V. pp. 80, 81.]

[3] [John xxi. 7.]

The Passover

thinking about a thing compels, with a painter, also a certain way of painting it. I do not mean a necessarily close or minute way, but a necessarily complete, substantial, and emphatic one. The thing may be expressed with a few fierce dashes of the pencil; but it will be wholly and bodily there; it may be in the broadest and simplest terms, but nothing will be hazy or hidden, nothing clouded round, or melted away: and all that is told will be as explanatory and lucid as may be—as of a thing examined in daylight, not dreamt of in moonlight.

34. I must delay you a little, though perhaps tiresomely, to make myself well understood on this point; for the first celebrated pictures of the pre-Raphaelite school having been extremely minute in finish, you might easily take minuteness for a speciality of the style,—but it is not so in the least. Minuteness I *do* somewhat claim, for a quality insisted upon by myself, and required in the work of my own pupils; it is—at least in landscape—Turnerian and Ruskinian—not pre-Raphaelite at all:—the pre-Raphaelism common to us all is in the frankness and honesty of the touch, not in its dimensions.

35. I think I may, once for all, explain this to you, and convince you of it, by asking you, when you next go up to London, to look at a sketch by Vandyke in the National Gallery, No. 680, purporting to represent this very scene I have been speaking of,—the miraculous draught of fishes. It is one of the too numerous brown sketches in the manner of the Flemish School, which seem to me always rather done for the sake of wiping the brush clean than of painting anything. There is no colour in it, and no light and shade;—but a certain quantity of bitumen is rubbed about so as to slip more or less greasily into the shape of figures; and one of St. John's (or St. James's) legs is suddenly terminated by a wriggle of white across it, to signify that he is standing in the sea. Now that was the kind of work of the Dutch School, which I spent so many pages in vituperating throughout the first volume

of *Modern Painters*[1]—pages, seemingly, vain to this day; for still, the brown daubs are hung in the best rooms of the National Gallery, and the loveliest Turner drawings are nailed to the wall of its cellar,[2]—and might as well be buried at Pompeii for any use they are to the British public;—but, vain or effectless as the said chapters may be, they are altogether true in that firm statement, that these brown flourishes of the Dutch brush are by men who lived, virtually, the gentle, at court,—the simple, in the pothouse: and could indeed paint, according to their habitation, a nobleman or a boor; but were not only incapable of conceiving, but wholly unwishful to conceive, anything, natural or supernatural, beyond the precincts of the Presence and the tavern. So that they especially failed in giving the life and beauty of little things in lower nature; and if, by good hap, they may sometimes more or less succeed in painting St. Peter the Fisher's face, never by any chance realize for you the green wave dashing over his feet.

36. Now, therefore, understand of the opposite so called "Pre-Raphaelite," and, much more, pre-Rubensite, society, that its primary virtue is the trying to conceive things as they are, and thinking and feeling them quite out:[3]—believing joyfully if we may, doubting bravely, if we must,—but never mystifying, or shrinking from, or choosing for argument's sake, this or that fact; but giving every fact its own full power, and every incident and accessory its own true place,—so that, still keeping to our illustrations from Brighton or Yarmouth beach, in that most noble picture by Millais which probably most of you saw last autumn in London, the "Caller Herrin',"—picture which, as a piece of art, I should myself put highest of all yet produced by the Pre-Raphaelite school;—in that most noble picture, I say, the herrings were painted just

[1] [See, for instance, in this edition, Vol. III. pp. 90, 188–189, 516.]

[2] [Compare, below, p. 371 and *n.*]

[3] [Compare the similar definitions in *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, Vol. XII. pp. 146, 157 *n.*; also in Vol. XII. p. 322; and in *The Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism*, § 9 (Vol. XXXIV.).]

as well as the girl, and the master was not the least afraid that, for all he could do to them, you would look at the herrings first.[1]

37. Now then, I think I have got the manner of Pre-Raphaelite "Realization"—"Verification"—"Materialization"—or whatever else you choose to call it, positively enough asserted and defined: and hence you will see that it follows, as a necessary consequence, that Pre-Raphaelite subjects must usually be of real persons in a solid world—not of personifications in a vaporescent one.

The persons may be spiritual, but they are individual,—St. George, himself, not the vague idea of Fortitude; St. Cecily herself, not the mere power of music. And, although spiritual, there is no attempt whatever made by this school to indicate their immortal nature by any evanescence or obscurity of aspect. All transparent ghosts and unoutlined spectra are the work of failing imagination,—rest you sure of that. Botticelli indeed paints the Favonian breeze transparent,[2] but never the Angel Gabriel; and in the picture I was telling you of in last lecture,*—if there *be* a fault which may jar for a moment on your feelings when you first see it, I am afraid it will be that the souls of the Innocents are a little too chubby, and one or two of them, I should say, just a dimple too fat.

38. And here I must branch for a moment from the direct course of my subject, to answer another question which may by this time have occurred to some of my hearers, how, if this school be so obstinately realistic, it can also be characterized as romantic.

When we have concluded our review of the present state of English art, we will collect the general evidence of its romance;[3] meantime, I will say only this much, for

* *Ante*, § 16, *seq.* [pp. 277, 278].

[1] ["Caller Herrin'" was exhibited at the Fine Art Society's rooms in 1882; it is now in Mr. Walter Dunlop's possession.]

[2] [In his "Primavera," in the Accademia at Florence. For "Favonian breeze," see Horace, *Odes*, i. 4, 1.]

[3] [See below, p. 374.]

you to think out at your leisure, that romance does not consist in the manner of representing or relating things, but in the kind of passions appealed to by the things related. The three romantic passions are those by which you are told, in Wordsworth's aphoristic line, that the life of the soul is fed:—

"We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love."[1]

Admiration, meaning primarily all the forms of Hero Worship, and secondarily, the kind of feeling towards the beauty of nature, which I have attempted too feebly to analyze in the second volume of *Modern Painters*;—Hope, meaning primarily the habit of mind in which we take present pain for the sake of future pleasure, and expanding into the hope of another world;—and Love, meaning of course whatever is happiest or noblest in the life either of that world or this.

39. Indicating, thus briefly, what, though not always consciously, we mean by Romance, I proceed with our present subject of inquiry, from which I branched at the point where it had been observed that the realistic school could only develop its complete force in representing persons, and could not happily rest in personifications. Nevertheless, we find one of the artists whose close friendship with Rossetti, and fellowship with other members of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, have more or less identified his work with theirs, yet differing from them all diametrically in this, that his essential gift and habit of thought is *in* personification, and that,—for sharp and brief instance,—had both Rossetti and he been set to illustrate the first chapter of Genesis, Rossetti would have painted either Adam or Eve; but Edward Burne-Jones, a Day of Creation.

And in this gift, he becomes a painter, neither of Divine History, nor of Divine Natural History, but of Mythology,

[1] [*Excursion*, Book iv.—a line often quoted by Ruskin: *e.g.*, in Vol. IV. p. 29 *n.*; and see General Index.]

accepted as such, and understood by its symbolic figures to represent only general truths, or abstract ideas.

40. And here I must at once pray you, as I have prayed you to remove all associations of falsehood from the word romance, so also to clear them out of your faith, when you begin the study of mythology. Never confuse a Myth with a lie,[1]—nay, you must even be cautious how far you even permit it to be called a fable. Take the frequentest and simplest of myths for instance—that of Fortune and her wheel.[2] Enid does not herself conceive, or in the least intend the hearers of her song to conceive, that there stands anywhere in the universe a real woman, turning an adamantine wheel whose revolutions have power over human destiny. She means only to assert, under that image, more clearly the law of Heaven's continual dealing with man,—"He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek."[3]

41. But in the imagined symbol,[4] or rather let me say, the visiting and visible dream, of this law, other ideas variously conducive to its clearness are gathered;—those of gradual and irresistible motion of rise and fall,—the *tide* of Fortune, as distinguished from instant change or catastrophe;—those of the connection of the fates of men with each other, the yielding and occupation of high place, the alternately appointed and inevitable humiliation:—and the fastening, in the sight of the Ruler of Destiny, of all to the mighty axle which moves only as the axle of the world. These things are told or hinted to you, in the mythic picture, not with the impertinence and the narrowness of words, nor in any order compelling a monotonous succession of thought,—but each as you choose or chance to read it, to be rested in, or proceeded with, as you will.

42. Here then is the ground on which the Dramatic,

[1] [Compare the opening passage of *Queen of the Air*, Vol. XIX. pp. 295 *seq.*]

[2] [For other references to the myth (embodied in the song of Enid in *Idylls of the King*), see Vol. XVII. pp. 101, 223.]

[3] [Luke i. 52.]

[4] [The large picture "The Wheel of Fortune," exhibited at the Grosvenor in 1883.]

or personal, and Mythic, or personifying, schools of our young painters, whether we find for them a general name or not, must be thought of as absolutely one—that, as the dramatic painters seek to show you the substantial truth of persons, so the mythic school seeks to teach you the spiritual truth of myths.

Truth is the vital power of the entire school,—Truth its armour—Truth its war-word; and the grotesque and wild forms of imagination which, at first sight, seem to be the reaction of a desperate fancy, and a terrified faith, against the incisive scepticism of recent science, so far from being so, are a part of that science itself: they are the results of infinitely more accurate scholarship, of infinitely more detective examination, of infinitely more just and scrupulous integrity of thought, than was possible to any artist during the two preceding centuries; and exactly as the eager and sympathetic passion of the dramatic designer now assures you of the way in which an event happened, so the scholarly and sympathetic thought of the mythic designer now assures you of the meaning, in what a fable said.

43. Much attention has lately been paid by archæologists to what they are pleased to call the development of myths: but, for the most part, with these two erroneous ideas to begin with—the first, that mythology is a temporary form of human folly, from which they are about in their own perfect wisdom to achieve our final deliverance; the second, that you may conclusively ascertain the nature of these much-to-be-lamented misapprehensions, by the types which early art presents of them! You will find in the first section of my *Queen of the Air*,[1] contradiction enough of the first supercilious theory;—though not with enough clearness the counter statement, that the thoughts of all the greatest and wisest men hitherto, since the world was made, have been expressed through mythology.

44. You may find a piece of most convincing evidence on this point by noticing that whenever, by Plato, you are

[1] [See Vol. XIX. pp. 295–296.]

extricated from the play of logic, and from the debate of points dubitable or trivial; and are to be told somewhat of his inner thought, and highest moral conviction,—that instant you are cast free in the elements of phantasy, and delighted by a beautiful myth.[1] And I believe that every master here who is interested, not merely in the history, but in the *substance*, of moral philosophy, will confirm me in saying that the direct maxims of the greatest sages of Greece do not, in the sum of them, contain a code of ethics either so pure, or so practical, as that which may be gathered by the attentive interpretation of the myths of Pindar and Aristophanes.[2]

45. Of the folly of the second notion above-named, held by the majority of our students of "development" in fable, —that they can estimate the dignity of ideas by the symbols used for them, in early art, and trace the succession of thought in the human mind by the tradition of ornament in its manufactures, I have no time to-day to give any farther illustration than that long since instanced to you,[3] the difference between the ideas conveyed by Homer's description of the shield of Achilles, (much more, Hesiod's of that of Herakles,) and the impression which we should receive from any actually contemporary Greek art. You may with confidence receive the restoration of the Homeric shield, given by Mr. A. Murray in his history of Greek sculpture,[4] as authoritatively representing the utmost graphic skill which could at the time have been employed in the decoration of a hero's armour. But the poet describes the rude imagery as producing the effect of reality, and might praise in the same words the sculpture of Donatello or

[1] [As, for instance, in the figure of the charioteer of the soul referred to by Ruskin in Vol. XX. p. 351; and in the "lovely metaphor of the cave," Vol. XXII. p. 527.]

[2] [For such interpretation by Ruskin, see—for Pindar, Vol. XVIII. p. 514, Vol. XIX. p. 316, Vol. XX. pp. 328–329; for Aristophanes, Vol. XVIII. p. 398, Vol. XX. p. 401, Vol. XXV. p. 542.]

[3] [In the second course of Oxford lectures, 1870: see *Aratra Pentelici*, § 78 (Vol. XX. p. 250).]

[4] [*A History of Greek Sculpture*, by A. S. Murray, vol. i. ch. iii. ("The Shield of Achilles").]

Ghiberti. And you may rest entirely satisfied that when the surrounding realities are beautiful, the imaginations, in all distinguished human intellect, are beautiful also, and that the forms of gods and heroes were entirely noble in dream, and in contemplation, long before the clay became ductile to the hand of the potter, or the likeness of a living body possible in ivory and gold.

46. And herein you see with what a deeply interesting function the modern painter of mythology is invested. He is to place, at the service of former imagination, the art which it had not—and to realize for us, with a truth then impossible, the visions described by the wisest of men as embodying their most pious thoughts and their most exalted doctrines: not indeed attempting with any literal exactitude to follow the words of the visionary, for no man can enter literally into the mind of another, neither can any great designer refuse to obey the suggestions of his own: but only bringing the resources of accomplished art to unveil the hidden splendour of old imagination; and showing us that the forms of gods and angels which appeared in fancy to the prophets and saints of antiquity, were indeed more natural and beautiful than the black and red shadows on a Greek vase, or the dogmatic outlines of a Byzantine fresco.

47. It should be a ground of just pride to all of us here in Oxford, that out of this University[1] came the painter whose indefatigable scholarship and exhaustless fancy have together fitted him for this task, in a degree far distinguishing him above all contemporary European designers. It is impossible for the general public to estimate the quantity of careful and investigatory reading, and the fine tact of literary discrimination, which are signified by the command now possessed by Mr. Burne-Jones over the entire range both of Northern and Greek Mythology, or the tenderness at once, and largeness, of sympathy which have enabled him to harmonize these with the loveliest traditions of Christian

[1] [Burne-Jones matriculated at Oxford, 1852; undergraduate of Exeter College, 1853–1856; honorary D.C.L., 1881; honorary Fellow of Exeter College, 1882.]

legend. Hitherto, there has been adversity between the schools of classic and Christian art, only in part conquered by the most liberal-minded of artists and poets: Nicholas of Pisa accepts indeed the technical aid of antiquity, but with much loss to his Christian sentiment; Dante uses the imagery of Æschylus for the more terrible picturing of the Hell to which, in common with the theologians of his age, he condemned his instructor; but while Minos and the Furies are represented by him as still existent in Hades,[1] there is no place in Paradise for Diana or Athena. Contrariwise, the later revival of the legends of antiquity meant scorn of those of Christendom. It is but fifty years ago that the value of the latter was again perceived and represented to us by Lord Lindsay:[2] and it is only within the time which may be looked back to by the greater number even of my younger auditors, that the transition of Athenian mythology, through Byzantine, into Christian, has been first felt, and then traced and proved, by the penetrative scholarship of the men belonging to this Pre-Raphaelite school, chiefly Mr. Burne-Jones and Mr. William Morris,—noble collaborateurs, of whom, may I be forgiven, in passing, for betraying to you a pretty little sacredness of their private life,—that they solemnly and jovially have breakfasted together every Sunday, for many and many a year.[3]

48. Thus far, then, I am able with security to allege to you the peculiar function of this greatly gifted and highly trained English painter; and with security also, the function of any noble myth, in the teaching, even of this practical and positive British race. But now, when for purposes of

[1] [It is Virgil whom Dante follows, rather than Æschylus, of whom he probably had no knowledge, and whose name he never mentions. To Minos Dante assigns the office of judge at the entrance of Hell (*Inf.*, v. 4 *seq.*), in imitation of Virgil (*Æn.*, vi. 432–433). He places the Furies as guardians of the entrance to the City of Dis (*Inf.*, ix. 36–42): compare *Æn.*, vi. 554–555.]

[2] [Compare *Eagle's Nest*, § 46 (Vol. XXII. p. 155).]

[3] [" 'When we came to live at the Grange, and by this removal were so much further from Morris in Queen Square,' Edward's notes say, 'I wrote and proposed that he and Webb should come every Sunday, to bind us together, and I remember, but have lost, a letter he wrote in answer, more full of warm response to this than he often permitted himself' ": see, further, *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. pp. 5, 200.]

direct criticism I proceed to ask farther in what manner or with what precision of art any given myth should be presented—instantly we find ourselves involved in a group of questions and difficulties which I feel to be quite beyond the proper sphere of this Professorship. So long as we have only to deal with living creatures, or solid substances, I am able to tell you—and to show—that they are to be painted under certain optical laws which prevail in our present atmosphere; and with due respect to laws of gravity and movement which cannot be evaded in our terrestrial constitution. But when we have only an idea to paint, or a symbol, I do not feel authorized to insist any longer upon these vulgar appearances, or mortal and temporal limitations. I cannot arrogantly or demonstratively define to you how the light should fall on the two sides of the nose of a Day of Creation;[1] nor obstinately demand botanical accuracy in the graining of the wood employed for the spokes of a Wheel of Fortune. Indeed, so far from feeling justified in any such vexatious and vulgar requirements, I am under an instinctive impression that some kind of strangeness or quaintness, or even violation of probability, would be not merely admissible, but even desirable, in the delineation of a figure intended neither to represent a body, nor a spirit, neither an animal, nor a vegetable, but only an idea, or an aphorism. Let me, however, before venturing one step forward amidst the insecure snows and cloudy wreaths of the Imagination, secure your confidence in my guidance, so far as I may gain it by the assertion of one general rule of proper safeguard; that no mystery or majesty of intention can be alleged by a painter to justify him in careless or erroneous drawing of any object—so far as he chooses to represent it at all. The more licence we grant to the audacity of his

[1] ["The Days of Creation," six panels, with angels holding globes, on each of which is represented a different phase of the creation; water-colour, 1876; in the collection of Sir A. Henderson at Buscot. The pictures were exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, 1877, and alluded to by Ruskin at the time (see Vol. XXIX. pp. 159–160). Plate XXXV. here is from a pencil-study at Oxford (Reference Series, 140): Vol. XXI. p. 40.]

Study for a "Day of Creation"

conception, the more careful he should be to give us no causeless ground of complaint or offence: while, in the degree of importance and didactic value which he attaches to his parable, will be the strictness of his duty to allow no faults, by any care avoidable, to disturb the spectator's attention, or provoke his criticism.

49. I cannot but to this day remember, partly with amusement, partly in vexed humiliation, the simplicity with which I brought out, one evening when the sculptor Marochetti was dining with us at Denmark Hill, some of the then but little known drawings of Rossetti, for his instruction in the beauties of Pre-Raphaelitism.

You may see with the slightest glance at the statue of Cœur de Lion,[1] (the only really interesting piece of historical sculpture we have hitherto given to our City populace,) that Marochetti was not only trained to perfectness of knowledge and perception in the structure of the human body, but had also peculiar delight in the harmonies of line which express its easy and powerful motion. Knowing a little more, both of men and things, now, than I did on the evening in question, I too clearly apprehend that the violently variegated segments and angular anatomies of Lancelot and Guenevere at the grave of King Arthur[2] must have produced on the bronze-minded sculptor simply the effect of a knave of Clubs and Queen of Diamonds; and that the Italian master, in his polite confession of inability to recognize the virtues of Rossetti, cannot but have greatly suspected the sincerity of his entertainer, in the profession of sympathy with his own.

50. No faults, then, that we can help,—this we lay down for certain law to start with; therefore, especially, no ignoble faults, of mere measurement, proportion, perspective, and the like, may be allowed to art which is by claim

[1] [For a similar reference to this statue (in Old Palace Yard), see *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, § 130 *n.* (Vol. XII. p. 155 *n.*).]

[2] [This water-colour drawing (1855) was bought by Ruskin in that year, but afterwards given away by him, as Rossetti "had scratched out the eyes": see (in a later volume of this edition) a letter to him from Ruskin.]

learned and magistral; therefore bound to be, in terms, grammatical. And yet we are not only to allow, but even to accept gratefully, any kind of strangeness and deliberate difference from merely realistic painting, which may raise the work, not only above vulgarity, but above incredulity. For it is often by realizing it most positively that we shall render it least credible.

51. For instance, in the prettiest design of the series, by Richter, illustrating the Lord's Prayer, which I asked you in my last lecture[1] to use for household lessons;—that of the mother giving her young children their dinner in the field which their father is sowing[2]—one of the pieces of the enclosing arabesque represents a little winged cherub emergent from a flower, holding out a pitcher to a bee, who stoops to drink. The species of bee is not scientifically determinable; the wings of the tiny servitor terminate rather in petals than plumes; and the unpretentious jug suggests nothing of the clay of Dresden, Sèvres, or Chelsea. You would not, I think, find your children understand the lesson in divinity better, or believe it more frankly, if the hymenopterous insect were painted so accurately that, (to use the old method of eulogium on painting,[3]) you could hear it buzz; and the cherub completed into the living likeness of a little boy with blue eyes and red cheeks, but of the size of a humming-bird. In this and in myriads of similar cases, it is possible to imagine from an outline what a finished picture would only provoke us to deny in contempt.

52. Again, in my opening lecture on Light and Shade, the sixth of those given in the year 1870,[4] I traced in some completeness the range of ideas which a Greek vase-painter was in the habit of conveying by the mere opposition of dark and light in the figures and background, with the occasional use of a modifying purple. It has always been

[1] [See above, p. 285.]
[2] ["Give us this day our daily bread": Plate XXXVI. here.]
[3] [See Ruskin's references to such method of eulogium in Vol. I. p. 268; Vol. III. p. 166; and Vol. V. p. 35.]
[4] [See *Lectures on Art* (Vol. XX. pp. 138 *seq.*).]

H. S. Uhlrich, after Ludwig Richter

"Give us this Day our daily Bread"

matter of surprise to me that the Greeks rested in colours so severe, and I have in several places formerly ventured to state my conviction that their sense of colour was inferior to that of other races.[1] Nevertheless, you will find that the conceptions of moral and physical truth which they were able with these narrow means to convey, are far loftier than the utmost that can be gathered from the iridescent delicacy of Chinese design, or the literally imitative dexterities of Japan.

53. Now, in both these methods, Mr. Burne-Jones has developed their applicable powers to their highest extent. His outline is the purest and quietest that is possible to the pencil; nearly all other masters accentuate falsely, or in some places, as Richter, add shadows which are more or less conventional. But an outline by Burne-Jones is as pure as the lines of engraving on an Etruscan mirror; and I placed the series of drawings from the story of Psyche in your school as faultlessly exemplary in this kind.[2] Whether pleasing or displeasing to your taste, they are entirely masterful; and it is only by trying to copy these or other such outlines, that you will fully feel the grandeur of action in the moving hand, tranquil and swift as a hawk's flight, and never allowing a vulgar tremor, or a momentary impulse, to impair its precision, or disturb its serenity.

54. Again, though Mr. Jones has a sense of colour, in its kind, perfect, he is essentially a chiaroscurist. Diametrically opposed to Rossetti, who could conceive in colour only, he prefers subjects which can be divested of superficial attractiveness; appeal first to the intellect and the heart; and convey their lesson either through intricacies of delicate line, or in the dimness or coruscation of ominous light.

The heads of Medea and of Danae,[3] which I placed

[1] [See Vol. V. p. 281, and Vol. XIX. p. 382 *n.*]

[2] [The report adds—"the most precious things I have next to my Turners." The drawings are in the Educational Series Nos. 64–72 and 223 (see Vol. XXI. pp. 81, 95, 140.]

[3] [The head of Medea is in the drawing of "The Two Wives of Jason" at Oxford (Vol. XXI. p. 300), reproduced on Plate VII. in Vol. XIX. The head of Danae is No. 224 in the Educational Series (Vol. XXI. p. 95).]

in your schools long ago, are representative of all that you need aim at in chiaroscuro; and lately a third type of his best work, in subdued pencil light and shade, has been placed within your reach in Dr. Acland's drawing-room,—the portrait of Miss Gladstone,[1] in which you will see the painter's best powers stimulated to their utmost, and reaching a serene depth of expression unattainable by photography, and nearly certain to be lost in finished painting.

55. For there is this perpetually increasing difficulty towards the completion of any work, that the added forces of colour destroy the value of the pale and subtle tints or shades which give the nobleness to expression; so that the most powerful masters in oil painting rarely aim at expression, but only at general character: and I believe the great artist whose name I have associated with that of Burne-Jones as representing the mythic schools, Mr. G. F. Watts, has been partly restrained, and partly oppressed, by the very earnestness and extent of the study through which he has sought to make his work on all sides perfect. His constant reference to the highest examples of Greek art in form, and his sensitiveness to the qualities at once of tenderness and breadth in pencil and chalk drawing, have virtually ranked him among the painters of the great Athenian days, of whom, in the sixth book of the *Laws*, Plato wrote:—"You know how the intently accurate toil of a painter seems never to reach a term that satisfies him; but he must either farther touch, or soften the touches laid already, and never seems to reach a point where he has not yet some power to do more, so as to make the things he has drawn more beautiful, and more apparent: *καλλίω τε καὶ φανερώτερα.*"[2]

56. Of course within the limits of this lecture there is no possibility of entering on the description of separate pictures; but I trust it may be hereafter my privilege to

[1] [Reproduced at p. 86 of *Letters to M. G. and H. G. by John Ruskin*, 1903.]
[2] [*Laws*, vi. 769 B.]

carry you back to the beginning of English historical art, when Mr. Watts first showed victorious powers of design in the competition for the frescoes of the Houses of Parliament[1]—and thence to trace for you, in some completeness, the code of mythic and heroic story which these two artists, Mr. Watts and Mr. Burne-Jones, have gathered, and in the most deep sense written, for us.

To-day I have only brought with me a few designs by Mr. Burne-Jones, of a kind which may be to some extent well represented in photograph, and to which I shall have occasion to refer in subsequent lectures. They are not to be copied, but delighted in, by those of you who care for them,—and, under Mr. Fisher's care,[2] I shall recommend them to be kept out of the way of those who do *not*. They include the Days of Creation; three outlines from Solomon's Song;[3] two from the Romance of the Rose; the great one of Athena inspiring Humanity; and the story of St. George and Sabra. They will be placed in a cabinet in the upper gallery, and will by no means be intruded on your attention, but made easily accessible to your wish.

57. To justify this monastic treatment of them, I must say a few words, in conclusion, of the dislike which these designs, in common with those of Carpaccio, excite in the minds of most English people of a practical turn. A few words only, both because this lecture is already long enough, and besides, because the point in question is an extremely curious one, and by no means to be rightly given account of in a concluding sentence. The point is, that in the case of ordinary painters, however peculiar their manner, people either like them, or pass them by with a merciful contempt or condemnation, calling them stupid, or weak, or foolish, but without any expression of real disgust or dislike. But in the case of painters of the mythic schools,

[1] [See Ruskin's letter, written at the time, in Vol. XI. p. 30 *n.*]
[2] [The late Joseph Fisher, for many years Keeper of the University Galleries.]
[3] [The report adds—"the most important myth in the Old Testament": compare below, p. 487.]

people either greatly like them, or they dislike in a sort of frightened and angry way, as if they had been personally aggrieved. And the persons who feel this antipathy most strongly, are often extremely sensible and good, and of the kind one is extremely unwilling to offend; but either they are not fond of art at all, or else they admire, naturally, pictures from real life only, such as, to name an extremely characteristic example, those of the Swiss painter, Vautier, of whom I shall have much, in another place,[1] to say in praise, but of whom, with the total school he leads, I must peremptorily assure my hearers that their manner of painting is merely part of our general modern system of scientific illustration aided by photography, and has no claim to rank with works of creative art at all: and farther, that it is essentially illiterate, and can teach you nothing but what you can easily see without the painter's trouble. Here, for instance, is a very charming little picture of a school girl going to her class, and telling her doll to be good till she comes back;—you like it, and ought to like it, because you see the same kind of incident in your own children every day; but I should say, on the whole, you had better look at the real children than the picture. Whereas, you can't every day at home see the Goddess Athena telling you yourselves to be good,—and perhaps you wouldn't altogether like to, if you could.

58. Without venturing on the rudeness of hinting that any such feeling underlies the English dislike of didactic art, I will pray you at once to check the habit of carelessly blaming the things that repel you in early or existing religious artists, and to observe, for the sum of what is to be noted respecting the four of whom I have thus far ventured to speak—Mr. Rossetti, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Watts,—that they are, in the most solemn sense, Hero-worshippers; and that, whatever may be their faults

[1] [Ruskin, however, did not elsewhere write of this painter, Benjamin Vautier (born at Morges, on the Lake of Geneva, 1829); examples of his *genre* pictures are given in R. Muther's *History of Modern Painting*, 1896, vol. ii. pp. 263–268.]

or shortcomings, their aim has always been the brightest and the noblest possible. The more you can admire them, and the longer you read, the more your minds and hearts will be filled with the best knowledge accessible in history, and the loftiest associations conveyable by the passionate and reverent skill, of which I have told you in *The Laws of Fésole*, that "All great Art is Praise."[1]

[1] [The title of Chapter I. in that book: Vol. XV. p. 351. Compare *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 42 (Vol. XXXIV.).]

LECTURE III

CLASSIC SCHOOLS OF PAINTING

SIR F. LEIGHTON AND ALMA TADEMA

(*Delivered 19th and 23rd May* 1883)

59. I HAD originally intended this lecture to be merely the exposition, with direct reference to painting and literature, of the single line of Horace which sums the conditions of a gentleman's education, be he rich or poor, learned or unlearned:

"Est animus tibi,—sunt mores et lingua,—fidesque,"[1]

"animus" being that part of him in which he differs from an ox or an ape; "mores," the difference in him from the "malignum vulgus"; "lingua," eloquence, the power of expression; and "fides," fidelity, to the Master, or Mistress, or Law, that he loves. But since I came to London and saw the exhibitions, I have thought good to address my discourse more pertinently to what must at this moment chiefly interest you in them. And I must at once, and before everything, tell you the delight given me by the quite beautiful work in portraiture, with which my brother-professor Richmond leads and crowns the general splendour of the Grosvenor Gallery.[2] I am doubly thankful that his release from labour in Oxford has enabled him to develop his special powers so nobly, and that my own return grants me the privilege of publicly expressing to him the admiration we all must feel.

[1] [*Epistles*, i. 1, 57. For the "malignum vulgus" (*Odes*, ii. 16, 40), see Vol. XVII. p. 228.]

[2] [Sir William Richmond exhibited eight portraits, and also a portrait-bust.]

60. And now in this following lecture, you must please understand at once that I use the word "classic," first in its own sense of senatorial, academic, and authoritative;[1] but, as a necessary consequence of that first meaning, also in the sense, more proper to our immediate subject, of Anti-Gothic; antagonist, that is to say, to the temper in which Gothic architecture was built: and not only antagonist to that form of art, but contemptuous of it; unforgiving to its faults, cold to its enthusiasms, and impatient of its absurdities. In which contempt the classic mind is certainly illiberal; and narrower than the mind of an equitable art student should be in these enlightened days:—for instance, in the British Museum, it is quite right that the British public should see the Elgin marbles to the best advantage; but not that they should be unable to see any example of the sculpture of Chartres or Wells, unless they go to the miscellaneous collection at Kensington, where Gothic saints and sinners are confounded alike among steam thrashing-machines and dynamite-proof ships of war;[2] or to the Crystal Palace, where they are mixed up with Rimmel's perfumery.[3]

61. For this hostility, in our present English schools, between the votaries of classic and Gothic art, there is no ground in past history, and no excuse in the nature of those arts themselves. Briefly, to-day, I would sum for you the statement of their historical continuity which you will find expanded and illustrated in my former lectures.[4]

Only observe, for the present, you must please put Oriental Art entirely out of your heads. I shall allow myself no allusion to China, Japan, India, Assyria, or Arabia: though this restraint on myself will be all the more difficult, because, only a few weeks since, I had a

[1] [Compare the Preface to Xenophon's *Economist*, Vol. XXXI. p. 8.]

[2] [For a similar description of the South Kensington Museum, see "A Museum or Picture Gallery," § 3 (Vol. XXXIV.), and compare the other passages there noted.]

[3] [See Vol. XIV. p. 346 *n.*]

[4] [Ruskin refers, as will be seen from the facsimile, to *Aratra* and *Ariadne:* see Vol. XX. p. 333, and Vol. XXII. pp. 406, 440, 441.]

delightful audience of Sir Frederick Leighton beside his Arabian fountain, and beneath his Aladdin's palace glass.[1] Yet I shall not allude, in what I say of his designs, to any points in which they may perchance have been influenced by those enchantments. Similarly there were some charming Zobeides and Cleopatras among the variegated colour fancies of Mr. Alma Tadema in the last Grosvenor;[2] but I have nothing yet to say of *them:* it is only as a careful and learned interpreter of certain phases of Greek and Roman life, and as himself a most accomplished painter, on long-established principles, that I name him as representatively "classic."

62. The summary, therefore, which I have to give you of the course of Pagan and Gothic Art must be understood as kept wholly on this side of the Bosphorus, and recognizing no farther shore beyond the Mediterranean. Thus fixing our termini, you find from the earliest times, in Greece and Italy, a multitude of artists gradually perfecting the knowledge and representation of the human body, glorified by the exercises of war. And you have, north of Greece and Italy, innumerably and incorrigibly savage nations, representing, with rude and irregular efforts, on huge stones and ice-borne boulders, on cave-bones and forest-stocks and logs, with any manner of innocent tinting or scratching possible to them, sometimes beasts, sometimes hobgoblins—sometimes, heaven only knows what; but never attaining any skill in figure-drawing, until, whether invading or invaded, Greece and Italy teach them what a human being is like; and with that help they dream and blunder on through the centuries, achieving many fantastic and amusing things, more especially the art of rhyming, whereby they usually express their notions of things far better than by painting. Nevertheless, in due course we get a Holbein out of them; and, in the end, for best product hitherto,

[1] [In the "Leighton House," Holland Park Road, presented by Leighton's sisters to a committee for public purposes.]

[2] [The Winter Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, 1882–1883, consisted for the most part of a "Collection of the Works of L. Alma Tadema, R.A."]

of the hostility in our present English schools of art between between the two ~~sects~~ divisions of our students; — there is no ~~such~~ ground of for it — nay there is no excuse for it —, in the history of the nature of the Arts themselves. Briefly I must sum for you the statements which you will find given fully in Aratra Pentelici & Ariadne Florentina.

Only observe that ~~Western and oriental Art~~ Eastern Art, ~~in the first place~~ is to do at the outset ~~to be separated as quite~~ if you please, to be put quite out of your heads. I am not thinking of ~~it~~ — not alluding ~~to~~ to Chinese, India, Japan, or ~~Persian~~ Arabian, or Assyrian in anything I have got to say. I had a quite delightful ~~siesta~~ seance, ~~this last~~ a few weeks ago with Sir Frederick Leighton beside his Arabian fountain and under his Aladdin's palace glass. — but I am not thinking, when I speak of his designs, as if they were in the least influenced by the however I might have been [illegible] — similarly

Zobeides among the variegated colour fancies of
Mr Alma Tadema in the last Grosvenor; — but I
have nothing to say of them, to-day: it is only
as a most careful & learned interpreter of the life of Greek and Roman, ~~and Gothic life~~
that I ~~name Mr Tadema~~ ~~esteem him~~ call him as Classic.

~~Now then~~ Now then for our summary — keeping to Western Art going east as far as the Bosphorus ~~as far as Byzantium~~
and no further. You have from the earliest times
in Greece and Italy, a multitude ~~body~~ of artists gradually
perfecting the knowledge and representation of the
human body. ~~and now~~ glorified by the exercises of
war. And you have north of Greece and
Italy, savage nations, represents with rude
and irregular efforts — ~~to~~ on ~~with~~ huge stones and
boulders — on ~~and~~ cave bones — on any sort of blocks & logs sometimes beasts, sometimes
spirits — sometimes — heaven only knows what.
but never attaining any skill in figure drawing

A Page of the MS. of "The Art of England" (Lecture iii. §§ 61, 62)

Between pp. 308, 309

Sir Joshua, and the supremely Gothic Gainsborough,[1] whose last words we may take for a beautiful reconciliation of all schools and souls who have done their work to the best of their knowledge and conscience,—"We are all going to Heaven, and Vandyke is of the company."[2]

63. "We are all going to Heaven." Either that is true of men and nations, or else that they are going the other way; and the question of questions for them is—not how far from heaven they are, but whether they are going to it. Whether in Gothic or Classic Art, it is not the wisdom or the barbarism that you have to estimate—not the skill nor the rudeness;—but the *tendency*. For instance, just before coming to Oxford this time, I received by happy chance from Florence the noble book just published at Monte Cassino, giving facsimiles of the Benedictine manuscripts there, between the tenth and thirteenth centuries.[3] Out of it I have chosen these four magnificent letters to place in your schools—magnificent I call them, as pieces of Gothic writing; but they are still, you will find on close examination, extremely limited in range of imaginative subject. For these, and all the other letters of the alphabet in that central Benedictine school at the period in question, were composed of nothing else but packs of white dogs, jumping, with more contortion of themselves than has been contrived even by modern stage athletes, through any quantity of hoops. But I place these chosen examples in our series of lessons, not as patterns of dog-drawing, but as distinctly progressive Gothic art, leading infallibly forward—though the good monks had no notion how far,—

[1] [In the next Oxford course (see below, p. 426 *n.*) Ruskin referred to this passage, and explained that "by 'supremely Gothic Gainsborough' he meant, not that Gainsborough painted 'kings and saints turning up their eyes, such as you buy at so much a hundred, wherewith to ornament your pseudo-Gothic temples,' but that in his portraits the face was everything, the body nothing, whereas the glory of classic art is always in the body, and never in the face."]

[2] [Words spoken by Gainsborough on his deathbed to Reynolds: see Fulcher's *Life of Gainsborough*, p. 147.]

[3] [Examples from *Paleografia artistica di Montecassino* are in the Reference Series at Oxford: see Vol. XXI. p. 50. The dogs and hoops may be seen more particularly in Parts 2 (1877), 3 and 4 (1878) of the Monte Cassino book of facsimiles.]

to the Benedictine collie, in Landseer's "Shepherd's Chief Mourner," and the Benedictine bulldog, in Mr. Briton Rivière's "Sympathy."[1]

64. On the other hand, here is an enlargement, made to about the proper scale, from a small engraving which I brought with me from Naples, of a piece of the Classic Pompeian art which has lately been so much the admiration of the æsthetic cliques of Paris and London.[2] It purports to represent a sublimely classic cat, catching a sublimely classic chicken; and is perhaps quite as much like a cat as the white spectra of Monte Cassino are like dogs. But at a glance I can tell you,—nor will you, surely, doubt the truth of the telling,—that it is art in precipitate decadence; that no bettering or even far dragging on of its existence is possible for it; that it is the work of a nation already in the jaws of death, and of a school which is passing away in shame.

65. Remember, therefore, and write it on the very tables of your heart, that you must never, when you have to judge of character in national styles, regard them in their decadence, but always in their spring and youth. Greek art is to be studied from Homeric days to those of Marathon; Gothic, from Alfred to the Black Prince in England, from Clovis to St. Louis in France; and the combination of both, which occurs first with absolute balance in the pulpit by Nicholas of Pisa in her Baptistery,[3] thenceforward up to Perugino and Sandro Botticelli. A period of decadence follows among all the nations of Europe, out of the ashes and embers of which the flame

[1] [For other references to the "Shepherd's Chief Mourner," see Vol. III. pp. 88, 114, Vol. IV. p. 302 *n.*, Vol. VII. p. 338; and to "Sympathy," "A Museum or Picture Gallery," § 20 (Vol. XXXIV.). The report (*Pall Mall Gazette*, May 21) adds:—

> "The mention of the dog led Mr. Ruskin to remark incidentally that the nucleus of all that was best in the Academy was to be found in three pictures which hang side by side in Room 4—Mr. Briton Rivière's 'Playfellow' (392), 'quite the most beautiful thing of the kind I ever saw,' and Mr. P. R. Morris's two pictures of children (391 and 397)."]

[2] [This enlargement was made by Mr. Macdonald; it was not placed in the Oxford Collection.]

[3] [See in Vol. XXIII. Plate VI. and pp. 22, 23.]

leaps again in Rubens and Vandyke; and so gradually glows and coruscates into the intermittent corona of indescribably various modern mind, of which in England you may, as I said, take Sir Joshua and Gainsborough for not only the topmost, but the hitherto total, representatives; total, that is to say, out of the range of landscape, and above that of satire and caricature. All that the rest can do partially, they can do perfectly. They do it, not only perfectly, but nationally; they are at once the greatest, and the Englishest, of all our school.

The Englishest—and observe also, *therefore* the greatest: take that for an universal, exceptionless law;—the largest soul of any country is altogether *its own*. Not the citizen of the world, but of his own city,—nay, for the best men, you may say, of his own village. Patriot always, provincial always, of his own crag or field always.[1] A Liddesdale man, or a Tynedale; Angelico from the Rock of Fesole, or Virgil from the Mantuan marsh. You dream of National unity!—you might as well strive to melt the stars down into one nugget, and stamp them small into coin with one Cæsar's face.

66. What mental qualities, especially English, you find in the painted heroes and beauties of Reynolds and Gainsborough, I can only discuss with you hereafter.[2] But what external and corporeal qualities these masters of our masters love to paint, I must ask you to-day to consider for a few moments, under Mr. Carlyle's guidance, as well as mine, and with the analysis of *Sartor Resartus*. Take, as types of the best work ever laid on British canvas,—types which I am sure you will without demur accept,—Sir Joshua's Age of Innocence, and Mrs. Pelham feeding chickens;[3] Gainsborough's Mrs. Graham, divinely doing nothing, and

[1] [See further on this subject, § 197 (below, p. 397).]

[2] [This, however, was not done.]

[3] [For other references to "The Age of Innocence," see *Ariadne Florentina*, § 125 (Vol. XXII. p. 379), and *Flamboyant Architecture*, § 11 (Vol. XIX. p. 250); to "Mrs. Pelham," *Sir Joshua and Holbein*, § 10 (Vol. XIX. p. 9), and *St. George's Guild Report, 1884* (Vol. XXX. p. 72 *n.*).]

Blue Boy similarly occupied; and, finally, Reynolds' Lord Heathfield magnanimously and irrevocably locking up Gibraltar.[1] Suppose, now, under the instigation of Mr. Carlyle and *Sartor*, and under the counsel of Zeuxis and Parrhasius, we had it really in our power to bid Sir Joshua and Gainsborough paint all these over again, in the classic manner. Would you really insist on having her white frock taken off the Age of Innocence; on the Blue Boy's divesting himself of his blue; on—we may not dream of anything more classic—Mrs. Graham's taking the feathers out of her hat; and on Lord Heathfield's parting,—I dare not suggest, with his regimentals, but his orders of the Bath, or what else?

67. I own that I cannot, even myself, as I propose the alternatives, answer absolutely as a Goth, nor without some wistful leanings towards classic principle. Nevertheless, I feel confident in your general admission that the charm of all these pictures is in great degree dependent on toilette; that the fond and graceful flatteries of each master do in no small measure consist in his management of frillings and trimmings, cuffs and collarettes; and on beautiful flingings or fastenings of investiture, which can only here and there be called a *drapery*, but insists on the perfectness of the forms it conceals, and deepens their harmony by its contradiction. And although now and then, when great ladies wish to be painted as sibyls or goddesses, Sir Joshua does his best to bethink himself of Michael Angelo, and Guido, and the Lightnings, and the Auroras, and all the rest of it,—you will, I think, admit that the culminating sweetness and rightness of him are in some little Lady So-and-so, with round hat and strong shoes; and that a final separation from the Greek art which can be proud in a torso without a head, is achieved by the master who paints for you five little girls' heads, without ever a torso![2]

[1] [No. 111 in the National Gallery; compare Vol. XIV. p. 223. Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" (Jonathan Buttall) is at Grosvenor House; his "Hon. Mrs. Graham" (*née* Cathcart) is in the National Gallery of Scotland.]

[2] [For another reference to the "Heads of Angels," painted from the daughter of Lord William Lennox (No. 182 in the National Gallery), see *Queen of the Air*, § 176 (Vol. XIX. p. 419).]

68. Thus, then, we arrive at a clearly intelligible distinction between the Gothic and Classic schools, and a clear notion also of their dependence on one another. All jesting apart,—I think you may safely take Luca della Robbia with his scholars for an exponent of their unity, to all nations. Luca is brightly Tuscan, with the dignity of a Greek; he has English simplicity, French grace, Italian devotion,—and is, I think, delightful to the truest lovers of art in all nations, and of all ranks. The Florentine Contadina rejoices to see him above her fruit-stall in the Mercato Vecchio;[1] and, having by chance the other day a little Nativity by him on the floor of my study[2] (one of his frequentest designs of the Infant Christ laid on the ground, and the Madonna kneeling to Him)—having it, I say, by chance on the floor, when a fashionable little girl with her mother came to see me, the child about three years old—though there were many pretty and glittering things about the room which might have caught her eye or her fancy, the first thing, nevertheless, my little lady does, is to totter quietly up to the white Infant Christ, and kiss it.

69. Taking, then, Luca, for central between Classic and Gothic in sculpture, for central art of Florence, in painting, I show you the copies made for the St. George's Guild, of the two frescoes by Sandro Botticelli, lately bought by the French Government for the Louvre.[3] These copies, made under the direction of Mr. C. F. Murray, while the frescoes were still untouched, are of singular value now. For in their transference to canvas for carriage much violent damage

[1] [Now destroyed; the Luca della Robbia is in the Bargello: see *Mornings in Florence*, § 27 (Vol. XXIII. p. 323).]

[2] [This piece remains over the mantelpiece in the study at Brantwood.]

[3] [See Vol. XXI. p. 299. One of the copies is in the Ruskin Drawing School and is here reproduced (Plate XXXVII.). The two frescoes are called in the catalogue of the Louvre: "1297. Giovanna Tornabuoni and the Graces, or Virtues," and "1298. Lorenzo Tornabuoni and the Liberal Arts." According to the interpretation usually given of the latter fresco, Philosophy is the presiding "Muse"; and Arithmetic, the Science unnamed by Ruskin; whilst it is Dialectic, the Seventh Liberal Art, who leads in Lorenzo Tornabuoni, a young man famous among his contemporaries for his learning and modesty. The subject of the other fresco is

was sustained by the originals; and as, even before, they were not presentable to the satisfaction of the French public, the backgrounds were filled in with black, the broken edges cut away; and, thus repainted and maimed, they are now, disgraced and glassless, let into the wall of a stair-landing on the outside of the Louvre galleries.

You will judge for yourselves of their deservings; but for my own part I can assure you of their being quite central and classic Florentine painting, and types of the manner in which, so far as you follow the instructions given in the *Laws of Fésole*, you will be guided to paint. Their subjects should be of special interest to us in Oxford and Cambridge, as bearing on institutions of colleges for maidens no less than bachelors. For these frescoes represent the Florentine ideal of education for maid and bachelor, —the one baptized by the Graces for her marriage, and the other brought to the tutelage of the Great Powers of Knowledge, under a great presiding Muse, whose name you must help me to interpret; and with good help, both from maid and bachelor, I hope we shall soon be able to name, and honour, all their graces and virtues rightly.

Five out of the six Sciences and Powers on her right hand and left, I know. They are, on her left—geometry, astronomy, and music; on her right—logic and rhetoric. The third, nearest her, I do not know, and will not guess. She herself bears a mighty bow, and I could give you conjectural interpretations of her, if I chose, to any extent; but will wait until I hear what you think of her yourselves. I must leave you also to discover by whom the youth is introduced to the great conclave; but observe, that, as in the frescoes of the Spanish Chapel, before he can approach

the reception of Giovanna Tornabuoni by Venus and the Graces. The frescoes were executed by Botticelli in 1486, being commissioned by Giovanni Tornabuoni on the occasion of the marriage of his son, Lorenzo, with Giovanna degli Albizzi. 'They adorned the walls of a room in the Tornabuoni villa near Fiesole. At some subsequent date the room was whitewashed; in 1873 Dr. Lemmi, then the owner of the villa, observed traces of colour through cracks in the plaster, and Botticelli's paintings were brought to light. In 1882 the two frescoes (a third fell to pieces) were acquired for the Louvre.]

Education in the Liberal Arts

that presence he has passed through the "Strait Gate,"[1] of which the bar has fallen, and the valve is thrown outwards. This portion of the fresco, on which the most important significance of the whole depended, was cut away in the French restoration.

70. Taking now Luca and Sandro for standards of sweet consent in the feelings of either school, falling aside from them according to their likings or knowledge, you have the two evermore adverse parties, of whom Lord Lindsay speaks,[2] as one studying the spirit, and the other the flesh: but you will find it more simply true to say that the one studies the head, and the other the body. And I think I am almost alone among recent tutors or professors, in recommending you to study both, at their best, and neither the skull of the one, nor skeleton of the other.

71. I had a special lesson, leading me to this balance, when I was in Venice, in 1880.[3] The authorities of the Academy did me the grace of taking down my two pet pictures of St. Ursula, and putting them into a quiet room for me to copy. Now in this quiet room where I was allowed to paint, there were a series of casts from the Ægina marbles,[4] which I never had seen conveniently before; and so, on my right hand and left, I had, all day long, the best pre-Praxitelite Classic art, and the best Pre-Raphaelite Gothic art: and could turn to this side, or that, in an instant, to enjoy either;—which I could do, in each case, with my whole heart; only on this condition, that if I was to admire St. Ursula, it was necessary on the whole to be content with her face, and not to be too critical or curious about her elbows; but, in the Ægina marbles, one's principal attention had to be given to the knees and elbows, while no ardent sympathies were excited by the fixed smile upon the face.

[1] [See *Mornings in Florence*, ch. v. (Vol. XXIII. pp. 382 *seq.*).]
[2] [See the first chapter of his *Sketches of the History of Christian Art*, 1847.]
[3] [A slip for 1876: see Vol. XXIV. p. xxxviii.]
[4] [For a reference to these Ægiuetan casts in the British Museum, see *Aratra Pentelici*, § 191 (Vol. XX. p. 339).]

72. Without pressing our northern cherubic principle to an extreme, it is really a true and extremely important consequence that all portraiture is essentially Gothic. You will find it stated—and with completely illustrative proof, in *Aratra Pentelici*,—that portraiture was the destruction of *Greek* design;[1] certain exceptions being pointed out which I do not wish you now to be encumbered with. You may understand broadly that we Goths claim portraiture altogether for our own, and contentedly leave the classic people to round their chins by rule, and fix their smiles by precedent: *we* like a little irregularity in feature, and a little caprice in humour — and with the condition of dramatic truth in passion, necessarily accept dramatic difference in feature.

73. Our English masters of portraiture must not therefore think that I have treated them with disrespect, in not naming them, in these lectures, separately from others. Portraiture is simply a necessary function of good Gothic painting, nor can any man claim pre-eminence in epic or historic art who does not first excel in that. Nevertheless, be it said in passing, that the number of excellent portraits given daily in our illustrated papers prove the skill of mere likeness-taking to be no unfrequent or particularly admirable one; and that it is to be somewhat desired that our professed portrait-painters should render their work valuable in all respects, and exemplary in its art, no less than delightful in its resemblance. The public, who are naturally in the habit of requiring rather the felicity and swiftness of likeness than abstract excellence in painting, are always ready to forgive the impetuosity which resembles force; and the interests connected with rate of production tend also towards the encouragement of superficial execution. Whereas in a truly great school, for the reasons given in my last lecture,* it may often be inevitable, and sometimes

* *Ante*, § 33 [p. 289].

[1] [*Aratra*, § 120 (Vol. XX. p. 281).]

desirable, that works of high imaginative range and faculty should be slightly traced, and without minuteness finished; but there is no excuse for imperfection in a portrait, or failure of attention to its minor accessories. I have long ago given, for one instance of perfect portraiture, Holbein's George Guysen, at Berlin, quite one of the most accomplished pictures in the world;[1] and in my last visit to Florence none of the pictures before known in the Uffizii retained their power over me so completely as a portrait of a lady in the Tribune,[2] which is placed as a pendant to Raphael's Fornarina, and has always been attributed to Raphael, being without doubt by some earlier and more laborious master; and, by whomsoever it may be, unrivalled in European galleries for its faultless and unaffected finish.

74. I may be permitted in this place to express my admiration of the kind of portraiture, which, without supporting its claim to public attention by the celebrity of its subjects, renders the pictures of Mr. Stacy Marks so valuable as epitomes and types of English life. No portrait of any recognized master in science could be more interesting than the gentle Professor in this year's Academy,[3] from whom even a rebelliously superficial person like myself might be content to receive instruction in the mysteries of anatomy. Many an old traveller's remembrances were quite pathetically touched by his monumental record of the "Three Jolly Postboys";[4] and that he scarcely paints for us but in play, is our own fault. Among all the endeavours in English historical painting exhibited in recent years, quite the most conscientious, vivid, and instructive, was Mr. Marks' rendering of the interview between Lord Say and Jack Cade;[5] and its quiet sincerity was only the cause of its being passed without attention.

[1] [See the paper on *Sir Joshua and Holbein*, Vol. XIX. (p. 10, and Plate II.)]

[2] [The so-called portrait of Maddalena Strozzi, wife of Angelo Doni; No. 1120 in the Uffizi.]

[3] [A fancy portrait of an ornithologist; No. 493 in the exhibition of 1883.]

[4] [No. 166 in the exhibition of 1875: compare Vol. XIV. p. 278.]

[5] [No. 242 in the exhibition of 1882. For another reference to the picture, see Ruskin's Address to the Arundel Society in 1882 (Vol. XXXIV.).]

75. In turning now from these subjects of Gothic art to consider the classic ideal, though I do so in painful sense of transgressing the limits of my accurate knowledge, I do not feel entirely out of my element, because in some degree I claim even Sir Frederic Leighton as a kindred Goth. For, if you will overpass quickly in your minds what you remember of the treasures of Greek antiquity, you will find that, among them all, you can get no notion of what a Greek little girl was like.[1] Matronly Junos, and tremendous Demeters, and Gorgonian Minervas, as many as you please; but for my own part, always speaking as a Goth, I had much rather have had some idea of the Spartan Helen dabbling with Castor and Pollux in the Eurotas—none of them over ten years old. And it is with extreme gratitude, therefore, and unqualified admiration, that I find Sir Frederic condescending from the majesties of Olympus to the worship of these unappalling powers, which, heaven be thanked, are as brightly Anglo-Saxon as Hellenic; and painting for us, with a soft charm peculiarly his own, the witchcraft and the wonderfulness of childhood.[2]

76. I have no right whatever to speak of the works of higher effort and claim, which have been the result of his acutely observant and enthusiastic study of the organism of the human body. I am indeed able to recognize his skill; but have no sympathy with the subjects that admit of its display. I am enabled, however, to show you with what integrity of application it has been gained, by his kindness in lending me for the Ruskin school two perfect early

[1] [On this subject, see the note to *Aratra Pentelici*, § 194 (Vol. XX. p. 342).]

[2] [In the lecture as reported there was an additional passage here:—

"His examples in this year's Academy could not, however, be regarded as satisfactory. The one called 'Kittens' was clearly finished hastily; the critics were forced to praise the child's dress, and not her face, and the kitten, he felt sure, was studied from a puppy. But, speaking generally, he could not praise too highly Sir F. Leighton's work of this kind, which only missed the level of Correggio by not being painted lightly or broadly enough."

(*Pall Mall Gazette*, May 21.) "Kittens" was No. 330 in the exhibition of 1883.]

Study of a Lemon Tree: Capri, 1859.

drawings, one of a lemon tree,—and another, of the same date, of a Byzantine well, which determine for you without appeal, the question respecting necessity of delineation as the first skill of a painter.[1] Of all our present masters, Sir Frederic Leighton delights most in softly-blended colours, and his ideal of beauty is more nearly that of Correggio than any seen since Correggio's time. But you see by what precision of terminal outline he at first restrained, and exalted, his gift of beautiful vaghezza.

77. Nor is the lesson one whit less sternly conveyed to you by the work of M. Alma Tadema, who differs from all the artists I have ever known, except John Lewis, in the gradual increase of technical accuracy, which attends and enhances together the expanding range of his dramatic invention; while every year he displays more varied and complex powers of minute draughtsmanship, more especially in architectural detail, wherein, somewhat priding myself as a specialty, I nevertheless receive continual lessons from him; except only in this one point,—that, with me, the translucency and glow of marble is the principal character of its substance, while with M. Tadema it is chiefly the superficial lustre and veining which seem to attract him; and these, also, seen, not in the strength of southern sun, but in the cool twilight of luxurious chambers. With which insufficient, not to say degrading, choice of architectural colour and shade, there is a fallacy in his classic idealism, against which, while I respectfully acknowledge his scholarship and his earnestness, it is necessary that you should be gravely and conclusively warned.

78. I said that the Greeks studied the *body* glorified by war;[2] but much more, remember, they studied the *mind* glorified by it. It is the μῆνις Ἀχιλῆος, not the muscular force, which the good beauty of the body itself

[1] [The "Lemon Tree" (Plate XXXVIII.) was drawn at Capri in the spring of 1859; the "Byzantine well-head" is dated 1852. These pencil studies were returned to the artist, and are now in the possession of Mr. S. Pepys Cockerell. The well-head is reproduced at vol. i. p. 81 of Mrs. Russell Barrington's *Life, Letters, and Works of Frederic Leighton* (George Allen, 1906).]

[2] [See above, p. 308.]

signifies; and you may most strictly take the Homeric words describing the aspect of Achilles showing himself on the Greek rampart as representative of the total Greek ideal. Learn by heart, unforgettably, the seven lines—

> αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς ὦρτο δῖφιλος· ἀμφὶ δ' Ἀθήνη
> ὤμοις ἰφθίμοισι βάλ' αἰγίδα θυσανόεσσαν,
> ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ κεφαλῇ νέφος ἔστεφε δῖα θεάων
> χρύσεον, ἐκ δ' αὐτοῦ δαῖεν φλόγα παμφανόωσαν . . .
> ἡνίοχοι δ' ἔκπληγεν, ἐπεὶ ἴδον ἀκάματον πῦρ
> δεινὸν ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς μεγαθύμου Πηλεΐωνος
> δαιόμενον· τὸ δ' ἔδαιε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη[1]—

which are enough to remind you of the whole context, and to assure you of the association of light and cloud, in their terrible mystery, with the truth and majesty of human form, in the Greek conception; light and cloud, whether appointed either to show or to conceal, both given by a divine spirit, according to the bearing of your own university shield, "Dominus illuminatio." In all ancient heroic subjects, you will find these two ideas of light and mystery combined; and these with height of standing—the Goddess central and high in the pediment of her temple, the hero on his chariot, or the Egyptian king colossal above his captives.

79. Now observe, that whether of Greek or Roman life, M. Alma Tadema's pictures are always in twilight—interiors, *ὑπὸ συμμιγεῖ σκιᾷ*.[2] I don't know if you saw the collection of them last year at the Grosvenor,[3] but with that universal twilight there was also universal crouching or lolling posture,—either in fear or laziness. And the

[1] [*Iliad*, xviii. 203–206, 225–227, thus rendered by Lang, Leaf, and Myers: "But Achilles dear to Zeus arose, and around his strong shoulders Athene cast her tasselled ægis, and around his head the bright goddess set a crown of a golden cloud, and kindled therefrom a blazing flame. . . . And the charioteers were amazed when they saw the unwearying fire blaze fierce on the head of the great-hearted son of Peleus, for the bright-eyed goddess Athene made it blaze."]

[2] [Plato, *Phædrus*, 239 C: compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 88, § 4 (Vol. XXIX. p. 383).]

[3] [See above, § 61, p. 308.]

most gloomy, the most crouching, the most dastardly of all these representations of classic life, was the little picture called the Pyrrhic Dance,[1] of which the general effect was exactly like a microscopic view of a small detachment of black-beetles, in search of a dead rat.

80. I have named to you the Achillean splendour as primary type of Greek war; but you need only glance, in your memory, for a few instants, over the habitual expressions of all the great poets, to recognize the magnificence of light, terrible or hopeful; the radiance of armour,[2] over all the field of battle, or flaming at every gate of the city; as in the blazoned heraldry of the Seven against Thebes,[3]—or beautiful, as in the golden armour of Glaucus, down to the baser brightness for which Camilla died:[4] remember also that the ancient Doric dance was strictly the dance of Apollo; seized again by your own mightiest poet for the chief remnant of the past in the Greece of to-day—

> "You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
> Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?"[5]

And *this* is just the piece of classic life which your nineteenth century fancy sets forth under its fuliginous and cantharoid disfigurement and disgrace.

I say, *your* nineteenth century fancy, for M. Alma Tadema does but represent—or rather, has haplessly got himself entangled in,—the vast vortex of recent Italian and French revolutionary rage against all that resists, or ever did resist, its licence; in a word, against all priesthood and knighthood.

The Roman state, observe, in the strength of it expresses

[1] [Painted in 1869; No. 55 (lent by Mr. C. Gassiot) in the Alma Tadema exhibition at the Grosvenor, 1882–1883. Compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 240 (Vol. XXII. p. 472).]

[2] [Compare *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. ch. xx., where Ruskin discusses the use of armour in painting, sculpture, and poetry (Vol. IX. pp. 254–255).]

[3] [For the reference here to Æschylus, see Vol. XX. p. 210; and for the golden armour of Glaucus, see *Iliad*, vi. 236.]

[4] [For other references to Camilla, see *Queen of the Air*, § 32 (Vol. XIX. p. 329), and the passages there noted.]

[5] [*Don Juan*, iii. 86: compare Vol. XXXI. p. 348.]

both these; the orders of chivalry do not rise out of the disciplining of the hordes of Tartar horsemen, but by the Christianizing of the Roman eques; and the noble priesthood of Western Christendom is not, in the heart of it, hieratic, but pontifical. And it is the last corruption of this Roman state, and its Bacchanalian phrenzy, which M. Alma Tadema seems to hold it his heavenly mission to pourtray.

81. I have no mind, as I told you, to darken the healthy work I hope to lead you into by any frequent reference to antagonist influences. But it is absolutely necessary for me to-day to distinguish, once for all, what it is above everything your duty, as scholars in Oxford, to know and love —the perpetual laws of classic literature and art, the laws of the Muses, from what has of late again infected the schools of Europe under the pretence of classic study, being indeed only the continuing poison of the Renaissance, and ruled, not by the choir of the Muses, but by the spawn of the Python. And this I have been long minded to do; but am only now enabled to do completely and clearly, and beyond your doubt, by having obtained for you the evidence, unmistakable, of what remains classic from the ancient life of Italy—the ancient Etruscan life, down to this day; which is the perfection of humility, modesty, and serviceableness, as opposed to the character which remains in my mind as the total impression of the Academy and Grosvenor,—that the young people of this day desire to be painted first as proud, saying, How grand I am; next as immodest, saying, How beautiful I am; lastly as idle, saying, I am able to pay for flunkeys, and never did a stroke of work in my life.

82. Since the day of the opening of the great Manchester exhibition in 1857, every Englishman, desiring to express interest in the arts, considers it his duty to assert with Keats that a thing of beauty is a *joy* for ever.[1] I do not know in what sense the saying was understood by the

[1] [See Vol. XVI. p. 11.]

Manchester school. But this I know, that what joy may remain still for you and for your children—in the fields, the homes, and the churches of England—you must win by otherwise reading the fallacious line. A beautiful thing may exist but for a moment, as a reality;—it exists for ever as a testimony. To the law and to the witness of it the nations must appeal, "in secula seculorum"; and in very deed and very truth, a thing of beauty is a *law* for ever.

That is the true meaning of classic art and of classic literature;—not the licence of pleasure, but the law of goodness; and if, of the two words, καλὸς κ'ἀγαθός, one can be left unspoken, as implied by the other, it is the first, not the last. It is written that the Creator of all things beheld them—not in that they were beautiful, but in that they were good.[1]

83. This law of beauty may be one, for aught we know, fulfilling itself more perfectly as the years roll on; but at least it is one from which no jot shall pass.[2] The beauty of Greece depended on the laws of Lycurgus; the beauty of Rome, on those of Numa; our own, on the laws of Christ. On all the beautiful features of men and women, throughout the ages, are written the solemnities and majesty of the law they knew, with the charity and meekness of their obedience; on all unbeautiful features are written either ignorance of the law, or the malice and insolence of their disobedience.[3]

84. I showed you, on the occasion of my first address, a drawing of the death of a Tuscan girl,[4]—a saint, in the full sense of that word, such as there have been, and still are among the Christian women of all nations. I bring

[1] [Genesis i. 10.]
[2] [Matthew v. 18.]
[3] [On this subject, compare the chapter in vol. ii. of *Modern Painters* on "Vital Beauty" (Vol. IV. pp. 146 *seq.*; especially p. 182); *Munera Pulveris*, § 6 (Vol. XVII. p. 150); *Sesame and Lilies*, § 70 (Vol. XVIII. pp. 123-124); *Queen of the Air*, § 168 (Vol. XIX. pp. 413-414); and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 91 (Vol. XXIX. p. 439).]
[4] [See above, p. 283.]

you to-day the portrait of a Tuscan Sibyl,[1]—such as there have been, and still are. She herself is still living; her portrait is the first drawing illustrating the book of the legends of the peasantry of Val d'Arno, which I obtained possession of in Florence last year; of which book I will now read you part of the preface, in which the authoress gives you the story of the life of this Etrurian Sibyl:—[2]

. . . . . .

85. There are just one or two points I want you to note in this biography, specially.

The girl is put, in her youth, to three kinds of noble work. She is a shepherdess, like St. Geneviève; a spinner and knitter, like Queen Bertha;[3] chiefly and most singularly, she is put to help her father in the pontifical art of bridge-building.[4] Gymnastic to purpose, you observe. In the last, or last but one, number of your favourite English chronicle, the proud mother says of her well-trained daughters, that there is not one who could not knock down her own father:[5] here is a strong daughter who can *help* her father—a Grace Darling of the rivers instead of the sea.[6]

These are the first three things to be noted of her. Next, the material of her education,—not in words, but in thoughts, and the greatest of thoughts. You continually hear that Roman Catholics are not allowed to read the Bible. Here is a little shepherdess who has it in her heart.

Next, the time of her inspiration,—at her wedding feast; as in the beginning of her Master's ministry, at Cana. Here is right honour put upon marriage; and, in spite of

[1] [See frontispiece to the *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* (Plate II., p. 38, in Vol. XXXII.).]

[2] [See Vol. XXXII. pp. 57, 58, for the passage here read by Ruskin ("Beatrice was the daughter . . . same name as herself").]

[3] [See below, p. 493.]

[4] [See above, p. 195.]

[5] [See, in *Punch* for May 19, 1883 (vol. 84, p. 234), a picture by Du Maurier: "A Felt Want."]

[6] [Grace Darling (1815-1842), famous for her heroic rescues, was the daughter of a lighthouse-keeper on the Farne Islands.]

the efforts made to disturb her household peace, it was entirely blessed to her in her children: nor to her alone, but to us, and to myriads with us; for her second son, Angelo, is the original of the four drawings of St. Christopher which illustrate the central poem in Miss Alexander's book;[1] and which are, to the best of my knowledge, the most beautiful renderings of the legend hitherto attained by religious imagination.

86. And as you dwell on these portraits of a noble Tuscan peasant, the son of a noble Christian mother—learn this farther and final distinction between the greatest art of past time, and that which has become possible now and in future.

The Greek, I said,[2] pourtrayed the body and the mind of man, glorified in mortal war. But to us is given the task of holier portraiture, of the countenance and the heart of man, glorified by the peace of God.

87. Whether Francesca's book is to be eventually kept together or distributed I do not yet know.[3] But if distributed, the drawings of St. Christopher must remain in Oxford, being, as I have said, the noblest statements I have ever seen of the unchangeable meaning of this Ford of ours, for all who pass it honestly, and do not contrive false traverse for themselves over a widened Magdalen Bridge.[4] That ford, gentlemen, for ever,—know what you may,—hope what you may,—believe or deny what you may,—you have to pass barefoot. For it is a baptism as well as a ford, and the waves of it, as the sands, are holy. Your youthful days in this place are to you the dipping of your feet in the brim of the river, which is to be manfully stemmed by you all your days; not drifted with,—nor toyed upon. Fallen leaves enough it is strewn with, of

[1] [In all, there are five drawings of St. Christopher, but one of them was not shown at Oxford: see Plates XX.–XXIV. in the *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* (Vol. XXXII. pp. 206 *seq.*]

[2] [See above, §§ 62, 78 (pp. 308, 319).]

[3] [On this subject, see Vol. XXXII. pp. 44–47.]

[4] [The Bridge had recently been widened and rebuilt, with some very unsightly gas-lamps, which caused considerable outcry at the time.]

the flowers of the forest; moraine enough it bears, of the ruin of the brave. Your task is to *cross* it; your doom may be to go down with it, to the depths out of which there is no crying. Traverse it, staff in hand, and with loins girded, and with whatsoever law of Heaven you know, for your light.[1] On the other side is the Promised Land, the Land of the Leal.[2]

[1] [Psalms cxxx. 1; Exodus xii. 11, etc.; Psalms cxix. 105.]
[2] [See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 32 (Vol. XXVII. p. 601).]

LECTURE IV

FAIRY LAND

MRS. ALLINGHAM AND KATE GREENAWAY

(*Delivered 26th and 30th May* 1883)

88. We have hitherto been considering the uses of legendary art to grown persons, and to the most learned and powerful minds. To-day I will endeavour to note with you some of the least controvertible facts respecting its uses to children; and to obtain your consent to the main general principles on which I believe it should be offered to them.

Here, however, I enter on ground where I must guard carefully against being misled by my own predilections, and in which also the questions at issue are extremely difficult, because most of them new. It is only in recent times that pictures have become familiar means of household pleasure and education: only in our own days—nay, even within the last ten years of those,—that the means of illustration by colour-printing have been brought to perfection, and art as exquisite as we need desire to see it, placed, if our school-boards choose to have it so, within the command of every nursery governess.

89. Having then the colour-print, the magic-lantern, the electric-light, and the—to any row of ciphers—magnifying lens, it becomes surely very interesting to consider what we may most wisely represent to children by means so potent, so dazzling, and, if we will, so faithful. I said just now that I must guard carefully against being misled by my own predilections, because having been myself brought up principally on fairy legends,[1] my first impulse would be to insist upon every story we tell to a child

[1] [Principally, but not wholly: see below, § 102 (p. 335). And compare *Præterita*, i. §§ 1, 2.]

being untrue, and every scene we paint for it, impossible. But I have been led, as often before confessed,[1] gravely to doubt the expediency of some parts of my early training; and perhaps some day may try to divest myself wholly, for an hour, of these dangerous recollections; and prepare a lecture for you in which I will take Mr. Gradgrind on his own terms,[2] and consider how far, making it a rule that we exhibit nothing but facts, we could decorate our pages of history, and illuminate the slides of our lantern, in a manner still sufficiently attractive to childish taste. For indeed poor Louise and her brother, kneeling to peep under the fringes of the circus-tent, are as much in search after facts as the most scientific of us all! A circus-rider, with his hoop, is as much a fact as the planet Saturn and his ring, and exemplifies a great many more laws of motion, both moral and physical; nor are any descriptions of the Valley of Diamonds, or the Lake of the Black Islands, in the *Arabian Nights*,[3] anything like so wonderful as the scenes of California and the Rocky Mountains which you may find described in the April Number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, under the heading of "Early Spring in California";[4] and may see represented with most sincere and passionate enthusiasm by the American landscape painter, Mr. Moran, in a survey lately published by the Government of the United States.[5]

[1] [See, for instance, *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 54 (reprinted in *Præterita*, i. § 54).]

[2] [See the opening words of *Hard Times:* "Now, what I want is, Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts." For the circus-tent, see ch. iii. There are other references to the book in Vol. XV. p. 371, and Vol. XVII. p. 31.]

[3] ["The Valley of Diamonds" was the title (taken from the story of Sinbad) of Lecture i. in Ruskin's *Ethics of the Dust* (Vol. XVIII. p. 209). For the Lake of the Black Islands, see "The Story of the Fisherman," passing into that of "The Story of the Young King of the Black Islands" (vol. i. pp. 91 *seq.* in Lane's edition).]

[4] [Vol. 47, pp. 410–423.]

[5] [Views of the Rocky Mountains are included among fifteen water-colour sketches by Thomas Moran, finely reproduced by chromo-lithography, issued at Boston (L. Prang & Co.) in 1876, under the title *The Yellowstone National Park, and the Mountain Regions of Portions of Idaho, Nevada, Colorado, and Utah*, described by Professor T. F. Hayden, Geologist-in-Charge of the United States Government Exploring Expedition . . . illustrated, etc. The publication was not official, but Professor Hayden refers to Moran's coloured sketches as supplementing the official survey.]

90. Scenes majestic as these, pourtrayed with mere and pure fidelity by such scientific means as I have referred to, would form a code of geographic instruction beyond all the former grasp of young people; and a source of entertainment,—I had nearly said, and most people who had not watched the minds of children carefully, might think,—inexhaustible. Much, indeed, I should myself hope from it, but by no means an infinitude of entertainment. For it is quite an inexorable law of this poor human nature of ours, that in the development of its healthy infancy, it is put by Heaven under the absolute necessity of using its imagination as well as its lungs and its legs;—that it is forced to develop its power of invention, as a bird its feathers of flight; that no toy you can bestow will supersede the pleasure it has in fancying something that isn't there; and the most instructive histories you can compile for it of the wonders of the world will never conquer the interest of the tale which a clever child can tell itself, concerning the shipwreck of a rose-leaf in the shallows of a rivulet.[1]

91. One of the most curious proofs of the need to children of this exercise of the inventive and believing power,—the *besoin de croire*, which precedes the *besoin d'aimer*,—you will find in the way you destroy the vitality of a toy to them, by bringing it too near the imitation of life. You never find a child make a pet of a mechanical mouse that runs about the floor—of a poodle that yelps—of a tumbler who jumps upon wires. The child falls in love with a quiet thing, with an ugly one—nay, it may be, with one, to us, totally devoid of meaning. My little—ever-so-many-times-grand—cousin, Lily,[2] took a bit of stick with a round knob at the end of it for her doll one day;—nursed it through any number of illnesses with the most tender solicitude; and, on the deeply-important occasion of

[1] [In the lecture as delivered, ". . . the shipwreck of a walnut-shell in a gutter" (*Pall Mall Gazette*, May 28).]

[2] [Miss Lily Severn, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn; strictly, Ruskin's second cousin once removed.]

its having a new night-gown made for it, bent down her mother's head to receive the confidential and timid whisper —"Mamma, perhaps it had better have no sleeves, because, as Bibsey has no arms, she mightn't like it."[1]

92. I must take notice here, but only in passing,—the subject being one to be followed out afterwards in studying more grave branches of art,—that the human mind in its full energy having thus the power of believing simply what it likes, the responsibilities and the fatalities attached to the effort of Faith are greater than those belonging to bodily deed, precisely in the degree of their voluntariness. A man can't always *do* what he likes, but he can always *fancy* what he likes; and he may be forced to do what he doesn't like, but he can't be forced to fancy what he doesn't like.

93. I use for the moment, the word "to fancy" instead of "to believe," because the whole subject of Fidelity and Infidelity has been made a mere mess of quarrels and blunders by our habitually forgetting that the proper power of Faith is to trust *without* evidence, not *with* evidence. You perpetually hear people say, "I won't believe this or that unless you give me evidence of it." Why, if you give them evidence of it, they *know* it,—they don't believe, any more. A man doesn't believe there's any danger in nitro-glycerine; at last he gets his parlour-door blown into the next street. He is then better informed on the subject, but the time for belief is past.

94. Only, observe, I don't say that you can fancy what you like, to the degree of receiving it for truth. Heaven forbid we should have a power such as that, for it would be one of voluntary madness. But we are, in the most natural and rational health, able to foster the fancy, up to the point of influencing our feelings and character in the strongest way; and for the strength of that healthy imaginative faculty, and all the blending of the good and

[1] [For another reference to this incident, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 95 (Vol. XXIX. p. 508).]

grace, "richiesto al vero ed al trastullo,"* we are wholly responsible. We may cultivate it to what brightness we choose, merely by living in a quiet relation with natural objects and great and good people, past or present; and we may extinguish it to the last snuff, merely by living in town, and reading the *Times* every morning.

"We are scarcely sufficiently conscious," says Mr. Kinglake, with his delicate precision of serenity in satire, "scarcely sufficiently conscious in England, of the great debt we owe to the *wise and watchful press which presides over the formation of our opinions;* and which brings about this splendid result, namely, that in matters of belief, the humblest of us are lifted up to the level of the most sagacious, so that really a simple Cornet in the Blues is no more likely to entertain a foolish belief about ghosts, or witchcraft, or any other supernatural topic, than the Lord High Chancellor, or the Leader of the House of Commons."[1]

95. And thus, at the present day, for the education or the extinction of the Fancy, we are absolutely left to our choice. For its occupation, not wholly so, yet in a far greater measure than we know. Mr. Wordsworth speaks of it as only impossible to "have sight of Proteus rising from the sea," because the world is too much with us;[2] also Mr. Kinglake, though, in another place, he calls it "a vain and heathenish longing to be fed with divine counsels from the lips of Pallas Athene,"[3]—yet is far happier than the most scientific traveller could be in a trigonometric measurement, when he discovers that Neptune could really have seen Troy from the top of Samothrace:[4] and I believe that we should many of us find it an extremely wholesome and useful method of treating

* Dante, *Purg.* xiv. 93.

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[1] [*Eothen*, ch. viii. (p. 147, ed. 2).]

[2] [For other references to Wordsworth's sonnet, "The world is too much with us," see Vol. V. p. 323, and Vol. XI. p. 130.]

[3] [*Eothen*, ch. vii. (p. 104).]

[4] [*Ibid.*, ch. iv. (pp. 64, 65). Neptune should be Jove.]

our ordinary affairs, if before deciding, even upon very minor points of conduct admitting of prudential and conscientious debate, we were in the habit of imagining that Pallas Athene was actually in the room with us, or at least outside the window in the form of a swallow,[1] and permitted us, on the condition always of instant obedience, to ask her advice upon the matter.

96. Here ends my necessary parenthesis, with its suspicion of preachment,[2] for which I crave pardon, and I return to my proper subject of to-day,—the art which intends to address only childish imagination, and whose object is primarily to entertain with grace.

With grace:—I insist much on this latter word. We may allow the advocates of a material philosophy to insist that every wild-weed tradition of fairies, gnomes, and sylphs should be well ploughed out of a child's mind to prepare it for the good seed of the Gospel of—*Dis*grace: but no defence can be offered for the presentation of these ideas to its mind in a form so vulgarized as to defame and pollute the masterpieces of former literature. It is perfectly easy to convince the young proselyte of science that a cobweb on the top of a thistle cannot be commanded to catch a honey-bee for him,[3] without introducing a dance of ungainly fairies on the site of the cabstand under the Westminster clock tower, or making the Queen of them fall in love with the sentry on guard.[4]

97. With grace, then, assuredly,—and I think we may add also, with as much seriousness as an entirely fictitious subject may admit of,—seeing that it touches the border of that higher world which is not fictitious. We are all perhaps too much in the habit of thinking the scenes of burlesque in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* exemplary of Shakespeare's general treatment of fairy character: we

[1] [*Odyssey*, xxii. 240: see *Love's Meinie*, § 79 (Vol. XXV. p. 71).]
[2] [See above, § 20, p. 279.]
[3] [*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv. sc. 1.]
[4] [The description is of the scene at the beginning of the second act of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Iolanthe*, which had been produced (November 28, 1882) shortly before the time of Ruskin's lecture.]

should always remember that he places the most beautiful words descriptive of virgin purity which English poetry possesses, in the mouth of the Fairy King, and that to the Lord of Fancies he entrusts the praise of the conquest of Fancy,—

"In maiden meditation,—Fancy free."[1]

Still less should we forget the function of household benediction, attributed to them always by happy national superstition, and summed in the closing lines of the same play,—

"With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace."

98. With seriousness then,—but only, I repeat, such as entirely fictitious elements properly admit of. The general grace and sweetness of Scott's moorland fairy, "The White Lady," failed of appeal to the general justice of public taste, because in two places he fell into the exactly opposite errors of unbecoming jest, and too far-venturing solemnity. The ducking of the Sacristan offended even his most loving readers; but it offended them chiefly for a reason of which they were in great part unconscious, that the jest is carried out in the course of the charge with which the fairy is too gravely entrusted, to protect, for Mary of Avenel, her mother's Bible.[2]

99. It is of course impossible, in studying questions of this kind, to avoid confusion between what is fit in literature and in art; the leading principles are the same in both, but of course much may be allowed to the narrator which is impossible or forbidden to the draughtsman. And I necessarily take examples chiefly from literature, because the greatest masters of story have never disdained the playfully supernatural elements of fairy-tale, while it is

[1] [*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii. sc. 2. The line is quoted also in Vol. XXIV. p. 68, and the closing lines of the play are quoted in Vol. VI. p. 445.]

[2] [See chaps. v., vii., viii., ix., and others of *The Monastery*.]

extremely rare to find a good painter condescending to them,—or, I should rather say, contending with them, the task being indeed one of extreme difficulty. I believe Sir Noel Paton's pictures of the Court of Titania, and Fairy Raid,[1] are all we possess in which the accomplished skill of painting has been devoted to fairy-subject; and my impression when I saw the former picture—the latter I grieve not yet to have seen—was that the artist intended rather to obtain leave by the closeness of ocular distance to display the exquisite power of minute delineation, which he felt in historical painting to be inapplicable, than to arrest, either in his own mind or the spectator's, even a momentary credence in the enchantment of fairy-wand and fairy-ring.

100. And within the range of other art which I can call to mind, touching on the same ground,—or rather, breathing in the same air,—it seems to me a sorrowful and somewhat unaccountable law that only grotesque or terrible fancies present themselves forcibly enough, in these admittedly fabling states of the imagination, to be noted with the pencil. For instance, without rating too highly the inventive powers of the old German outline-draughtsman, Retsch, we cannot but attribute to him a very real gift of making visibly terrible such legend as that of the ballad of Leonora, and interpreting, with a wild aspect of veracity, the passages of sorcery in *Faust*.[2] But the drawing which I possess by his hand, of the Genius of Poetry riding upon a swan, could not be placed in my school with any hope of deepening your impression either of the beauty of swans, or the dignity of genii.

101. You must, however, always carefully distinguish these states of gloomy fantasy, natural, though too often fatal, to men of real imagination,—the spectra which appear, whether they desire it or not,—to men like Orcagna, Dürer, Blake, and Alfred Rethel,—and dwelt upon by them, in

[1] [See Vol. XIV. p. 50 and *n.*]

[2] [His outline illustrations to *Faust* may be seen in an edition of J. Birch's translation (1839); and see *Retzsch's Outlines to Bürger's Ballads* (Leipsic and London, 1840). For other references to Retsch, see Vol. IV. pp. 259, 371.]

the hope of producing some moral impression of salutary awe by their record—as in Blake's Book of Job, in Dürer's Apocalypse, in Rethel's Death the Avenger and Death the Friend,[1]—and more nobly in his grand design of Barbarossa entering the grave of Charlemagne;—carefully, I say, you must distinguish this natural and lofty phase of visionary terror, from the coarse delight in mere pain and crisis of danger, which, in our infidel art and literature for the young, fills our books of travel with pictures of alligators swallowing children, hippopotami upsetting canoes full of savages, bears on their hind-legs doing battle with northern navigators, avalanches burying Alpine villages, and the like, as the principal attractions of the volume; not, in the plurality of cases, without vileness of exaggeration which amounts to misleading falsehood—unless happily pushed to the point where mischief is extinguished by absurdity. In Strahan's "Magazine for the Youth of all Ages," for June 1879, at page 328, you will find it related, in a story proposed for instruction in scientific natural history, that "the fugitives saw an enormous elephant cross the clearing, surrounded by ten tigers, some clinging to its back, and others keeping alongside."[2]

102. I may in this place, I think, best introduce—though again parenthetically—the suggestion of a healthy field for the labouring scientific fancy which remains yet unexhausted, and I believe inexhaustible,—that of the fable, expanded into narrative, which gives a true account of the life of animals, supposing them to be endowed with human intelligence, directed to the interests of their animal life. I said just now[3] that I had been brought up upon fairy legends, but I must gratefully include, under the general title of these, the stories in *Evenings at Home* of The Transmigrations of Indur, The Discontented Squirrel, The

[1] [For other references—to Blake's Book of Job, see Vol. XXV. p. 515 *n.*; to Dürer's Apocalypse, Vol. XIX. p. 260, and Vol. XXI. p. 134; to Rethel's Death, Vol. XV. p. 223.]

[2] [Quoted from a story called "The Serpent-Charmer," by Louis Rousselet, in *Strahan's Grand Annual for the Young.*]

[3] [See above, § 89 (p. 328).]

Travelled Ant, The Cat and her Children, and Little Fido;[1] and with these, one now quite lost, but which I am minded soon to reprint for my younger pupils—The History of a Field-Mouse,[2] which in its pretty detail is no less amusing, and much more natural, than the town and country mice of Horace and Pope,[3]—classic, in the best sense, though these will always be.

103. There is the more need that some true and pure examples of fable in this kind should be put within the reach of children, because the wild efforts of weak writers to increase their incomes at Christmas, and the unscrupulous encouragement of them by competing booksellers, fill our nurseries with forms of rubbish which are on the one side destructive of the meaning of all ancient tradition, and on the other, reckless of every really interesting truth in exact natural history. Only the other day, in examining the mixed contents of a somewhat capacious nursery bookcase, the first volume I opened was a fairy tale in which the benevolent and moral fairy drove a "matchless pair of white cockatrices." I might take up all the time yet left for this lecture in exposing to you the mingled folly and mischief in those few words;—the pandering to the first notion of vulgar children that all glory consists in driving a matchless pair of something or other,—and the implied ignorance in which only such a book could be presented to *any* children, of the most solemn of scriptural promises to them,—"the weaned child shall lay his hand on the cockatrice' den."[4]

104. And the next book I examined was a series of stories imported from Japan,* most of them simply sanguinary and

* Macmillan, 1871.[5]

[1] [See *Evenings at Home; or, The Juvenile Budget Opened*, 6 vols., 1792; vol. ii. p. 1; vol. i. p. 43; vol. v. p. 101; vol. i. p. 105 ("The History of a Cat"); and vol. i. p. 119 ("The Little Dog").]

[2] [*Little Downy, or the History of a Field Mouse: a Moral Tale* (1822).]

[3] [Horace, *Satires*, ii. 6, and Pope's Imitation.]

[4] [Isaiah xii. 8.]

[5] [*Tales of Old Japan*, by A. B. Mitford (afterwards Lord Redesdale), with illustrations by Japanese artists. The "introduction" is not the author's introduction to the volume, but the opening of the story of the Ape and the Crab: see p. 264.]

loathsome,[1] but one or two pretending to be zoological—as, for instance, that of the Battle of the Ape and the Crab, of which it is said in the introduction that "men should lay it up in their hearts, and teach it as a profitable lesson to their children." In the opening of this profitable story, the crab plants a "persimmon seed in his garden" (the reader is not informed what manner of fruit the persimmon may be), and watches the growth of the tree which springs from it with great delight; being, we are told in another paragraph, "a simple-minded creature."

105. I do not know whether this conception of character in the great zodiacal crustacean is supposed to be scientific or æsthetic,—but I hope that British children at the seaside are capable of inventing somewhat better stories of crabs for themselves; and if they would farther know the foreign manners of the sidelong-pacing people, let me ask them to look at the account given by Lord George Campbell, in his *Log Letters from the Challenger*,[2] of his landing on the island of St. Paul, and of the manner in which the quite unsophisticated crabs of that locality succeeded first in stealing his fish-bait, and then making him lose his temper, to a degree extremely unbecoming in a British nobleman. They will not, after the perusal of that piquant—or perhaps I should rather say, pinçant,—narrative, be disposed, whatever other virtues they may possess, to ascribe to the obliquitous nation that of simplicity of mind.

106. I have no time to dwell longer on the existing

[1] [On Japanese art, see above, § 56 (p. 271).]

[2] [See pp. 38, 39 of the edition of 1876: "But the crabs, those cheeky, exasperating, but intensely amusing crabs! . . . How hot and exasperated I got chasing them; how I didn't swear; how sitting down I soon saw one eye, and then one claw, and then the other eye appear over a ledge of rock; how it watched me; how I remained breathless and still; how I then slily drew my stick along, and how, finally, I frantically struck at it; and how, after all, I only stung my arm and didn't touch the crab! How, after cutting nice strips off a fish for bait, I after a few minutes turned round and found it all stolen; how I saw the robbers disappearing into cracks; how I threw my stick at one, and struck it by a piece of good luck; with what joy I threw it into the sea, and saw the fish rush at and devour it. Ha! revenge is sweet."]

fallacies in the representation either of the fairy or the animal kingdoms. I must pass to the happier duty of returning thanks for the truth with which our living painters have drawn for us the lovely dynasty of little creatures, about whose reality there can be no doubt; and who are at once the most powerful of fairies, and the most amusing, if not always the most sagacious, of animals.

In my last lecture, I noted to you, though only parenthetically, the singular defect in Greek art, that it never gives you any conception of Greek children.[1] Neither—up to the thirteenth century—does Gothic art give you any conception of Gothic children; for, until the thirteenth century, the Goth was not perfectly Christianized,[2] and still thought only of the strength of humanity as admirable in battle or venerable in judgment, but not as dutiful in peace, nor happy in simplicity.

But from the moment when the spirit of Christianity had been entirely interpreted to the Western races, the sanctity of womanhood worshipped in the Madonna, and the sanctity of childhood in unity with that of Christ, became the light of every honest hearth, and the joy of every pure and chastened soul. Yet the traditions of art-subject, and the vices of luxury which developed themselves in the following (fourteenth) century, prevented the manifestation of this new force in domestic life for two centuries more; and then at last in the child angels of Luca, Mino of Fesole, Luini, Angelico, Perugino, and the first days of Raphael, it expressed itself as the one pure and sacred passion which protected Christendom from the ruin of the Renaissance.

107. Nor has it since failed; and whatever disgrace or blame obscured the conception of the later Flemish and incipient English schools, the children, whether in the pictures of Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyke, or Sir Joshua, were always beautiful. An extremely dark period indeed

[1] [See above, § 75, p. 318.]
[2] [Compare *Val d'Arno*, § 248 (Vol. XXIII. p. 145).]

follows, leading to and persisting in the French Revolution, and issuing in the merciless manufacturing fury, which to-day grinds children to dust between millstones, and tears them to pieces on engine-wheels,—against which rises round us, Heaven be thanked, again the protest and the power of Christianity, restoring the fields of the quiet earth to the steps of her infancy.

108. In Germany, this protest, I believe, began with—it is at all events perfectly represented by—the Ludwig Richter I have so often named;[1] in France, with Edward Frère, whose pictures of children are of quite immortal beauty. But in England it was long repressed by the terrible action of our wealth, compelling our painters to represent the children of the poor as in wickedness or misery. It is one of the most terrific facts in all the history of British art that Bewick never draws children but in mischief.[2]

109. I am not able to say with whom, in Britain, the reaction first begins,—but certainly not in painting until after Wilkie, in all whose works there is not a single example of a beautiful Scottish boy or girl. I imagine in literature, we may take the "Cottar's Saturday Night" and the "toddlin' wee things" as the real beginning of child benediction; and I am disposed to assign in England much value to the widely felt, though little acknowledged, influence of an authoress now forgotten — Mary Russell Mitford.[3] Her village children in the Lowlands—in the Highlands, the Lucy Grays and Alice Fells of Wordsworth—brought back to us the hues of Fairy Land; and although long by Academic art denied or resisted, at last the charm is felt in London itself,—on pilgrimage in whose suburbs you find the Little Nells and boy David Copperfields; and in the heart of it, Kit's baby brother at Astley's,

[1] [See above, pp. 285, 300; and for Frère, Vol. XIV. pp. 142, 174, 347.]

[2] [Compare Ruskin's notes on Bewick's *Birds* at vol. i. p. 82 (Vol. XXX. p. 283).]

[3] [Compare "My First Editor," § 15 (Vol. XXXIV. p. 103).]

indenting his cheek with an oyster-shell to the admiration of all beholders;[1] till at last, bursting out like one of the sweet Surrey fountains, all dazzling and pure, you have the radiance and innocence of reinstated infant divinity showered again among the flowers of English meadows by Mrs. Allingham and Kate Greenaway.

110. It has chanced strangely, that every one of the artists to whom in these lectures I wished chiefly to direct your thoughts, has been insufficiently, or even disadvantageously, represented by his work in the exhibitions of the season.[2] But chiefly I have been disappointed in finding no drawing of the least interest by Mrs. Allingham in the room of the Old Water-Colour Society. And let me say in passing, that none of these new splendours and spaces of show galleries, with attached restaurants to support the cockney constitution under the trial of getting from one end of them to the other, will in the least make up to the real art-loving public for the loss of the good fellowship of our old societies, every member of which sent everything he had done best in the year into the room, for the May meetings: shone with his debited measure of admiration in his accustomed corner; supported his associates without eclipsing them; supplied his customers without impoverishing them; and was permitted to sell a picture to his patron or his friend, without paying fifty guineas commission on the business to a dealer.[3]

111. Howsoever it may have chanced, Mrs. Allingham has nothing of importance in the water-colour room; and I am even sorrowfully compelled to express my regret that she should have spent unavailing pains in finishing single heads, which are at the best uninteresting miniatures, instead of fulfilling her true gift, and doing what (in Miss

[1] [See ch. xxxix. of *The Old Curiosity Shop.*]

[2] [Compare what Ruskin said (in the lecture as delivered) of Leighton; above, p. 318 *n.*]

[3] [Compare what Ruskin says, in the *Notes on Prout and Hunt*, on the room of the Old Water-Colour Society "in Mays of long ago," and on the prices of those days: Vol. XIV. pp. 389–390, 403.]

Alexander's words) "the Lord made her for"[1]—in representing the gesture, character, and humour of charming children in country landscapes. Her "Tea Party," in last year's exhibition,[2] with the little girl giving her doll its bread and milk, and taking care that she supped it with propriety, may be named as a most lovely example of her feeling and her art; and the drawing which some years ago riveted, and ever since has retained, the public admiration, —the two deliberate housewives in their village toy-shop, bent on domestic utilities and economies, and proud in the acquisition of two flat irons for a farthing,[3]—has become, and rightly, a classic picture, which will have its place among the memorable things in the art of our time, when many of its loudly trumpeted magnificences are remembered no more.

112. I must not in this place omit mention, with sincere gratitude, of the like motives in the paintings of Mr. Birket Foster;[4] but with regret that in too equal, yet incomplete, realization of them, mistaking, in many instances, mere spotty execution for finish, he has never taken the high position that was open to him as an illustrator of rustic life.

And I am grieved to omit the names of many other artists who have protested, with consistent feeling, against the misery entailed on the poor children of our great cities,—by painting the real inheritance of childhood in the meadows and fresh air. But the graciousness and sentiment of them all is enough represented by the hitherto

[1] [For the phrase, see Miss Alexander's Preface to *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* (Vol. XXXII. p. 58).]

[2] ["The Children's Tea," No. 248 in the Summer Exhibition of 1882 at the Old Water-Colour Society. The drawing is reproduced in colours at p. 86 of *Happy England as painted by Helen Allingham*, by Marcus B. Huish, 1903.]

[3] [This is the drawing called "Young Customers" exhibited at the Old Water-Colour Society in 1875: see Ruskin's *Academy Notes* in that year (Vol. XIV. p. 264). The picture secured her election as a member of the Society; it was founded on a black-and-white drawing made to illustrate Mrs. Ewing's *A Flat Iron for a Farthing*. It is reproduced in colours at p. 50 of *Happy England*.]

[4] [For other references to him, see Vol. XIV. p. 299, and Vol. XXII. p. 392 *n*.]

undreamt-of, and, in its range, unrivalled, fancy, which is now re-establishing throughout gentle Europe, the manners and customs of fairyland.

113. I may best indicate to you the grasp which the genius of Miss Kate Greenaway has taken upon the spirit of foreign lands, no less than her own, by translating the last paragraph of the entirely candid, and intimately observant, review of modern English art, given by Monsieur Ernest Chesneau, in his small volume, *La Peinture Anglaise*,[1] of which I will only at present say, that any of my pupils who read French with practice enough to recognize the finesse of it in exact expression, may not only accept his criticism as my own, but will find it often more careful than mine, and nearly always better expressed; because French is essentially a critical language, and can say things in a sentence which it would take half a page of English to explain.

114. He gives first a quite lovely passage (too long to introduce now) upon the gentleness of the satire of John Leech, as opposed to the bitter malignity of former caricature. Then he goes on:[2] "The great softening of the English mind, so manifest already in John Leech, shows itself in a decisive manner by the enthusiasm with which the public have lately received the designs of Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Caldecott, and Miss Kate Greenaway. The two first named artists began by addressing to children the stories of Perrault and of the Arabian Nights, translated and adorned for them in a dazzling manner; . . . and, in the works of all these three artists, landscape plays an important part;—familiar landscape, very English, interpreted with a 'bonhomie savante'" (no translating that), "spiritual, decorative in the rarest taste,—strange and precious adaptation of Etruscan art, Flemish and Japanese,

[1] [A volume (1883) in the *Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts*. The book was afterwards (1885) translated into English, with a Preface by Ruskin (for which see Vol. XXXIV.).]

[2] [Ruskin translates (with some re-arrangement) from pp. 332, 334, 335.]

reaching, together with the perfect interpretation of nature, to incomparable chords of colour harmony. . . . These powers are found in the work of the three, but Miss Greenaway, with a profound sentiment of love for children, puts the child alone on the scene, companions him in his own solitudes, and shows the infantine nature in all its naïveté, its gaucherie, its touching grace, its shy alarm, its discoveries, ravishments, embarrassments, and victories; the stumblings of it in wintry ways, the enchanted smiles of its spring time, and all the history of its fond heart and guiltless egoism. . . .

"From the honest but fierce laugh of the coarse Saxon, William Hogarth, to the delicious smile of Kate Greenaway, there has past a century and a half. Is it the same people which applauds to-day the sweet genius and tender malices of the one, and which applauded the bitter genius and slaughterous satire of the other? After all, that is possible,—the hatred of vice is only another manifestation of the love of innocence."

Thus far M. Chesneau—and I venture only to take up the admirable passage at a question I did not translate: "Ira-t-on au delà, fera-t-on mieux encore?"—and to answer joyfully, Yes, if you choose; you, the British public, to encourage the artist in doing the best she can for you. She will, if you will receive it when she does.

115. I have brought with me to-day in the first place some examples of her pencil sketches in primary design. These in general the public cannot see, and these, as is always the case with the finest imaginative work, contain the best essence of it,—qualities never afterwards to be recovered, and expressed with the best of all sensitive instruments, the pencil point.[1]

You have here, for consummate example, a dance of fairies under a mushroom, which she did under challenge to show me what fairies were like. "They'll be very like

[1] [Compare what Ruskin says of Turner's practice with the pencil point: Vol. XIII. p. 245.]

children," she said; I answered that I didn't mind, and should like to see them, all the same;—so here they are, with a dance, also of two girlies, outside of a mushroom; and I don't know whether the elfins or girls are fairy-footedest: and one or two more subjects, which you may find out;[1]—but, in all, you will see that the line is ineffably tender and delicate, and can't in the least be represented by the lines of a woodcut. But I have long since shown you the power of line engraving as it was first used in Florence;[2] and if you choose, you may far recover the declining energies of line engraving in England, by encouraging its use in the multiplication, whether of these, or of Turner outlines, or of old Florentine silver point outlines, no otherwise to be possessed by you. I have given you one example of what is possible in Mr. Roffe's engraving of Ida;[3] and, if all goes well, before the autumn fairy rings are traced, you shall see some fairy Idas caught flying.[4]

116. So far of pure outline. Next, for the enrichment of it by colour. Monsieur Chesneau doubts if the charm of Miss Greenaway's work can be carried farther. I answer, with security,—yes, very much farther, and that in two directions: first, in her own method of design; and secondly, the manner of its representation in printing.

First, her own design has been greatly restricted by being too ornamental, or, in your modern phrase, decorative;—contracted into any corner of a Christmas card, or stretched like an elastic band round the edges of an almanack. Now, her art is much too good to be used merely for illumination; it is essentially and perfectly that of true colour-picture, and that the most naïve and delightful manner of picture, because, on the simplest terms, it comes nearest

[1] [The drawings here referred to were not left at Oxford. At p. 218 of *Kate Greenaway*, by M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard, will be found a reproduction of a Fairies' Dance (though not the one here mentioned).]

[2] [In the lectures of 1872, entitled *Ariadne Florentina*, Vol. XXII.]

[3] [See Vol. XXXII. p. 3 (Plate I.); already referred to above, p. 283.]

[4] [Ruskin gave engravings from Miss Kate Greenaway's drawings in Letters 91–96 of *Fors Clavigera;* others, which he had prepared, are collected on Plate XXXIX. here.]

Kate Greenaway

reality. No end of mischief has been done to modern art by the habit of running semi-pictorial illustration round the margins of ornamental volumes, and Miss Greenaway has been wasting her strength too sorrowfully in making the edges of her little birthday books, and the like, glitter with unregarded gold, whereas her power should be concentrated in the direct illustration of connected story, and her pictures should be made complete on the page, and far more realistic than decorative. There is no charm so enduring as that of the real representation of any given scene; her present designs are like living flowers flattened to go into an herbarium, and sometimes too pretty to be believed. We must ask her for more descriptive reality,[1] for more convincing simplicity, and we must get her to organize a school of colourists by hand, who can absolutely facsimile her own first drawing.

117. This is the second matter on which I have to insist. I bring with me to-day twelve of her original drawings, and have mounted beside them, good impressions of the published prints.

I may heartily congratulate both the publishers and possessors of the book on the excellence of these; yet if you examine them closely, you will find that the colour blocks of the print sometimes slip a little aside, so as to lose the precision of the drawing in important places;[2] and in many other respects better can be done, in at least a certain number of chosen copies. I must not, however, detain you to-day by entering into particulars in this matter. I am

[1] [This was a request which Ruskin was constantly pressing upon Kate Greenaway: see his letters to her in a later volume of this edition, and compare Vol. XXX. p. 239.]

[2] [To like effect, M. Chesneau said, in a note appended to the English translation of his book (p. 336): "The author has since seen at the Ruskin school at Oxford a whole set of original designs from the pencil of this charming artist, and has had an opportunity of comparing them with the engravings in colour which have been made from them. He can only say now that the reproductions resemble the originals as the light of the moon does the sunlight; they are a pale reflection." An account of the methods employed by the late Mr. Edmund Evans in producing his coloured prints from Kate Greenaway's designs will be found at pp. 64–65 of Messrs. Spielmann and Layard's book.]

content to ask your sympathy in the endeavour, if I can prevail on the artist to undertake it.

Only with respect to this and every other question of method in engraving, observe farther that *all* the drawings I bring you to-day agree in one thing,—minuteness and delicacy of touch carried to its utmost limit, visible in its perfectness to the eyes of youth, but neither executed with a magnifying glass, nor, except to aged eyes, needing one. Even I, at sixty-four, can see the essential qualities of the work without spectacles; though only the youngest of my friends here can see, for instance, Kate's fairy dance, perfectly, but *they* can, with their own bright eyes.

118. And now please note this, for an entirely general law, again and again reiterated by me for many a year.[1] *All great art is delicate*, and fine to the uttermost. Wherever there is blotting, or daubing, or dashing, there is weakness, at least; probably, affectation; certainly, bluntness of feeling. But, all delicacy which is rightly pleasing to the human mind is addressed to the *unaided human sight*, not to microscopic help or mediation.[2]

And now generalize that law farther. As all noble sight is with the eyes that God has given you, so all noble motion is with the limbs God has balanced for you, and all noble strength with the arms He has knit. Though you should put electric coils into your high heels, and make spring-heeled Jacks and Gills of yourselves, you will never dance, so, as you could barefoot. Though you could have machines that would swing a ship of war into the sea, and drive a railway train through a rock, all divine strength is still the strength of Herakles, a man's wrestle, and a man's blow.

119. There are two other points I must try to enforce in closing, very clearly. "Landscape," says M. Chesneau, "takes great part in these lovely designs." He does not

[1] [See, for instance, *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 63), and *Elements of Drawing*, Preface, § 7 (Vol. XV. p. 12).]

[2] [Compare Vol. XV. p. 405; Vol. XXV. p. 469; Vol. XXVI. p. 114; and *Præterita*, ii. § 200.]

say of what kind; may I ask you to look, for yourselves, and think?

There are no railroads in it, to carry the children away with, are there? no tunnel or pit mouths to swallow them up, no league-long viaducts—no blinkered iron bridges? There are only winding brooks, wooden foot-bridges, and grassy hills without any holes cut into them!

Again—there are no parks, no gentlemen's seats with attached stables and offices!—no rows of model lodging houses! no charitable institutions!! It seems as if none of these things which the English mind now rages after, possess any attraction whatever for this unimpressionable person. She is a graceful Gallio—Gallia gratia plena,—and cares for none of those things.[1]

And more wonderful still,—there are no gasworks! no waterworks, no mowing machines, no sewing machines, no telegraph poles, no vestige, in fact, of science, civilization, economical arrangements, or commercial enterprise!!!

120. Would you wish me, with professorial authority, to advise her that her conceptions belong to the dark ages, and must be reared on a new foundation? Or is it, on the other hand, recommendably conceivable by *you*, that perhaps the world we truly live in may not be quite so changeable as you have thought it;—that all the gold and silver you can dig out of the earth are not worth the kingcups and the daisies she gave you of her grace; and that all the fury, and the flutter, and the wonder, and the wistfulness, of your lives, will never discover for you any other than the ancient blessing: "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters, He restoreth my soul"?[2]

121. Yet one word more. Observe that what this unimpressionable person *does* draw, she draws as like it as she can. It is true that the combination or composition of things is not what you can see every day. You can't

[1] [See Acts xviii. 17.]
[2] [Psalms xxiii. 2.]

every day, for instance, see a baby thrown into a basket of roses; but when she has once pleasantly invented that arrangement for you, baby is as like baby, and rose as like rose, as she can possibly draw them. And the beauty of them is in *being* like. They are blissful, just in the degree that they are natural; and the fairy land she creates for you is not beyond the sky nor beneath the sea, but nigh you, even at your doors.[1] She does but show you how to see it, and how to cherish.

Long since I told you this great law of noble imagination. It does not create, it does not even adorn, it does but *reveal*, the treasures to be possessed by the spirit. I told you this[2] of the work of the great painter whom, in that day, every one accused of representing only the fantastic and the impossible. I said forty years ago, and say at this instant, more solemnly, All his magic is in his truth.

122. I show you, to-day, a beautiful copy made for me by Mr. Macdonald, of the drawing which, of all the Turners I gave you, I miss the most.[3] I never thought it could have been copied at all, and have received from Mr. Macdonald, in this lovely rendering of it, as much a lesson as a consolation. For my purpose to-day it is just as good as if I had brought the drawing itself.

It is one of the Loire series, which the engravers could not attempt, because it was too lovely; or would not attempt, because there was, to their notion, nothing in it. It is only a coteau, scarce a hundred feet above the river, nothing like so high as the Thames banks between here and Reading, only a coteau, and a recess of calm water, and a breath of mist, and a ray of sunset. The simplest things, the frequentest, the dearest; things that you may see any summer evening by a thousand thousand streams

[1] [Mark xiii. 29.]

[2] [Here the "you" means Ruskin's readers generally, and the reference is to *Modern Painters*, Preface to the Second Edition, § 46 (Vol. III. p. 51).]

[3] [Standard Series No. 3 (Vol. XXI. p. 12). Mr. Macdonald's copy was placed by Ruskin at Felstead House (Training School), Oxford.]

among the low hills of old familiar lands. Love them, and see them rightly,—Andes and Caucasus, Amazon and Indus, can give you no more.

123. The danger imminent on you is the destruction of what you *have*. I walked yesterday afternoon round St. John's gardens, and found them, as they always are in spring time, almost an ideal of earthly Paradise,—the St. John's students also disporting themselves therein in games preparatory to the advent of the true fairies of Commemoration. But, the afternoon before, I had walked down St. John's *Road*, and, on emerging therefrom to cross the railway, found on my left hand a piece of waste ground, extremely characteristic of that with which we now always adorn the suburbs of our cities, and of which it can only be said that no demons could contrive, under the earth, a more uncomfortable and abominable place of misery for the condemned souls of dirty people, than Oxford thus allows the western light to shine upon—"nel aer dolce, che dal sol s'allegra."[1] For many a year I have now been telling you,[2] and in the final words of this first course of lectures in which I have been permitted again to resume work among you, let me tell you yet once more, and if possible, more vehemently, that neither sound art, policy, nor religion, can exist in England, until, neglecting, if it must be, your own pleasure gardens and pleasure chambers, you resolve that the streets which are the habitation of the poor, and the fields which are the playgrounds of their children, shall be again restored to the rule of the spirits, whosoever they are in earth, and heaven, that ordain, and reward, with constant and conscious felicity, all that is decent and orderly, beautiful and pure.

[1] [*Inferno*, vii. 122: quoted also in Vol. V. p. 311, and Vol. X. p. 381.]
[2] [Compare *Lectures on Art*, § 116 (Vol. XX. p. 107).]

LECTURE V

THE FIRESIDE

JOHN LEECH AND JOHN TENNIEL

(*Delivered 7th and 10th November* 1883)

124. The outlines of the schools of our National Art which I attempted in the four lectures given last spring, had led us to the point where the, to us chiefly important, and, it may perhaps be said, temporarily, all important questions respecting the uses of art in popular education, were introduced to us by the beautiful drawings of Miss Alexander and Miss Greenaway. But these drawings, in their dignified and delicate, often reserved, and sometimes severe characters, address themselves to a circle, which however large,—or even (I say it with thankfulness) practically infinite, yet consists exclusively of persons of already cultivated sensibilities, and more or less gentle and serious temper. The interests of general education compel our reference to a class entirely beneath these, or at least distinct from them; and our consideration of art-methods to which the conditions of cheapness, and rapidity of multiplication, are absolutely essential.

125. I have stated, and it is one of the paradoxes of my political economy which you will find on examination to be the expression of a final truth, that there is no such thing as a just or real cheapness, but that all things have their necessary price:[1] and that you can no more obtain them for less than that price, than you can alter the course of the earth. When you obtain anything yourself for half-price, somebody else must always have paid the other half.

[1] [See, for instance, *Munera Pulveris*, § 62 *n.* (Vol. XVII. p. 185).]

But, in the sense either of having cost less labour, or of being the productions of less rare genius, there are, of course, some kinds of art more generally attainable than others; and, of these, the kinds which depend on the use of the simplest means are also those which are calculated to have most influence over the simplest minds. The disciplined qualities of line-engraving will scarcely be relished, and often must even pass unperceived, by an uneducated or careless observer; but the attention of a child may be excited, and the apathy of a clown overcome, by the blunt lines of a vigorous woodcut.

126. To my own mind, there is no more beautiful proof of benevolent design in the creation of the earth, than the exact adaptation of its materials to the art-power of man.[1] The plasticity and constancy under fire of clay; the ductility and fusibility of gold and iron; the consistent softness of marble; and the fibrous toughness of wood, are in each material carried to the exact degree which renders them provocative of skill by their resistance, and full of reward for it by their compliance: so that the delight with which, after sufficiently intimate study of the methods of manual work, the student ought to regard the excellence of a masterpiece, is never merely the admiration of difficulties overcome, but the sympathy, in a certain sense, both with the enjoyment of the workman in managing a substance so pliable to his will, and with the worthiness, fitness, and obedience of the material itself, which at once invites his authority, and rewards his concessions.

127. But of all the various instruments of his life and genius, none are so manifold in their service to him as that which the forest leaves gather every summer out of the air he breathes. Think of the use of it in house and furniture alone. I have lived in marble palaces, and under frescoed loggie, but have never been so comfortable in either as in the clean room of an old Swiss inn, whose

[1] [On this subject, see Vol. VI. p. 143, and the other passages there noted (especially Vol. XII. p. 200).]

walls and floor were of plain deal. You will find also, in the long run, that none of your modern æsthetic upholstery can match, for comfort, good old English oak wainscot; and that the crystalline magnificence of the marbles of Genoa and the macigno of Florence can give no more pleasure to daily life than the carved brackets and trefoiled gables which once shaded the busy and merry streets, and lifted the chiming carillons above them, in Kent and Picardy.

128. As a material of sculpture, wood has hitherto been employed chiefly by the less cultivated races of Europe; and we cannot know what Orcagna would have made of his shrine, or Ghiberti of his gates, if they had worked in olive wood instead of marble and bronze. But even as matters now stand, the carving of the pinnacled stalls in our northern cathedrals, and that of the foliage on the horizontal beams of domestic architecture, gave rise to a school of ornament of which the proudest edifices of the sixteenth century are only the translation into stone; and to which our somewhat dull respect for the zigzags and dog-teeth of a sterner time has made us alike neglectful and unjust.*

129. But it is above all as a medium of engraving that the easy submission of wood to the edge of the chisel,—I will use this plain word, if you please, instead of burin,—and the tough durability of its grain, have made it so widely serviceable to us for popular pleasure in art; but mischievous also, in the degree in which it encourages the cheapest and vilest modes of design. The coarsest scrawl with a blunt pen can be reproduced on a wood-block with perfect ease by the clumsiest engraver; and there are tens of thousands of vulgar artists who can scrawl with a blunt pen, and with no trouble to themselves, something that will amuse, as I said, a child or a clown. But there is not one artist in ten thousand who can draw even simple

* Compare *Bible of Amiens*, ch. iv. § 10, "aisles of aspen, orchards of apple, clusters of vine" [above, p. 131].

objects rightly with a perfectly pure line; when such a line is drawn, only an extremely skilful engraver can reproduce it on wood; when reproduced, it is liable to be broken at the second or third printing; and supposing it permanent, not one spectator in ten thousand would care for it.

130. There is, however, another temptation, constant in the practice of woodcutting, which has been peculiarly harmful to us in the present day. The action of the chisel on wood, as you doubtless are aware, is to produce a white touch on a black ground; and if a few white touches can be so distributed as to produce any kind of effect, all the black ground becomes part of the imagined picture, with no trouble whatever to the workman: so that you buy in your cheap magazine a picture,—say four inches square, or sixteen square inches of surface,—in the whole of which there may only be half an inch of work. Whereas, in line engraving, every atom of the shade has to be worked for, and that with extreme care, evenness and dexterity of hand; while even in etching, though a great quantity of the shade is mere burr and scrabble and blotch, a certain quantity of real care and skill *must* be spent in covering the surface at first. Whereas the common woodcut requires scarcely more trouble than a schoolboy takes with a scrawl on his slate, and you might order such pictures by the cart-load from Coniston quarries, with only a clever urchin or two to put the chalk on.

131. But the mischief of the woodcut, considered simply as a means in the publisher's hands of imposing cheap work on the purchaser, is trebled by its morbid power of expressing ideas of ugliness or terror. While no entirely beautiful thing can be represented in a woodcut, every form of vulgarity or unpleasantness can be given to the life; and the result is, that, especially in our popular scientific books, the mere effort to be amusing and attractive leads to the publication of every species of the abominable.[1] No

[1] [Compare *Aratra Pentelici*, § 101 *n.* (Vol. XX. p. 267).]

microscope can teach the beauty of a statue, nor can any woodcut represent that of a nobly bred human form; but only last term we saw the whole Ashmolean Society[1] held in a trance of rapture by the inexplicable decoration of the posteriors of a flea; and I have framed for you here, around a page of the scientific journal which styles itself *Knowledge*, a collection of woodcuts out of a scientific survey of South America,[2] presenting collectively to you, in designs ignorantly drawn and vilely engraved, yet with the peculiar advantage belonging to the cheap woodcut, whatever, through that fourth part of the round world, from Mexico to Patagonia, can be found of savage, sordid, vicious, or ridiculous in humanity, without so much as one exceptional indication of a graceful form, a true instinct, or a cultivable capacity.

132. The second frame is of French scientific art, and still more curiously horrible. I have cut these examples, not by any means the ugliest, out of *Les Pourquoi de Mademoiselle Suzanne*,[3] a book in which it is proposed to instruct a young lady of eleven or twelve years old, amusingly, in the elements of science.

In the course of the lively initiation, the young lady has the advantage of seeing a *garde champêtre* struck dead by lightning; she is *par parenthèse* entertained with the history and picture of the suicide of the cook Vatel; somebody's heart, liver, and forearm are dissected for her; all the phenomena of nightmare are described and pourtrayed; and whatever spectres of monstrosity can be conjured into the sun, the moon, the stars, the sky, the sea, the railway,

[1] [The Ashmolean Natural History Society of Oxfordshire.]

[2] [The examples described in § 131 are in the Ruskin Drawing School at Oxford, Reference Series No. 164 (Vol. XXI. p. 42). The frame of "French cuts" (§ 132) is no longer in the school. "I shall place them," said Ruskin in the lecture as delivered, "next to some scientific studies by Tintoret, in which you can see all that is graceful in form, true in instinct, and cultivated in capacity" (*Pall Mall Gazette*, November 8).]

[3] [By E. Desbeaux, with preface by Xavier Marmier of the Académie Française, Paris, 1881. For Ruskin's references here, see pp. 242; 34, 35; 69, 70, 72; 213; and (*e.g.*) 93, 112, 179.]

and the telegraph, are collected into black company by the cheap engraver. *Black* company is a mild word: you will find the right phrase now instinctively adopted by the very persons who are most charmed by these new modes of sensation. In the *Century* magazine for this month, the reviewer of some American landscape of this class tells us that Mr. ——, whoever he is, by a series of bands of black and red paint, has succeeded in entirely reproducing the "*Demoniac*" beauty of the sunset.[1]

133. I have framed these French cuts, however, chiefly for purposes of illustration in my last lecture of this year, for they show you in perfect abstract all the wrong,—*wrong* unquestionably, whether you call it Demoniac, Diabolic, or Æsthetic,—against which my entire teaching, from its first syllable to this day, has been straight antagonist. Of this, as I have said, in my terminal address:[2] the first frame is for to-day enough representation of ordinary English cheap-trade woodcutting in its necessary limitation to ugly subject, and its disrespect for the very quality of the material on which its value depends, elasticity. There is this great difference between the respect for his material proper to a workman in metal or marble, and to one working in clay or wood, that the former has to exhibit the actual beauty of the substance itself, but the latter only its special capacity of answering his purpose. A sculptor in marble is required to show the beauty of marble surface, a sculptor in gold its various lustre, a worker in iron its ductile strength. But the woodcutter has not to exhibit his block, nor the engraver his copperplate. They have only to use the relative softness and rigidity of those substances to receive and multiply the lines drawn by the human hand; and it is not the least an admirable quality in wood that it is capable of printing a large blot; but an entirely admirable one that by its tough elasticity it

[1] [See vol. 27, p. 15, in an article by M. G. Van Rensselaer on "An American Artist in England" (Mr. Winslow Homer).]

[2] [See below, § 184 (p. 388).]

can preserve through any number of impressions the distinctness of a well-cut line.

134. Not admirable, I say, to print a blot; but to print a pure line unbroken, and an intentionally widened space or spot of darkness, of the exact shape wanted. In my former lectures on Wood Engraving[1] I did not enough explain this quite separate virtue of the material. Neither in pencil nor pen drawing, neither in engraving nor etching, can a line be widened arbitrarily, or a spot enlarged at ease. The action of the moving point is continuous; you can increase or diminish the line's thickness gradually, but not by starts; you must drive your plough-furrow, or let your pen glide, at a fixed rate of motion; nor can you afterwards give more breadth to the pen line without overcharging the ink, nor by any labour of etching tool dig out a cavity of shadow such as the wood engraver leaves in an instant.

135. Hence, the methods of design which depend on irregularly expressive shapes of black touch, belong to wood exclusively; and the examples placed formerly in your school from Bewick's cuts of speckled plumage, and Burgkmair's heraldry of barred helmets and black eagles,[2] were intended to direct your attention to this especially intellectual manner of work, as opposed to modern scribbling and hatching. But I have now removed these old-fashioned prints, (placing them, however, in always accessible reserve,) because I found they possessed no attraction for inexperienced students, and I think it better to explain the qualities of execution of a similar kind, though otherwise directed, which are to be found in the designs of our living masters, —addressed to existing tastes,—and occupied with familiar scenes.

136. Although I have headed my lecture only with the

[1] [*Ariadne Florentina*, § 81 (Vol. XXII. p. 351).]

[2] [An example of Bewick, of the kind referred to, is No. 4 in No. 188 of the Educational Series (Vol. XXI. p. 91). Examples of Burgkmair are in the Rudimentary Series (*ibid.*, p. 177). For other references to Bewick's plumage, see *Laws of Fésole* (Vol. XV. p. 410), and *Cestus of Aglaia*, § 110 (Vol. XIX. p. 155).]

names of Leech and Tenniel, as being the real founders of *Punch*, and by far the greatest of its illustrators, both in force of art and range of thought, yet in the precision of the use of his means, and the subtle boldness to which he has educated the interpreters of his design, Mr. Du Maurier is more exemplary than either;[1] and I have therefore had enlarged by photography,—your thanks are due to the brother of Miss Greenaway for the skill with which the proofs have been produced,—for first example of fine woodcutting, the heads of two of Mr. Du Maurier's chief heroines, Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns, and Lady Midas, in the great scene where Mrs. Ponsonby takes on herself the administration of Lady Midas's "at home."[2]

You see at once how the effect in both depends on the coagulation and concretion of the black touches into masses relieved only by interspersed sparkling grains of incised light, presenting the realistic and vital portraiture of both ladies with no more labour than would occupy the draughtsman but a few minutes, and the engraver perhaps an hour or two. It is true that the features of the elder of the two friends might be supposed to yield themselves without difficulty to the effect of the irregular and blunt lines which are employed to reproduce them; but it is a matter of no small wonderment to see the delicate profile and softly rounded features of the younger lady suggested by an outline which must have been drawn in the course of a few seconds, and by some eight or ten firmly swept parallel penstrokes right across the cheek.

137. I must ask you especially to note the successful result of this easy method of obtaining an even tint, because it is the proper, and the inexorably required, method of shade in classic wood-engraving. Recently, very remarkable and admirable efforts have been made by American

[1] [For other references to George Du Maurier (1834–1896), see Vol. XV. p. 374; Vol. XVI. p. 297; Vol. XXII. p. 468; Vol. XXV. p. 128 (where particular drawings are mentioned as typical); and Vol. XXIX. p. 439.]

[2] ["Mistress and Pupil," in *Punch*, July 7, 1883; reprinted in vol. ii. p. 107, of *Society Pictures drawn by George Du Maurier*, 1891.]

artists to represent flesh tints with fine textures of crossed white lines and spots. But all such attempts are futile; it is an optical law that transparency in shadows can only be obtained by dark lines with white spaces, not white lines with dark spaces. For what we feel to be transparency in any colour or any atmosphere, consists in the penetration of darkness by a more distant light, not in the subduing of light by a more distant darkness. A snowstorm seen white on a dark sky gives us no idea of transparency, but rain between us and a rainbow does; and so throughout all the expedients of chiaroscuro drawing and painting, transparent effects are produced by laying dark over light, and opaque by laying light over dark. It would be tedious in a lecture to press these technical principles farther; it is enough that I should state the general law, and its practical consequence, that no wood engraver need attempt to copy Correggio or Guido; his business is not with complexions, but with characters; and his fame is to rest, not on the perfection of his work, but on its propriety.

138. I must in the next place ask you to look at the aphorisms given as an art catechism in the second chapter of the *Laws of Fésole*.[1] One of the principal of these gives the student, as a test by which to recognize good colour, that *all the white in the picture is precious*, and *all the black, conspicuous;* not by the quantity of it, but the impassable difference between it and all the coloured spaces.

The rule is just as true for woodcutting. In fine examples of it, the black is left for local colour only—for dark dresses, or dark patterns on light ones, dark hair, or dark eyes; it is never left for general gloom, out of which the figures emerge like spectres.

139. When, however, a number of Mr. Du Maurier's compositions are seen together, and compared with the natural simplicity and aerial space of Leech's, they will be felt to depend on this principle too absolutely and

[1] [Vol. XV. pp. 359–364. The particular aphorism here cited, however, is given not in the *Laws of Fésole*, but in the *Elements of Drawing*, § 176 (Vol. XV. p. 154). Compare *Lectures on Landscape*, § 73 (Vol. XXII. p. 55).]

undisguisedly; so that the quarterings of black and white in them sometimes look more like a chess board than a picture. But in minor and careful passages, his method is wholly exemplary, and in the next example I enlarge for you,—Alderman Sir Robert admiring the portraits of the Duchess and the Colonel,[1]—he has not only shown you every principle of woodcutting, but abstracted for you also the laws of beauty, whose definite and every year more emphatic assertion in the pages of *Punch* is the ruling charm and most legitimate pride of the immortal periodical. Day by day the search for grotesque, ludicrous, or loathsome subject which degraded the caricatures in its original, the *Charivari*, and renders the dismally comic journals of Italy the mere plagues and cancers of the State, became, in our English satirists, an earnest comparison of the things which were graceful and honourable, with those which were graceless and dishonest, in modern life. Gradually the kind and vivid genius of John Leech, capable in its brightness of finding pretty jest in everything, but capable in its tenderness also of rejoicing in the beauty of everything, softened and illumined with its loving wit the entire scope of English social scene; the graver power of Tenniel brought a steady tone and law of morality into the licence of political contention; and finally the acute, highly trained, and accurately physiologic observation of Du Maurier traced for us, to its true origin in vice or virtue, every order of expression in the mixed circle of metropolitan rank and wealth: and has done so with a closeness of delineation the like of which has not been seen since Holbein, and deserving the most respectful praise in that, whatever power of satire it may reach by the selection and assemblage of telling points of character, it never degenerates into caricature. Nay, the terrific force of blame which he obtains by collecting, as here in the profile of the Knight-Alderman, features separately faultful into the closest focus, depends on the very fact that they are *not* caricatured.

[1] ["Lights and Shadows of Portrait-Painting," *Punch*, August 25, 1883.]

140. Thus far, the justice of the most careful criticism may gratefully ratify the applause with which the works of these three artists have been received by the British public. Rapidly I must now glance at the conditions of defect which must necessarily occur in art primarily intended to amuse the multitude, and which can therefore only be for moments serious, and by stealth didactic.

In the first place, you must be clear about *Punch's* politics. He is a polite Whig, with a sentimental respect for the Crown, and a practical respect for property. He steadily flatters Lord Palmerston, from his heart adores Mr. Gladstone; steadily, but not virulently, caricatures Mr. D'Israeli; violently and virulently castigates assault upon property, in any kind, and holds up for the general ideal of perfection, to be aimed at by all the children of heaven and earth, the British Hunting Squire, the British Colonel, and the British Sailor.

141. Primarily, the British Hunting Squire, with his family. The most beautiful sketch by Leech throughout his career, and, on the whole, in all *Punch*, I take to be Miss Alice on her father's horse;[1]—her, with three or four more young Dians, I had put in one frame for you, but found they ran each other too hard,—being in each case typical of what *Punch* thinks every young lady ought to be. He has never fairly asked how far every young lady *can* be like them; nor has he in a single instance endeavoured to represent the beauty of the poor.

On the contrary, his witness to their degradation, as inevitable in the circumstances of their London life, is constant, and for the most part, contemptuous; nor can I more sternly enforce what I have said at various times on that subject[2] than by placing permanently in your schools

[1] ["Miss Alice" appears to be a slip for "Miss Ellen." See the sketch (entitled "Gone Away!") at p. 30 in vol. iii. of *John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character from the Collection of Mr. Punch.* Other "young Dians" may be seen at pp. 102, 175, 181; and at p. 152 of vol. i.]

[2] [See, for instance, *Queen of the Air*, § 121 (Vol. XVIII. p. 401); *Mornings in Florence*, § 95 (Vol. XXIII. pp. 388–389); and *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, §§ 1–7 (Vol. XXXIV.).]

the cruelly true design of Du Maurier, representing the London mechanic with his family, when Mr. Todeson is asked to amuse "the dear creatures" at Lady Clara's garden tea.[1]

142. I show you for comparison with it, to-day, a little painting of a country girl of our Westmoreland type, which I have given to our Coniston children's school,[2] to show our hill and vale-bred lassies that God will take care of their good looks for them, even though He may have appointed for them the toil of the women of Sarepta and Samaria, in being gatherers of wood and drawers of water.[3]

143. I cannot say how far with didactic purpose, or how far in carelessly inevitable satire, *Punch* contrasts with the disgrace of street poverty the beauties of the London drawing-room,—the wives and daughters of the great upper middle class, exalted by the wealth of the capital, and of the larger manufacturing towns.

These are, with few exceptions, represented either as receiving company, or reclining on sofas in extremely elegant morning dresses, and surrounded by charming children, with whom they are usually too idle to play. The children are extremely intelligent, and often exquisitely pretty,[4] yet dependent for great part of their charm on the dressing of their back hair, and the fitting of their boots. As they grow up, their girlish beauty is more and more fixed in an expression of more or less self-satisfied pride and practised apathy. There is no example in *Punch* of a girl in society whose face expresses humility or enthusiasm—except in mistaken directions and foolish degrees. It is true that only

[1] [The drawing, called "Unsettled Political Convictions," appeared in *Punch*, October 16, 1880. The same drawing is referred to in *Love's Meinie*, § 136 (Vol. XXV. p. 128).]

[2] [This painting cannot certainly be identified. Ruskin sent it to the school on November 4, 1881, and it is described in the log-book as "portrait of a little girl carrying a bundle of sticks." This may be a misdescription of the "Country Girl," by Gainsborough, reproduced as the frontispiece to Vol. XXII. Ruskin's gift to the school was only temporary; the picture, whatever it was, was subsequently withdrawn by him.]

[3] [1 Kings xvii. 9, 10 (compare for Sarepta, Luke iv. 26); John iv. 7.]

[4] [For a reference to this passage, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 91 (Vol. XXIX. p. 442).]

in these mistaken feelings can be found palpable material for jest, and that much of *Punch's* satire is well intended and just.

144. It seems to have been hitherto impossible, when once the zest of satirical humour is felt, even by so kind and genial a heart as John Leech's, to restrain it, and to elevate it into the playfulness of praise. In the designs of Richter, of which I have so often spoken,[1] among scenes of domestic beauty and pathos, he continually introduces little pieces of play,—such, for instance, as that of the design of the "Wide, Wide World," in which the very young puppy, with its paws on its—relatively as young—master's shoulder, looks out with him over the fence of their cottage garden. And it is surely conceivable that some day the rich power of a true humorist may be given to express more vividly the comic side which exists in many beautiful incidents of daily life, and refuse at last to dwell, even with a smile, on its follies.

145. This, however, must clearly be a condition of future human development, for hitherto the perfect power of seizing comic incidents has always been associated with some liking for ugliness, and some exultation in disaster. The law holds—and holds with no relaxation—even in the instance of so wise and benevolent a man as the Swiss schoolmaster, Töpffer, whose death, a few years since,[2] left none to succeed him in perfection of pure linear caricature. He can do more with fewer lines than any draughtsman known to me, and in several plates of his *Histoire d'Albert*, has succeeded in entirely representing the tenor of conversation with no more than half the profile and one eye of the speaker.

He generally took a walking tour through Switzerland, with his pupils, in the summer holidays, and illustrated his exquisitely humorous diary of their adventures with pen

[1] [See above, pp. 285, 300, 339.]

[2] [Rodolfe Töpffer (born at Geneva in 1799) died, however, in 1846. His *Histoire d'Albert* was one of his latest works.]

sketches,[1] which show a capacity of appreciating beautiful landscape as great as his grotesque faculty; but his mind is drawn away from the most sublime scene, in a moment, to the difficulties of the halting-place, or the rascalities of the inn; and his power is never so marvellously exerted as in depicting a group of roguish guides, shameless beggars, or hopeless cretins.

146. Nevertheless, with these and such other materials as our European masters of physiognomy have furnished in portraiture of their nations, I can see my way to the arrangement of a very curious series of illustrations of character, if only I could also see my way to some place wherein to exhibit them.

I said in my opening lecture[2] that I hoped the studies of the figure initiated by Mr. Richmond might be found consistent with the slighter practice in my own schools; and I must say, in passing, that the only real hindrance to this, but at present an insuperable one, is want of room. It is a somewhat characteristic fact, expressive of the tendencies of this age, that Oxford thinks nothing of spending £150,000 for the elevation and ornature, in a style as inherently corrupt as it is un-English, of the rooms for the torture and shame of her scholars,[3] which to all practical purposes might just as well have been inflicted on them in her college halls, or her professors' drawing-rooms; but that the only place where her art-workmen can be taught to draw, is the cellar of her old Taylor buildings, and the only place where her art professor can store the cast of a statue, is his own private office in the gallery above.[4]

147. Pending the now indispensable addition of some

[1] [For other references to the *Voyages en Zigzag; ou, Excursions d'un Pensionnat des les Cantons Suisses et sur le revers Italien des Alpes* (Paris, 1843; a second collected series, 1853), see Vol. XXV. p. 115 *n.*]

[2] [See above, p. 268.]

[3] [The New Examination Schools in the High Street, erected 1876-1882 from designs, in the Renaissance style, by T. G. Jackson, R.A. Compare below, p. 476.]

[4] [Compare the Introduction; above, p. lvi. The "Taylor Buildings," which contain the University Galleries as well as the Taylor Institution, are so called from the bequest of Sir Robert Taylor (1788).]

rude workroom to the Taylor galleries, in which study of the figure may be carried on under a competent master, I have lent, from the drawings belonging to the St. George's Guild, such studies of Venetian pictures as may form the taste of the figure-student in general composition,[1] and I have presented to the Ruskin schools twelve principal drawings out of Miss Alexander's Tuscan book,[2] which may be standards of method, in drawing from the life, to students capable of as determined industry. But, no less for the better guidance of the separate figure class in the room which I hope one day to see built, than for immediate help in such irregular figure study as may be possible under present conditions, I find myself grievously in want of such a grammar of the laws of harmony in the human form and face as may be consistent with whatever accurate knowledge of elder races may have been obtained by recent anthropology, and at the same time authoritative in its statement of the effect on human expression, of the various mental states and passions. And it seems to me that by arranging in groups capable of easy comparison, the examples of similar expression given by the masters whose work we have been reviewing, we may advance further such a science of physiognomy as will be morally useful, than by any quantity of measuring of savage crania: and if, therefore, among the rudimentary series in the art schools you find, before I can get the new explanatory catalogues printed,[3] some more or less systematic groups of heads collected out of *Punch*, you must not think that I am doing this merely for your amusement, or that such examples are beneath the dignity of academical instruction. My own belief is that the difference between the features of a good and a bad servant, of a churl and a gentleman, is a much more useful and interesting subject of inquiry than the gradations

[1] [See Vol. XXI. p. 306 (in the "Long Cabinet").]

[2] [*Ibid.*, p. 306 (the "Francesca Cabinet").]

[3] [The new catalogues were never prepared. There is a bundle of cartoons from *Punch* in the Ruskin Drawing School (see Vol. XXI. p. 308), but Ruskin did not arrange or frame them.]

of snub nose or flat forehead which became extinct with the Dodo, or the insertions of muscle and articulations of joint which are common to the flesh of all humanity.

148. Returning to our immediate subject, and considering *Punch* as the expression of the popular voice, which he virtually is, and even somewhat obsequiously, is it not wonderful that he has never a word to say for the British manufacturer, and that the true citizen of his own city is represented by him only under the types, either of Sir Pompey Bedell[1] or of the more tranquil magnate and potentate, the bulwark of British constitutional principles and initiator of British private enterprise, Mr. John Smith, whose biography is given with becoming reverence by Miss Ingelow, in the last but one of her *Stories told to a Child?*[2] And is it not also surely some overruling power in the nature of things, quite other than the desire of his readers, which compels Mr. Punch, when the squire, the colonel, and the admiral are to be at once expressed, together with all that they legislate or fight for, in the symbolic figure of the nation, to represent the incarnate John Bull always as a farmer,—never as a manufacturer or shopkeeper, and to conceive and exhibit him rather as paymaster for the faults of his neighbours, than as watching for opportunity of gain out of their follies?

149. It had been well if either under this accepted, though now antiquated, type, or under the more poetical symbols of Britannia, or the British Lion, *Punch* had ventured oftener to intimate the exact degree in which the nation was following its ideal; and marked the occasions when Britannia's crest began too fatally to lose its resemblance to Athena's, and liken itself to an ordinary cockscomb,—or when the British lion had—of course only for a moment, and probably in pecuniary difficulties—dropped his tail between his legs.

[1] [A favourite character in Du Maurier's Society Pictures: see, for instance, *Punch*, April 28 and November 10, 1883.]

[2] ["'The Life of Mr. John Smith," pp. 367–379 in *Stories told to a Child*, "By the author of 'Studies for Stories,'" 1865.]

150. But the aspects under which either British lion, Gallic eagle, or Russian bear have been regarded by our contemplative serial, are unfortunately dependent on the fact that all his three great designers are, in the most narrow sense, London citizens. I have said that every great man belongs not only to his own city, but to his own village.* The artists of *Punch* have no village to belong to; for *them*, the street corner is the face of the whole earth, and the two only quarters of the heavenly horizon are the east and west—End. And although Leech's conception of the Distinguished Foreigner, Du Maurier's of the Herr Professor,[1] and Tenniel's of La Liberté, or La France, are all extremely true and delightful,—to the superficial extent of the sketch by Dickens in *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*,[2]—they are, effectively, all seen with Mrs. Lirriper's eyes; they virtually represent of the Continent little more than the upper town of Boulogne; nor has anything yet been done by all the wit and all the kindness of these great popular designers to deepen the reliance of any European nation on the good qualities of its neighbours.

151. You no doubt have at the Union the most interesting and beautiful series of the Tenniel cartoons which have been collectively published, with the explanation of their motives. If you begin with No. 38, you will find a consecutive series of ten extremely forcible drawings, casting the utmost obloquy in the power of the designer upon the French Emperor, the Pope, and the Italian clergy, and alike discourteous to the head of the nation which had fought side by side with us at Inkerman, and impious in its representation of the Catholic power to which Italy owed, and still owes, whatever has made her glorious

* Above, § 65 [p. 311].

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[1] [For another reference to this type, see Vol. XVI. p. 277 *n.*]

[2] [For other references to the French sketches in *Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy* (the sequel to *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*), see *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 455 *n.*; and see also Vol. XXIX. p. 475.]

among the nations of Christendom, or happy among the families of the earth.[1]

Among them you will find other two, representing our wars with China, and the triumph of our missionary manner of compelling free trade at the point of the bayonet: while, for the close and consummation of the series, you will see the genius and valour of your country figuratively summed in the tableau, subscribed,—

"John Bull defends his pudding."

Is this indeed then the final myth of English heroism, into which King Arthur, and St. George, and Britannia, and the British Lion are all collated, concluded, and perfected by Evolution, in the literal words of Carlyle, "like four whale cubs combined by boiling"?[2] Do you wish your Queen in future to style herself Placentæ, instead of Fidei, Defensor?[3] and is it to your pride, to your hope, or even to your pleasure, that this once sacred as well as sceptred island[4] of yours, in whose second capital city Constantine was crowned;[5]—to whose shores St. Augustine and St. Columba brought benediction;—who gave her Lion-hearts to the Tombs of the East,—her Pilgrim Fathers to the Cradle of the West;—who has wrapped the sea round

[1] [*Cartoons from Punch,* by John Tenniel, First Series. The subjects referred to are:—

No. 38, "New Elgin Marbles" (Lord Elgin compelling the Emperor of China to pay the indemnity for the last China war—November 1860). No. 39, "St. George and the Chinese Dragon."

No. 40, "The Eldest Son of the Church" (the Pope in bed in a night-cap, the Emperor Napoleon trying on the Papal Crown—December 1860). No. 43, "A Good Offer" (Garibaldi offering a cap of Liberty to "Papa Pius"—September 1860). No. 44, "The Hero and the Saint" (the latter, a ruffianly priest carrying a bottle labelled "Blood of St. Januarius" and a canvas labelled "Winking Picture"; Garibaldi, in heroic attitude, bidding him be gone—September 1860).

No. 45, "The Two Sick Men" (the Emperor Napoleon offering gruel to the Pope and the Sultan—August 1860).

No. 47, "John Bull guards his Pudding" (the Volunteer movement and anti-French feeling—December 31, 1859). For another reference to this last, see *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 93 (Vol. XXIX. p. 469).]

[2] [See below, p. 426.]

[3] [Compare above, p. 209.]

[4] [*Richard II.,* Act ii. sc. 1.]

[5] [See above, p. 225.]

her for her mantle, and breathes with her strong bosom the air of every sign in heaven;—is it to your good pleasure that the Hero-children born to her in these latter days should write no loftier legend on their shields than "John Bull defends his pudding"?

152. I chanced only the other day on a minor, yet, to my own mind, very frightful proof of the extent to which this caitiff symbol is fastening itself in the popular mind. I was in search of some extremely pastoral musical instrument, whereby to regulate the songs of our Coniston village children, without the requirement of peculiar skill either in master or monitor. But the only means of melody offered to me by the trade of the neighbourhood was this so-called "harmonicon,"—purchaseable, according to your present notions, cheaply, for a shilling; and with this piece of cheerful mythology on its lid gratis, wherein you see what "Gradus ad Parnassum" we prepare for the rustic mind, and that the virtue and the jollity of England are vested only in the money-bag in each hand of him. I shall place this harmonicon lid in your schools,[1] among my examples of what we call liberal education,—and, with it, what instances I can find of the way Florence, Siena, or Venice taught their people to regard themselves.

153. For, indeed, in many a past year, it has every now and then been a subject of recurring thought to me, what such a genius as that of Tenniel would have done for us, had we asked the best of it, and had the feeling of the nation respecting the arts, as a record of its honour, been like that of the Italians in their proud days.[2] To some extent, the memory of our bravest war has been preserved for us by the pathetic force of Mrs. Butler;[3] but her conceptions are realistic only, and rather of thrilling episodes than of great military principle and thought.

[1] [This, however, was not done.]

[2] [*Punch*, November 17, 1883, had a skit, following up this suggestion, entitled "The 'Fireside' at Venice; or, How would it have been?"]

[3] [For a reference to the picture of "Quatre Bras" by Miss Elizabeth Thompson (now Lady Butler), see Vol. XIV. pp. 307, 308.]

On the contrary, Tenniel has much of the largeness and symbolic mystery of imagination which belong to the great leaders of classic art: in the shadowy masses and sweeping lines of his great compositions, there are tendencies which might have won his adoption into the school of Tintoret; and his scorn of whatever seems to him dishonest or contemptible in religion, would have translated itself into awe in the presence of its vital power.

I gave you, when first I came to Oxford, Tintoret's picture of the Doge Mocenigo, with his divine spiritual attendants, in the cortile of St. Mark's.[1] It is surely our own fault, more than Mr. Tenniel's, if the best portraits he can give us of the heads of our English government should be rather on the occasion of their dinner at Greenwich than their devotion at St. Paul's.

154. My time has been too long spent in carping;—but yet the faults which I have pointed out were such as could scarcely occur to you without some such indication, and which gravely need your observance, and, as far as you are accountable for them, your repentance. I can best briefly, in conclusion, define, what I would fain have illustrated at length, the charm, in this art of the Fireside, which you tacitly feel, and have every rational ground to rejoice in. With whatever restriction you should receive the flattery, and with whatever caution the guidance, of these great illustrators of your daily life, this at least you may thankfully recognize in the sum of their work, that it contains the evidence of a prevalent and crescent beauty and energy in the youth of our day, which may justify the most discontented "laudator temporis acti"[2] in leaving the future happily in their hands. The witness of ancient art points often to a general and equal symmetry of body and mind in well-trained races; but at no period, so far as I am able to gather by the most careful comparison of existing portraiture, has there ever been a loveliness so variably

[1] [The picture was, however, afterwards removed: see Vol. XXI. p. 170.]
[2] [Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 173.]

refined, so modestly and kindly virtuous, so innocently fantastic, and so daintily pure, as the present girl-beauty of our British Islands: and whatever, for men now entering on the main battle of life, may be the confused temptations or inevitable errors of a period of moral doubt and social change, my own experience of help already received from the younger members of this University,[1] is enough to assure me that there has been no time, in all the pride of the past, when their country might more serenely trust in the glory of her youth;—when her prosperity was more secure in their genius, or her honour in their hearts.

[1] [For a reference to one of the pupils referred to here, see Ruskin's Introduction to W. G. Collingwood's *Limestone Alps of Savoy* (Vol. XXVI. p. 568).]

LECTURE VI

THE HILL-SIDE

GEORGE ROBSON AND COPLEY FIELDING

(*Delivered 17th and 21st November* 1883)

155. In the five preceding lectures given this year, I have endeavoured to generalize the most noteworthy facts respecting the religious, legendary, classic, and, in two kinds, domestic, art of England. There remains yet to be defined one, far-away, and, in a manner, outcast, school, which belongs as yet wholly to the present century; and which, if we were to trust to appearances, would exclusively and for ever belong to it, neither having been known before our time, nor surviving afterwards,—the art of landscape.

Not known before,—except as a trick, or a pastime; not surviving afterwards, because we seem straight on the way to pass our lives in cities twenty miles wide, and to travel from each of them to the next, underground: outcast now, even while it retains some vague hold on old-fashioned people's minds, since the best existing examples of it are placed by the authorities of the National Gallery in a cellar[1] lighted by only two windows, and those at the bottom of a well, blocked by four dead brick walls fifty feet high.

156. Notwithstanding these discouragements, I am still minded to carry out the design in which the so-called

[1] [Ruskin's statement that the Turner water-colours are consigned to a "cellar" at the National Gallery (compare above, p. 290) has often been challenged as inaccurate; the rooms in which drawings are exhibited to the public being on the ground floor and not ill-lighted. He refers, however, not to those rooms, but to an inner room at the back, where many other drawings by Turner are still (1907) stored. Of this room, Ruskin's description is precisely accurate.]

Ruskin Schools were founded, that of arranging in them a code of elementary practice, which should secure the skill of the student in the department of landscape before he entered on the branches of art requiring higher genius. Nay, I am more than ever minded to fulfil my former purpose now, in the exact degree in which I see the advantages of such a method denied or refused in other academies; and the beauty of natural scenery increasingly in danger of destruction by the gross interests and disquieting pleasures of the citizen. For indeed, as I before stated to you,[1] when first I undertook the duties of this professorship, my own personal liking for landscape made me extremely guarded in recommending its study. I only gave three lectures on landscape in six years, and I never published them;[2] my hope and endeavour was to connect the study of Nature for you with that of History; to make you interested in Greek legend as well as in Greek lakes and limestone; to acquaint you with the relations of northern hills and rivers to the schools of Christian Theology; and of Renaissance town-life to the rage of its infidelity. But I have done enough,—and more than enough —according to my time of life, in these directions; and now, justified, I trust, in your judgment, from the charge of weak concession to my own predilections, I shall arrange the exercises required consistently from my drawing-classes, with quite primary reference to landscape art; and teach the early philosophy of beauty, under laws liable to no dispute by human passion, but secure in the grace of Earth, and light of Heaven.

157. And I wish in the present lecture to define to you the nature and meaning of landscape art, as it arose in England eighty years ago, without reference to the great master whose works have been the principal subject of my own enthusiasm. I have always stated distinctly that the

[1] [See above, § 2, p. 268.]

[2] [The *Lectures on Landscape* (delivered in 1871) were ultimately published for Ruskin in 1898: see now Vol. XXII. pp. 1 *seq.*]

genius of Turner was exceptional, both in its kind and in its height:[1] and although his elementary modes of work are beyond dispute authoritative, and the best that can be given for example and exercise, the general tenor of his design is entirely beyond the acceptance of common knowledge, and even of safe sympathy. For in his extreme sadness, and in the morbid tones of mind out of which it arose, he is one with Byron[2] and Goethe; and is no more to be held representative of general English landscape art than *Childe Harold* or *Faust* are exponents of the total love of Nature expressed in English or German literature. To take a single illustrative instance, there is no foreground of Turner's in which you can find a flower.[3]

158. In some respects, indeed, the vast strength of this unfollowable Eremite of a master was crushing, instead of edifying, to the English schools. All the true and strong men who were his contemporaries shrank from the slightest attempt at rivalry with him on his own lines;—and his own lines were cast far. But for him, Stanfield might have sometimes painted an Alpine valley, or a Biscay storm; but the moment there was any question of rendering magnitude, or terror, every effort became puny beside Turner, and Stanfield meekly resigned himself to potter all his life round the Isle of Wight, and paint the Needles on one side, and squalls off Cowes on the other. In like manner, Copley Fielding in his young days painted vigorously in oil, and showed promise of attaining considerable dignity in classic composition; but the moment Turner's Garden of Hesperides and Building of Carthage appeared in the Academy,[4] there was an end to ambition in that direction; and thenceforth Fielding settled down to his quiet presidency of the old Water-Colour Society,[5] and

[1] [See, for instance, Vol. V. p. 353, and Vol. XXVII. p. 150; and compare below, p. 532.]
[2] [Compare Vol. XIII. p. 143; *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 73 (Vol. XXXIV.).]
[3] [Compare below, § 196 (p. 396), and Vol. XIII. pp. 519, 520.]
[4] [In 1806 (at the British Institution) and 1815 (R.A.) respectively.]
[5] [From 1831 to 1855: compare *Præterita*, i. § 238.]

painted, in unassuming replicas, his passing showers in the Highlands, and sheep on the South Downs.

159. Which are, indeed, for most of us, much more appropriate objects of contemplation; and the old water-colour room at that time, adorned yearly with the complete year's labour of Fielding, Robson, De Wint, Barret, Prout, and William Hunt, presented an aggregate of unaffected pleasantness and truth, the like of which, if you could now see, after a morning spent among the enormities of luscious and exotic art which frown or glare along your miles of exhibition wall, would really be felt by you to possess the charm of a bouquet of bluebells and cowslips, amidst a prize show of cactus and orchid from the hothouses of Kew.[1]

The root of this delightfulness was an extremely rare sincerity in the personal pleasure which all these men took, not in their own pictures, but in the *subjects* of them—a form of enthusiasm which, while it was as simple, was also as romantic, in the best sense, as the sentiment of a young girl: and whose nature I can the better both define and certify to you, because it was the impulse to which I owed the best force of my own life, and in sympathy with which I have done or said whatever of saying or doing in it has been useful to others.

160. When I spoke, in this year's first lecture, of Rossetti, as the chief intellectual force in the establishment of the modern Romantic School; and again in the second lecture promised,[2] at the end of our course, the collection of the evidence of Romantic passion in all our good English art, you will find it explained at the same time that I do not use the word Romantic as opposed to Classic, but as opposed to the prosaic characters of selfishness and stupidity, in all times, and among all nations. I do not think of King Arthur as opposed to Theseus, or to Valerius, but to Alderman Sir Robert, and Mr. John Smith.[3] And therefore I opposed the child-like love of beautiful things,

[1] [Compare Ruskin's description of these exhibitions in Vol. XIV. pp. 389–391.]
[2] [See above, pp. 269, 291.]
[3] [See above, pp. 359, 365.]

in even the least of our English Modern Painters, from the first page of the book I wrote about them to the last,—in Greek Art, to what seemed to me then (and in a certain sense is demonstrably to me now) too selfish or too formal, —and in Teutonic Art, to what was cold in a far worse sense, either by boorish dulness or educated affectation.[1]

161. I think the two best central types of Non-Romance, of the power of Absolute Vulgarity in selfishness, as distinguished from the eternal dignity of Reverence and Love, are stamped for you on the two most finished issues of your English currency in the portraits of Henry the Eighth[2] and Charles the Second. There is no interfering element in the vulgarity of them, no pardon to be sought in their poverty, ignorance, or weakness. Both are men of strong powers of mind, and both well informed in all particulars of human knowledge possible to them. But in the one you see the destroyer, according to his power, of English religion; and, in the other, the destroyer, according to his power, of English morality: culminating types to you of whatever in the spirit, or dis-spirit, of succeeding ages, robs God, or dishonours man.

162. I named to you, as an example of the unromantic art which was assailed by the pre-Raphaelites, Vandyke's sketch of the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes."[3] Very near it,[4] in the National Gallery, hangs another piscatory subject,* by Teniers, which I will ask you carefully also to examine as a perfect type of the Unromantic Art which was assailed by the gentle enthusiasm of the English School of

* No. 817, "Teniers' Château at Perck." The expressions touching the want of light in it are a little violent, being strictly accurate only of such pictures of the Dutch school as Vanderneer's "Evening Landscape," 152, and "Canal Scene," 732.

[1] [See, for instance,—for the formalism of Greek art, Vol. V. p. 268; and for the boorishness and "barren technique" of the Dutch, Flemish, and German art (here collectively called "Teutonic"), Vol. III. p. 90, Vol. V. p. 109, and Vol. VII. p. 364.]

[2] [Compare, for the coins of Henry VIII., Ruskin's notes on the coins in the Sheffield Museum: Vol. XXX. pp. 276–277.]

[3] [See above, p. 289.]

[4] [The two pictures are now (1907) on opposite walls in Room xiii.]

Landscape. It represents a few ordinary Dutch houses, an ordinary Dutch steeple or two,—some still more ordinary Dutch trees,—and most ordinary Dutch clouds, assembled in contemplation of an ordinary Dutch duck-pond; or, perhaps, in respect of its size, we may more courteously call it a goose-pond. All these objects are painted either grey or brown, and the atmosphere is of the kind which looks not merely as if the sun had disappeared for the day, but as if he had gone out altogether, and left a stable lantern instead. The total effect having appeared, even to the painter's own mind, at last little exhilatory, he has enlivened it by three figures on the brink of the goose-pond,—two gentlemen and a lady,—standing all three perfectly upright, side by side, in court dress, the gentlemen with expansive boots, and all with conical hats and high feathers. In order to invest these characters with dramatic interest, a rustic fisherman presents to them as a tribute,—or, perhaps, exhibits as a natural curiosity, a large fish, just elicited from the goose-pond by his adventurous companions, who have waded into the middle of it, every one of them, with singular exactitude, up to the calf of his leg. The principles of National Gallery arrangement of course put this picture on the line, while Tintoret* and Gainsborough are hung out of sight; but in this instance I hold myself fortunate in being able to refer you to an example, so conveniently examinable, of the utmost stoop and densest level of human stupidity yet fallen to by any art in which some degree of manual dexterity is essential.

163. This crisis of degradation, you will observe, takes

* The large new Tintoret wholly so, and the largest Gainsborough, the best in England known to me, used merely for wall furniture at the top of the room.[1]

[1] [The "large new Tintoret" is No. 1130, "Christ washing His Disciples' Feet," acquired in 1882. It is now (1907) better shown—in the E. Hall, at the foot of the stairs; whilst another Tintoret ("The Milky Way," No. 1313), acquired since Ruskin wrote, is on the line in Room vii. The "largest Gainsborough" is the group of "The Baillie Family" (No. 789), now (1907) well seen in the Western Vestibule of the Gallery; for another reference to the picture, see the "Address to Academy Girls" in Vol. XXXIV.]

place at the historical moment when by the concurrent power of avaricious trade on one side, and unrestrained luxury on the other, the idea of any but an earthly interest, and any but proud or carnal pleasures, had been virtually effaced throughout Europe; and men, by their resolute self-seeking, had literally at last ostracised the Spiritual Sun from Heaven, and lived by little more than the *snuff* of the wick of their own mental stable lantern.

164. The forms of romantic art hitherto described in this course of lectures, were all distinctly reactionary against the stupor of this Stygian pool, brooded over by Batavian fog. But the first signs of re-awakening in the vital power of imagination were, long before, seen in landscape art. Not the utmost strength of the great figure painters could break through the bonds of the flesh. Reynolds vainly tried to substitute the age of Innocence for the experience of Religion—the true genius at his side remained always Cupid unbinding the girdle of Venus.[1] Gainsborough knew no goddesses other than Mrs. Graham or Mrs. Siddons; Vandyke and Rubens, than the beauties of the court, or the graces of its corpulent Mythology. But at last there arose, and arose inevitably, a feeling that, if not any more in Heaven, at least in the solitary places of the earth, there was a pleasure to be found based neither on pride nor sensuality.

165. Among the least attractive of the mingled examples in your school-alcove, you will find a quiet pencil-drawing of a sunset at Rome, seen from beneath a deserted arch, whether of Triumph or of Peace.[2] Its modest art-skill is restricted almost exclusively to the expression of warm light in the low harmony of evening; but it differs wholly from the learned compositions and skilled artifices of former painting by its purity of unaffected pleasure and rest in the little that is given. Here, at last, we feel, is an honest Englishman, who has got away out of all the Camere, and

[1] [For other references to the "Age of Innocence" (No. 307 in the National Gallery), see Vol. XIX. p. 250, and Vol. XXII. p. 379. "Love unbinding the zone of Beauty" is otherwise known as "The Snake in the Grass" (No. 885 in the National Gallery).]

[2] [Reference Series, No. 117 (Vol. XXI. p. 38).]

the Loggie, and the Stanze, and the schools, and the Disputas, and the Incendios, and the Battaglias, and busts of this god, and torsos of that, and the chatter of the studio, and the rush of the corso;—and has laid himself down, with his own poor eyes and heart, and the sun casting its light between ruins,—possessor, he, of so much of the evidently blessed peace of things,—he, and the poor lizard in the cranny of the stones beside him.

166. I believe that with the name of Richard Wilson,[1] the history of sincere landscape art, founded on a meditative love of Nature, begins for England: and, I may add, for Europe, without any wide extension of claim; for the only continental landscape work of any sterling merit with which I am acquainted, consists in the old-fashioned drawings, made fifty years ago to meet the demand of the first influx of British travellers into Switzerland after the fall of Napoleon.[2]

With Richard Wilson, at all events, our own true and modest schools began, an especial direction being presently given to them in the rendering effects of aerial perspective by the skill in water-colour of Girtin and Cozens. The drawings of these two masters, recently bequeathed to the British Museum,[3] and I hope soon to be placed in a well-lighted gallery, contain quite insuperable examples of skill in the management of clear tints, and of the meditative charm consisting in the quiet and unaffected treatment of literally true scenes.

But the impulse to which the new school owed the discovery of its power in *colour* was owing, I believe, to the poetry of Scott and Byron. Both by their vivid passion and accurate description, the painters of their day were taught the true value of natural colour, while the love of mountains, common to both poets, forced their illustrators

[1] [For Wilson (1714–1782), as one of the "teachers of Turner," see *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 408), and *Notes on the Turner Gallery*, Vol. XIII. p. 102. For Ruskin's numerous references to him, Girtin, and Cozens, see the General Index.]

[2] [Examples of such drawings were placed by Ruskin in his drawing school at Oxford: see Vol. XXI. pp. 129, 133.]

[3] [The reference is to several drawings by each of these artists bequeathed by Mr. John Henderson in 1878: see the *Catalogue of Drawings by English Artists*, by Laurence Binyon, vols. i. and ii. (issued by the Trustees).]

into reverent pilgrimage to scenes which till then had been thought too desolate for the spectator's interest, or too difficult for the painter's skill.

167. I have endeavoured, in the 92nd number of *Fors Clavigera*,[1] to give some analysis of the main character of the scenery by which Scott was inspired; but, in endeavouring to mark with distinctness enough the dependence of all its sentiment on the beauty of its rivers, I have not enough referred to the collateral charm, in a borderer's mind, of the very mists and rain that feed them. In the climates of Greece and Italy, the monotonous sunshine, burning away the deep colours of everything into white and grey, and wasting the strongest mountain-streams into threads among their shingle, alternates with the blue-fiery thundercloud, with sheets of flooding rain, and volleying musquetry of hail. But throughout all the wild uplands of the former Saxon kingdom of Northumbria, from Edwin's crag to Hilda's cliff, the wreaths of softly resting mist, and wandering to and fro of capricious shadows of clouds, and drooping swathes, or flying fringes, of the benignant western rain, cherish, on every moorland summit, the deep-fibred moss,—embalm the myrtle,—gild the asphodel,—enchant along the valleys the wild grace of their woods, and the green elf land of their meadows; and passing away, or melting into the translucent calm of mountain air, leave to the open sunshine a world with every creature ready to rejoice in its comfort, and every rock and flower reflecting new loveliness to its light.

168. Perhaps among the confusedly miscellaneous examples of ancient and modern, tropic or arctic art, with which I have filled the niches of your schools, one, hitherto of the least noticeable or serviceable to you, has been the dark Copley Fielding drawing above the fireplace;[2]—nor

[1] [See Vol. XXIX. pp. 460–463.]

[2] [Of a view "Between King's House and Inveroran, Argyllshire": see Vol. XXI. p. 171, and *Præterita*, i. § 238. The drawing was sent by Ruskin to Christie's in 1869, see Vol. XIII. p. 572, where it is marked as sold; but it was bought in (see Redford's *Art Sales*, vol. ii. p. 149), and was placed by Ruskin at Oxford for several years subsequently. He afterwards removed it, but not (as stated in Vol. XXI. p. 171 *n.*) to Brantwood.]

am I afraid of trusting your kindness with the confession, that it is placed there more in memory of my old master, than in the hope of its proving of any lively interest or use to you. But it is now some fifty years since it was brought in triumph to Herne Hill, being the first picture my father ever bought, and in so far the foundation of the subsequent collection, some part of which has been permitted to become permanently national at Cambridge and Oxford. The pleasure which that single drawing gave on the morning of its installation in our home was greater than to the purchaser accustomed to these times of limitless demand and supply would be credible, or even conceivable;—and our back parlour for that day was as full of surprise and gratulation as ever Cimabue's joyful Borgo.[1]

The drawing represents, as you will probably—not—remember, only a gleam of sunshine on a peaty moor, bringing out the tartan plaids of two Highland drovers, and relieved against the dark grey of a range of quite featureless and nameless distant mountains, seen through a soft curtain of rapidly drifting rain.

169. Some little time after we had acquired this unobtrusive treasure, one of my fellow students,—it was in my undergraduate days at Christ Church—came to Herne Hill to see what the picture might be which had afforded me so great ravishment. He had himself, as afterwards Kinglake and Curzon,[2] been urged far by the thirst of oriental travel;—the chequer of plaid and bonnet had for him but feeble interest after having worn turban and capote; and the grey of Scottish hill-side still less, to one who had climbed Olympus and Abarim. After gazing blankly for a minute or two at the cheerless district through which lay the drovers' journey, he turned to me and said, "But, Ruskin, what is the use of painting such very bad weather?"[3] And

[1] [See Vol. III. p. 644 *n.*]

[2] [For references to Kinglake's *Eothen*, see Vol. VI. p. 269, Vol. XV. p. 442, and Vol. XIX. p. 108; for Curzon's *Monasteries of the Levant*, Vol. IX. p. 35.]

[3] [Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. p. 88), where Ruskin had already given this remark.]

I had no answer, except that, for Copley Fielding and for me, there was no such thing as bad weather, but only different kinds of pleasant weather—some indeed inferring the exercise of a little courage and patience; but all, in every hour of it, exactly what was fittest and best, whether for the hills, the cattle, the drovers—or my master and me.

170. Be the case as it might,—and admitting that in a certain sense the weather *might* be bad in the eyes of a Greek or a Saracen,—there was no question that to us it was not only pleasant, but picturesque; and that we set ourselves to the painting of it, with as sincere desire to represent the—to our minds—beautiful aspect of a mountain shower, as ever Titian a blue sky, or Angelico a golden sphere of Paradise. Nay, in some sort, with a more perfect delight in the thing itself, and less colouring of it by our own thoughts or inventions. For that matter, neither Fielding, nor Robson, nor David Cox, nor Peter de Wint, nor any of this school, ever had much thought or invention to disturb them. They were, themselves, a kind of contemplative cattle, and flock of the field, who merely liked being out of doors, and brought as much painted fresh air as they could, back into the house with them.

171. Neither must you think that this painting of fresh air is an entirely easy or soon managed business. You may paint a modern French emotional landscape with a pail of whitewash and a pot of gas-tar in ten minutes, at the outside. I don't know how long the operator himself takes to it—of course some little more time must be occupied in plastering on the oil-paint so that it will stick, and not run; but the skill of a good plasterer is really all that is required,—the rather that in the modern idea of solemn symmetry you always make the bottom of your picture, as much as you can, like the top. You put seven or eight streaks of the plaster for your sky, to begin with; then you put in a row of bushes with the gas-tar, then you rub the ends of them into the same shapes upside down—you put three or four more streaks of white, to intimate the

presence of a pool of water—and if you finish off with a log that looks something like a dead body, your picture will have the credit of being a digest of a whole novel of Gaboriau,[1] and lead the talk of the season.

172. Far other was the kind of labour required of even the least disciple of the old English water-colour school. In the first place, the skill of laying a perfectly even and smooth tint with absolute precision of complex outline was attained to a degree which no amateur draughtsman can have the least conception of. Water-colour, under the ordinary sketcher's mismanagement, drops and dries pretty nearly to its own fancy,—slops over every outline, clots in every shade, seams itself with undesirable edges, speckles itself with inexplicable grit, and is never supposed capable of representing anything it is meant for, till most of it has been washed out. But the great primary masters of the trade could lay, with unerring precision of tone and equality of depth, the absolute tint they wanted without a flaw or a retouch; and there is perhaps no greater marvel of artistic practice and finely accurate intention existing, in a simple kind, greater than the study of a Yorkshire waterfall, by Girtin, now in the British Museum,[2] in which every sparkle, ripple, and current is left in frank light by the steady pencil which is at the same instant, and with the same touch, drawing the forms of the dark congeries of channelled rocks, while around them it disperses the glitter of their spray.

173. Then further, on such basis of well-laid primary tint, the old water-colour men were wont to obtain their effects of atmosphere by the most delicate washes of transparent colour, reaching subtleties of gradation in misty light, which were wholly unthought of before their time. In this kind the depth of far-distant brightness, freshness, and mystery of morning air with which Copley Fielding used to invest the ridges of the South Downs, as they rose

[1] [For other references to Gaboriau, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 118.]

[2] [Not of a Yorkshire, but of a Welsh, waterfall; if, as seems to be the case, Ruskin refers to the large drawing ("Cayne Waterfall") which is No. 55 in the *Catalogue of Drawings*, vol. ii.]

out of the blue Sussex champaign, remains, and I believe must remain, insuperable, while his sense of beauty in the cloud-forms associated with higher mountains, enabled him to invest the comparatively modest scenery of our own island,—out of which he never travelled,—with a charm seldom attained by the most ambitious painters of Alp or Apennine.

174. I vainly tried in writing the last volume of *Modern Painters*[1] to explain, even to myself, the cause or nature of the pure love of mountains which in boyhood was the ruling passion of my life, and which is demonstrably the first motive of inspiration with Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron. The more I analyzed, the less I could either understand, or justify, the mysterious pleasure we all of us, great or small, had in the land's being up and down instead of level; and the less I felt able to deny the claim of prosaic and ignobly-minded persons to be allowed to like it level, instead of up and down. In the end I found there was nothing for it but simply to assure those recusant and grovelling persons that they were perfectly wrong, and that nothing could be expected, either in art or literature, from people who liked to live among snipes and widgeons.

175. Assuming it, therefore, for a moral axiom that the love of mountains was a heavenly gift, and the beginning of wisdom, it may be imagined, if we endured for their sakes any number of rainy days with philosophy, with what rapture the old painters were wont to hail the reappearance of their idols, with all their cataracts refreshed, and all their copse and crags respangled, flaming in the forehead of the morning sky. Very certainly and seriously there are no such emotions to be had out of the hedged field or ditched fen; and I have often charitably paused in my insistences in *Fors Clavigera*[2] that our squires should live from year's end to year's end on their own estates, when I reflected how many of their acres lay in Leicestershire and Lincolnshire

[1] [Really the last chapter of the fourth volume: see Vol. VI. pp. 418 *seq.*]
[2] [See, for instance, Letters 9 and 10 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 161, 176).]

or even on duller levels, where there was neither good hunting nor duck-shooting.

176. I am only able to show you two drawings in illustration of these sentiments of the mountain school, and one of those is only a copy of a Robson,[1] but one quite good enough to represent his manner of work and tone of feeling. He died young,[2] and there may perhaps be some likeness to the gentle depth of sadness in Keats, traceable in his refusal to paint any of the leaping streams or bright kindling heaths of Scotland, while he dwells with a monotony of affection on the clear repose of the northern twilight, and on the gathering of the shadow in the mountain gorges, till all their forms were folded in one kingly shroud of purple death. But over these hours and colours of the scene his governance was all but complete; and even in this unimportant and imperfectly rendered example, the warmth of the departing sunlight, and the depth of soft air in the recesses of the glen, are given with harmony more true and more pathetic than you will find in any recent work of even the most accomplished masters.

177. But of the loving labour, and severely disciplined observation, which prepared him for the expression of this feeling for chiaroscuro, you can only judge by examining at leisure his outlines of Scottish scenery, a work of whose existence I had no knowledge, until the kindness of Mrs. Inge[3] advised me of it, and further, procured for me the loan of the copy of it laid on the table; which you will find has marks placed in it at the views of Byron's Lachin-y-Gair, of Scott's Ben Venue, and of all Scotsmen's Ben Lomond,—plates which you may take for leading types of the most careful delineation ever given to mountain scenery, for the love of it, pure and simple.[4]

[1] [The copy was not left at Oxford.]

[2] [At the age of forty-five (1788–1833).]

[3] [Wife of the then Provost of Worcester College.]

[4] [*Scenery of the Grampian Mountains; illustrated by Forty Etchings in the Soft Ground . . . by George Fennell Robson*, 1814. Ben Lomond is Nos. 2–4; Ben Venue, Nos. 8–10; and Lachin-y-gair, Nos. 31, 32. For "Byron's Lachin-y-Gair," compare *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 61 (Vol. XXXIV. p. 331).]

178. The last subject has a very special interest to *me;* and—if you knew all I could tell you, did time serve, of the associations connected with it—would be seen gratefully by you also. In the text descriptive of it, (and the text of this book is quite exceptionally sensible and useful, for a work of the sort,) Mr. Robson acknowledges his obligation for the knowledge of this rarely discovered view of Ben Lomond,[1] to Sir Thomas Acland, the father of our own Dr. Henry Acland, the strength of whose whole life hitherto has been passed in the eager and unselfish service of the University of Oxford. His father was, of all amateur artists I ever knew, the best draughtsman of mountains, not with spasmodic force, or lightly indicated feeling, but with firm, exhaustive, and unerring delineation of their crystalline and geologic form. From him the faith in the beauty and truth of natural science in connection with art was learned happily by his physician-son, by whom, almost unaided, the first battles were fought—and fought hard—before any of you eager young physicists were born, in the then despised causes of natural science and industrial art. That cause was in the end sure of victory, but here in Oxford its triumph would have been long deferred, had it not been for the energy and steady devotion of Dr. Acland. Without him—little as you may think it—the great galleries and laboratories of this building,[2] in which you pursue your physical science studies so advantageously, and so forgetfully of their first advocate, would not yet have been in existence. Nor, after their erection, (if indeed in this there be any cause for your thanks,) would an expositor of the laws of landscape beauty have had the privilege of addressing you under their roof.[3]

179. I am indebted also to one of my Oxford friends, Miss Symonds, for the privilege of showing you, with entire satisfaction, a perfectly good and characteristic drawing by

[1] ["Ben Lomond from the West," Plate IV.]

[2] [The Oxford Museum: see Vol. XVI.]

[3] [Ruskin refers to the fact that Acland was one of the electors who appointed him to the professorship: see Vol. XX. p. xix.]

Copley Fielding, of Cader Idris, seen down the vale of Dolgelly; in which he has expressed with his utmost skill the joy of his heart in the aerial mountain light, and the iridescent wildness of the mountain foreground; nor could you see enforced with any sweeter emphasis the truth on which Mr. Morris dwelt so earnestly in his recent address to you[1]—that the excellence of the work is, *cæteris paribus*,[2] in proportion to the joy of the workman.[3]

180. There is a singular character in the colouring of Fielding, as he uses it to express the richness of beautiful vegetation; he makes the sprays of it look partly as if they were strewn with jewels. He is of course not absolutely right in this; to some extent it is a conventional exaggeration—and yet it has a basis of truth which excuses, if it does not justify, this expression of his pleasure; for no colour can possibly represent vividly enough the charm of radiance which you can see by looking closely at dew-sprinkled leaves and flowers.

181. You must ask Professor Clifton[4] to explain to you why it is that a drop of water, while it subdues the hue of a green leaf or blue flower into a soft grey, and shows itself therefore on the grass or the dock-leaf as a lustrous dimness, enhances the force of all warm colours, so that you never can see what the colour of a carnation or a wild rose really is till you get the dew on it. The effect is, of course, only generalized at the distance of a paintable foreground; but it is always in reality part of the emotion of the scene, and justifiably sought in any possible similitude by the means at our disposal.

182. It is with still greater interest and reverence to be noted as a physical truth that in states of joyful and healthy excitement the eye becomes more highly sensitive to the beauty of colour,[5] and especially to the blue and red

[1] [See below, § 187 (p. 390).]

[2] [The report in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (November 19) has: "other things being granted, for very foolish persons often take the utmost delight in their work."]

[3] [Compare *A Joy for Ever*, § 102 (Vol. XVI. p. 87).]

[4] [Then, as now (1907), Professor of Experimental Philosophy at Oxford.]

[5] [Compare *Eagle's Nest*, § 113 (Vol. XXII. p. 202).]

rays, while in depression and disease all colour becomes dim to us, and the yellow rays prevail over the rest, even to the extremity of jaundice. But while I direct your attention to these deeply interesting conditions of sight, common to the young and old, I must warn you of the total and most mischievous fallacy of the statements put forward a few years ago by a foreign oculist, respecting the changes of sight in old age.[1] I neither know, nor care, what states of senile disease exist when the organ has been misused or disused; but in all cases of disciplined and healthy sight, the sense of colour and form is absolutely one and the same from childhood to death.

183. When I was a boy of twelve years old, I saw nature with Turner's eyes, he being then sixty; and I should never have asked permission to resume the guidance of your schools, unless now, at sixty-four, I saw the same hues in heaven and earth as when I walked a child by my mother's side.

Neither may you suppose that between Turner's eyes, and yours, there is any difference respecting which it may be disputed whether of the two is right. The sight of a great painter is as authoritative as the lens of a camera lucida; he perceives the form which a photograph will ratify; he is sensitive to the violet or to the golden ray to the last precision and gradation of the chemist's defining light and intervaled line. But the veracity, as the joy, of this sensation,—and the one involves the other,—are dependent, as I have said, first on vigour of health, and secondly on the steady looking for and acceptance of the truth of nature as *she* gives it you, and not as you like to have it —to inflate your own pride, or satisfy your own passion. If pursued in that insolence, or in that concupiscence, the phenomena of all the universe become first gloomy, and then spectral; the sunset becomes demoniac fire to you, and the clouds of heaven as the smoke of Acheron.

[1] [For the reference here to Dr. Liebreich, see Ruskin's letter of March 15, 1872, in Vol. X. p. 458; and compare Vol. XV. p. 357 *n.*]

184. If there is one part more than another which in my early writing deservedly obtained audience and acceptance, it was that in which I endeavoured to direct the thoughts of my readers to the colours of the sky, and to the forms of its clouds. But it has been my fate to live and work in direct antagonism to the instincts, and yet more to the interests, of the age; since I wrote that chapter[1] on the pure traceries of the vault of morning, the fury of useless traffic has shut the sight, whether of morning or evening, from more than the third part of England; and the foulness of sensual fantasy has infected the bright beneficence of the life-giving sky with the dull horrors of disease, and the feeble falsehoods of insanity. In the book professing to initiate a child in the elements of natural science, of which I showed you the average character of illustration at my last lecture,[2] there is one chapter especially given to aerial phenomena—wherein the cumulus cloud is asserted to occur "either under the form of a globe or a half globe," and in such shape to present the most exciting field for the action of imagination. What the French artistic imagination is supposed to produce, under the influence of this excitement, we find represented by a woodcut, of which Mr. Macdonald has reproduced for you the most sublime portion.[3] May I, for a minute or two, delay, and prepare you for, its enjoyment by reading the lines in which Wordsworth describes the impression made on a cultivated and pure-hearted spectator, by the sudden opening of the sky after storm?—

> "A single step, that freed me from the skirts
> Of the blind vapour, opened to my view
> Glory beyond all glory ever seen
> By waking sense or by the dreaming soul!
> The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,

[1] [Part ii. sec. iii. ch. i. ("The Open Sky") in vol. i. of *Modern Painters* (Vol. III. pp. 343 *seq.*). See also Vol. VII. p. 179 (quoted in Vol. XXXIV. p. 44).]

[2] [Above, § 132 (p. 354). The reference here is to p. 17 of *Les Pourquoi de Mademoiselle Suzanne.*]

[3] [The example remains in the Ruskin Drawing School. The woodcut is on p. 18 of *Les Pourquoi.*]

Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth,
Far-sinking into splendour—without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems!
By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified; on them, and on the coves
And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
The vapours had receded, taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky."[1]

185. I do not mean wholly to ratify this Wordsworthian statement of Arcana Cœlestia, since, as far as I know clouds myself, they look always like clouds, and are no more walled like castles than backed like weasels.[2] And farther, observe that no great poet ever tells you that he saw something finer than anybody ever saw before. Great poets try to describe what all men see, and to express what all men feel; if they cannot describe it, they let it alone; and what they say, say "boldly" always, without advising their readers of that fact.

186. Nevertheless, though extremely feeble poetry, this piece of bold Wordsworth is at least a sincere effort to describe what was in truth to the writer a most rapturous vision,—with which we may now compare to our edification the sort of object which the same sort of cloud suggests to the modern French imagination.[3]

[1] [*The Excursion*, Book ii. (towards the end).]

[2] [See *Hamlet*, Act iii. sc. 2: compare *The Storm-Cloud*, § 14 (Vol. XXXIV. p. 19).]

[3] [The report has:—

"... rapturous vision. And now see what the modern French imagination makes of it"—and Mr. Macdonald's sketch disclosed the clouds grouped into the face of a mocking and angry fiend. Mr. Macdonald modestly proceeded to turn his sketch to the wall, but Mr. Ruskin interposed: "Keep it there, and it shall permanently remain, too, in your school, as a type of the loathsome and lying spirit of defamation which studies men only in the skeleton and nature in ashes."

(*Pall Mall Gazette*, November 19.)]

It would be surely superfluous to tell you that this representation of cloud is as false as it is monstrous; but the point which I wish principally to enforce on your attention is that all this loathsome and lying defacement of book pages, which looks as if it would end in representing humanity only in its skeleton, and nature only in her ashes, is all of it founded first on the desire to make the volume saleable at small cost, and attractive to the greatest number, on whatever terms of attraction.

187. The significant change which Mr. Morris made in the title of his recent lecture, from Art and *Democracy*, to Art and *Plutocracy*, strikes at the root of the whole matter;[1] and with wider sweep of blow than he permitted himself to give his words. The changes which he so deeply deplored, and so grandly resented, in this once loveliest city, are due wholly to the deadly fact that her power is now dependent on the Plutocracy of Knowledge, instead of its Divinity. There are indeed many splendid conditions in the new impulses with which we are agitated,—or it may be inspired:

[1] [Compare § 179 (above, p. 386). The lecture was given in connexion with the Russell Club in the hall of University College, Oxford, and was briefly reported in the *Times*, and more fully in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of November 15, 1883. It excited much notice and some anger (see a letter in the *Times* of November 19), as Morris avowed his Socialist opinions (compare J. W. Mackail's *Life of Morris*, vol. ii. pp. 117–120). The lecture covered much the same ground as that of the one published two months later—*Art and Socialism: a Lecture delivered (January 23, 1884) before the Secular Society of Leicester*, by William Morris, 1884. It appears from the report that Morris explained at the outset of his lecture that "its true subject was art under a plutocracy." Some of the College and University authorities, who were present at the lecture, rose at its conclusion to dissociate themselves from the lecturer's political views. Ruskin followed in an impromptu and unreported speech, chaffing these grave and reverend signiors freely, and ending up, by some transition of thought no longer recoverable, with a description of a sunset. "Mr. Ruskin," says the report in the *Pall Mall*, "whose appearance was the signal for immense enthusiasm, speaking of the lecturer as 'the great conceiver and doer, the man at once a poet, an artist, and a workman, and his old and dear friend,' said that he agreed with him in 'imploring the young men who were being educated here to seek in true unity and love one for another the best direction for the great forces which, like an evil aurora, were lighting the world, and thus to bring about the peace which passeth all understanding.'" Morris in the course of his lecture had said "Oxford itself, which should have been left as a precious jewel by us, the trustees of prosperity, has been treated as a stone in the highway; wherever a tree falls, a worse is planted in its place." Referring to this passage, Ruskin said in the present lecture (compare § 188): "The defilement of our own Oxford, which Mr. Morris so grandly described to you and so bitterly resented, has been mostly due to the plutocracy of learning" (*Pall Mall Gazette*, November 19).]

but against one of them, I must warn you, in all affection and in all duty.

188. So far as you come to Oxford in order to get your living out of her, you are ruining both Oxford and yourselves. There never has been, there never can be, any other law respecting the wisdom that is from above, than this one precept,—"Buy the Truth, and sell it not."[1] It is to be costly to you—of labour and patience; and you are never to sell it, but to guard, and to give.

Much of the enlargement, though none of the defacement, of old Oxford is owing to the real life and the honest seeking of extended knowledge. But more is owing to the supposed money value of that knowledge; and exactly so far forth, her enlargement is purely injurious to the University and to her scholars.

189. In the department of her teaching, therefore, which is entrusted to my care, I wish it at once to be known that I will entertain no question of the saleability of this or that manner of art; and that I shall steadily discourage the attendance of students who propose to make their skill a source of income. Not that the true labourer is unworthy of his hire, but that, above all in the beginning and first choice of industry, his heart must not be the heart of an hireling.[2]

You may, and with some measure of truth, ascribe this determination in me to the sense of my own weakness and want of properly so-called artistic gift. That is indeed so: there are hundreds of men better qualified than I to teach practical technique: and, in their studios, all persons desiring to be artists should place themselves. But I never would have come to Oxford, either before or now, unless in the conviction that I was able to direct her students precisely in that degree and method of application to art which was most consistent with the general and perpetual functions of the University.

[1] [Proverbs xxiii. 23.]

[2] [Luke x. 7; John x. 13. Compare *Crown of Wild Olive*, §§ 32, 33 (Vol. XVIII. pp. 412–414).]

190. Now, therefore, to prevent much future disappointment and loss of time both to you and to myself, let me forewarn you that I will not assist out of the schools, nor allow in them, modes of practice taken up at each student's fancy.

In the classes, the modes of study will be entirely fixed; and at your homes I cannot help you, unless you work in accordance with the class rules,—which rules, however, if you do follow, you will soon be able to judge and feel for yourselves, whether you are doing right and getting on, or otherwise. This I tell you with entire confidence, because the illustrations and examples of the modes of practice in question, which I have been showing you in the course of these lectures, have been furnished to me by young people like yourselves; like, in all things, except only,—so far as they are to be excepted at all,—in the perfect repose of mind, which has been founded on a simply believed, and unconditionally obeyed, religion.

191. On the *repose* of mind, I say; and there is a singular physical truth illustrative of that spiritual life and peace which I must yet detain you by indicating in the subject of our study to-day. You see how this foulness of false imagination represents, in every line, the clouds not only as monstrous,—but *tumultuous*. Now all lovely clouds, remember, are *quiet* clouds,[1]—not merely quiet in appearance, because of their greater height and distance, but quiet actually, fixed for hours, it may be, in the same form and place. I have seen a fair-weather cloud high over Coniston Old Man,—not *on* the hill, observe, but a vertical mile above it,—stand motionless,—changeless,—for twelve hours together. From four o'clock in the afternoon of one day I watched it through the night by the north twilight, till the dawn struck it with full crimson, at four of the following July morning. What is glorious and good in the heavenly cloud, you can, if you will, bring also into

[1] [Compare *The Storm-Cloud*, § 5 (Vol. XXXIV. p. 11).]

your lives,—which are indeed like it, in their vanishing, but how much more in their *not* vanishing, till the morning take them to itself. As this ghastly phantasy of death is to the mighty clouds of which it is written, "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels,"[1] are the fates to which your passion may condemn you,—or your resolution raise. You may drift with the phrenzy of the whirlwind,—or be fastened for your part in the pacified effulgence of the sky. Will you not let your lives be lifted up, in fruitful rain for the earth, in scatheless snow to the sunshine,—so blessing the years to come, when the surest knowledge of England shall be of the will of her heavenly Father, and the purest art of England be the inheritance of her simplest children?

The following letter appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of April 22, 1884 (where "A. P. Newton" was misprinted "G. S. Newton"):—

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"

SIR,—Will you permit me, so far as I may, to rectify in your columns the faultful omission in my last Oxford lectures of the name of Mr. A. P. Newton as one of the chief, and the last, representatives of the old English water-colour landscape school? My own personal associations with the works of Copley Fielding and Robson led me to dwell on them at so great length that I had no time for the just analysis of Mr. Newton's especial power in rendering effects of light, or for the expression of my deep respect for his sincere love of mountain scenery and his conscientious industry in its unaffected delineation. It is, I trust, by this time well enough known that I never write for money interests; but it is only just to Mr. Newton's widow that, on the occasion of the approaching sale of many of her husband's most beautiful works, such weight as may be attached to my estimate of them should not be lost by my inability to introduce due notice of them in the short time of a school lecture.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, *April* 21.

For Ruskin's notice of A. P. Newton (1830–1883), see *Academy Notes*, Vol. XIV. pp. 201, 249.

[1] [Psalms lviii. 17.]

APPENDIX

192. The foregoing lectures were written, among other reasons, with the leading object of giving some permanently rational balance between the rhapsodies of praise and blame which idly occupied the sheets of various magazines last year on the occasion of the general exhibition of Rossetti's works;[1] and carrying forward the same temperate estimate of essential value in the cases of other artists—or artistes—of real, though more or less restricted, powers, whose works were immediately interesting to the British public, I have given this balance chiefly in the form of qualified, though not *faint*,[2] praise, which is the real function of just criticism;[3] for the multitude can always see the faults of good work, but never, unaided, its virtues: on the contrary, it is equally quick-sighted to the vulgar merits of bad work, but no tuition will enable it to condemn the vices with which it has a natural sympathy; and, in general, the blame of them is wasted on its deaf ears.

When the course was completed, I found that my audiences had been pleased by the advisedly courteous tone of comment to which I had restricted myself: and I received not a few congratulations on the supposed improvement of my temper, and manners, under the stress of age and experience. The tenor of this terminal lecture may perhaps modify the opinion of my friends in these respects; but the observations it contains are entirely necessary in order to complete the serviceableness, such as it may be, of all the preceding statements.

[1] [The exhibition of "Old Masters" at the Academy, 1883.]

[2] ["Damn with faint praise": Pope, *Prologue to the Satires*, 201.]

[3] [For other passages in which Ruskin discusses the functions of criticism, see Vol. XIV. pp. 5, 45, 256, 262; Vol. XVI. p. 32; Vol. XXIX. p. 585; and several letters in *Arrows of the Chace* (Vol. XXXIV.). For a more detailed list, see the General Index.]

193. In the first place, may I ask the reader to consider with himself why British painters, great or small, are never right *altogether?* Why their work is always, somehow, flawed,—never in any case, or even in any single picture, thorough? Is it not a strange thing, and a lamentable, that no British artist has ever lived, of whom one can say to a student, "Imitate him—and prosper"; while yet the great body of minor artists are continually imitating the master who chances to be in fashion; and any popular mistake will carry a large majority of the Britannic mind into laboriously identical blunder, for two or three artistic generations?

194. I had always intended to press this question home on my readers in my concluding lecture; but it was pressed much more painfully home on myself by the recent exhibition of Sir Joshua at Burlington House and the Grosvenor. There is no debate that Sir Joshua is the greatest figure-painter whom England has produced,—Gainsborough being sketchy and monotonous* in comparison, and the rest virtually out of court. But the gathering of any man's work into an unintending mass, enforces his failings in sickening iteration, while it levels his merits in monotony;[1] —and after shrinking, here, from affectation worthy only of the Bath Parade, and mourning, there, over "negligence fit for a fool to fall by,"[2] I left the rooms, really caring to remember nothing, except the curl of hair over St. Cecilia's left ear, the lips of Mrs. Abington, and the wink of Mrs. Nesbitt's white cat.†

195. It is true that I was tired, and more or less vexed with myself, as well as with Sir Joshua; but no bad

* "How *various* the fellow is!" Gainsborough himself, jealous of Sir Joshua at the "private view."[3]

† The pictures were Mrs. Sheridan as St. Cecilia (Lord Lansdowne), No. 209 in the R.A.; Mrs. Abington as Miss Prue (Sir C. Miles), and Mrs. Nesbitt as Circe, Nos. 7 and 11 in the Grosvenor Gallery.

[1] [So Ruskin says also in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 79 (Vol. XXIX. p. 158) but for a statement of another side, see Vol. XIII. p. 177.]

[2] [*Henry VIII.*, Act iii. sc. 2, lines 213–214.]

[3] [See Fulcher's *Life of Gainsborough*, 1856, p. 151.]

humour of mine alters the fact, that Sir Joshua was always affected,—often negligent,—sometimes vulgar,—and never sublime; and that, in this collective representation of English Art under highest patronage and of utmost value, it was seen, broadly speaking, that neither the painter knew how to paint, the patron to preserve, nor the cleaner to restore.

If this be true of Sir Joshua, and of the public of Lords and Ladies for whom he worked,—what are we to say of the multitude of entirely uneducated painters, competing for the patronage of entirely uneducated people; and filling our annual exhibitions, no more with what Carlyle complains of as the Correggiosities of Correggio,[1] but with what perhaps may be enough described and summed under the simply reversed phrase—the Incorreggiosities of Incorreggio?

196. And observe that the gist of this grievous question is that our English errors are those of very amiable and worthy people, conscientious after a sort, working under honourable encouragement, and entirely above the temptations which betray the bulk of the French and Italian schools into sharing or consulting the taste only of the demi-monde.

The French taste in this respect is indeed widely and rapidly corrupting our own, but such corruption is recognizable at once as disease: it does not in the least affect the broad questions concerning all English artists that ever were or are,—why Hunt can paint a flower, but not a cloud; Turner, a cloud, but not a flower;[2]—Bewick, a pig, but not a girl;[3] and Miss Greenaway a girl, but not a pig.

As I so often had to say in my lecture on the inscrutability of Clouds, I leave the question with you, and pass on.[4]

[1] [For the reference, see Vol. XX. p. 106.]

[2] [See above, § 157 (p. 373).]

[3] [Compare Vol. XIV. p. 494; Vol. XXII. p. 399; and *Pleasures of England*, § 118 (below, p. 509).]

[4] [The first lecture on *The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century:* see §§ 13, 14, 15 (Vol. XXXIV. pp. 18, 19, 20).]

197. But, extending the inquiry beyond England, to the causes of failure in the art of foreign countries, I have especially to signalize the French contempt for the "Art de Province," and the infectious insanity for centralization, throughout Europe, which collects necessarily all the vicious elements of any country's life into one mephitic cancer in its centre.

All great art, in the great times of art, is *provincial*, showing its energy in the capital, but educated, and chiefly productive, in its own country town.[1] The best works of Correggio are at Parma, but he lived in his patronymic village; the best works of Cagliari at Venice, but he learned to paint at Verona; the best works of Angelico are at Rome, but he lived at Fésole; the best works of Luini at Milan, but he lived at Luino. And, with still greater necessity of moral law, the cities which exercise forming power on style, are themselves provincial. There is no Attic style, but there is a Doric and Corinthian one. There is no Roman style, but there is an Umbrian, Tuscan, Lombard, and Venetian one. There is no Parisian style, but there is a Norman and Burgundian one. There is no London or Edinburgh style, but there is a Kentish and Northumbrian one.

198. Farther,—the tendency to centralization, which has been fatal to art in all times, is, at *this* time, pernicious in totally unprecedented degree, because the capitals of Europe are all of monstrous and degraded architecture. An artist in former ages might be corrupted by the manners, but he was exalted by the splendour, of the capital; and perished amidst magnificence of palaces: but now—the Board of Works is capable of no higher skill than drainage, and the British artist floats placidly down the maximum current of the National Cloaca, to his Dunciad rest,[2] content, virtually, that his life should be spent at one end of a cigar, and his fame expire at the other.

[1] [See above, § 65 (p. 311).]

[2] [See Book ii. of Pope's *Dunciad* for Cloacina, and the end of Book iv. for the final rest, when "Art after art goes out, and all is night."]

In literal and fatal instance of fact—think what ruin it is for men of any sensitive faculty to live in such a city as London is now![1] Take the highest and lowest state of it: you have, typically, Grosvenor Square,—an aggregation of bricks and railings, with not so much architectural faculty expressed in the whole cumber of them as there is in a wasp's nest or a worm-hole;—and you have the rows of houses which you look down into on the south side of the South-Western line, between Vauxhall and Clapham Junction. Between those two ideals the London artist must seek his own; and in the humanity, or the vermin, of them, worship the aristocratic and scientific gods of living Israel.

199. In the chapter called "The Two Boyhoods" of *Modern Painters*,[2] I traced, a quarter of a century ago, the difference between existing London and former Venice, in their effect, as schools of art, on the minds of Turner and Giorgione. I would reprint the passage here: but it needs expansion and comment, which I hope to give, with other elucidatory notes on former texts, in my October lectures.[3] But since that comparison was written, a new element of evil has developed itself against art, which I had not then so much as seen the slightest beginnings of. The description of the school of Giorgione ends (*Modern Painters*, vol. v. p. 291[4]) with this sentence:—

"Ethereal strength of Alps, dreamlike, vanishing in high procession beyond the Torcellan shore; blue islands of Paduan hills, poised in the golden west. Above, free winds and *fiery* clouds ranging at their will; *brightness out of the north, and balm from the south*, and the Stars of the Evening and Morning clear in the limitless light of arched heaven and circling sea."

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[1] [Compare above, pp. 361–362, and below, p. 531.]

[2] [Ch. ix. part ix. vol. v. (Vol. VII. p. 374).]

[3] [The lectures in the October term 1884, on "The Pleasures of England," glanced at the subject only: see p. 424. Ruskin had, however, already reprinted the passage in 1881 in a chapter ("Castelfranco") added to *The Stones of Venice*: see Vol. XI. p. 244.]

[4] [The reference is to the original editions; see now Vol. VII. p. 375. The italics were here introduced by Ruskin.]

Now, if I had written that sentence with foreknowledge of the approach of those malignant aerial phenomena which, beginning ten years afterwards, were to induce an epoch of continual diminution in the depth of the snows of the Alps, and a parallel change in the relations of the sun and sky to organic life, I could not have set the words down with more concentrated precision, to express the beautiful and healthy states of natural cloud and light, to which the plague-cloud and plague-wind of the succeeding æra were to be opposed. Of the physical character of these, some account was rendered in my lectures at the London Institution;[1] of their effect on the artistic power of our time, I have to speak now; and it will be enough illustrated by merely giving an accurate account of the weather yesterday (20th May, 1884).

200. Most people would have called it a fine day; it was, as compared with other days of this spring, exceptionally clear: Helvellyn, at a distance of fifteen miles, showing his grassy sides as if one could reach them in an hour's walk. The sunshine was warm and full, and I went out at three in the afternoon to superintend the weeding a bed of wild raspberries on the moor. I had put no upper coat on—and the moment I got out of shelter of the wood, found that there was a brisk and extremely cold wind blowing steadily from the south-west—*i.e.*, straight over Black Coomb from the sea. Now, it is perfectly normal to have keen *east* wind with a bright sun in March, but to have keen *south-west* wind with a bright sun on the 20th of May is entirely abnormal, and destructive to the chief beauty and character of the best month in the year.

I have only called the wind keen,—bitter, would have been nearer the truth; even a young and strong man could not have stood inactive in it with safety for a quarter of an hour; and the danger of meeting it full after getting hot in any work under shelter was so great that I had

[1] [On *The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century:* see Vol. XXXIV.]

instantly to give up all idea of gardening, and went up to the higher moor to study the general state of colour and light in the hills and sky.

201. The sun was—the reader may find how high for himself, three o'clock P.M., on 20th May, in latitude 55°: at a guess 40 degrees; and the entire space of sky under him to the horizon—and far above him towards the zenith—say 40 degrees all round him, was a dull pale grey, or dirty white—very full of light, but totally devoid of colour or sensible gradation. Common flake-white deadened with a little lampblack would give all the colour there was in it,—a mere tinge of yellow ochre near the sun. This lifeless stare of the sky changed gradually towards the zenith into a dim greyish blue, and then into definite blue,—or at least what most people would call blue, opposite the sun answering the ordinary purpose of blue pretty well, though really only a bluish grey. The main point was to ascertain as nearly as possible the depth of it, as compared with other tints and lights.

202. Holding my arm up against it so as to get the shirt sleeve nearly in full sunlight, but with a dark side of about a quarter its breadth, I found the sky quite vigorously dark against the white of the sleeve, yet vigorously also detached in light beyond its dark side. Now the dark side of the shirt sleeve was pale grey compared to the sun-lighted colour of my coat-sleeve. And that again was luminous compared to its own dark side, and that dark side was still not black. Count the scale thus obtained. You begin at the bottom with a tint of russet not reaching black; you relieve this distinctly against a lighter russet, you relieve that strongly against a pale warm grey, you relieve that against the brightest white you can paint. Then the sky-blue is to be clearly lighter than the pale warm grey, and yet as clearly darker than the white.

203. Any landscape artist will tell you that this opposition cannot be had in painting with its natural force;—and that in all pictorial use of the effect, either the dark

side must be exaggerated in depth, or the relief of the blue from it sacrificed. But, though I began the study of such gradation just half a century ago, carrying my "cyanometer" as I called it[1]—(a sheet of paper gradated from deepest blue to white), with me always through a summer's journey on the Continent in 1835, I never till yesterday felt the full difficulty of explaining the enormous power of contrast which the real light possesses in its most delicate tints. I note this in passing for future inquiry;[2] at present I am concerned only with the main fact that the *darkest part of the sky-blue opposite the sun* was lighter, by much, than pure white in the shade in open air—(that is to say, lighter by much than the margin of the page of this book as you read it)—and that therefore the total effect of the landscape was of diffused cold light, against which the hills rose clear, but monotonously grey or dull green—while the lake, being over the whole space of it agitated by strong wind, took no reflections from the shores, and was nothing but a flat piece of the same grey as the sky, traversed by irregular blackness from more violent squalls. The clouds, considerable in number, were all of them alike shapeless, colourless, and lightless, like dirty bits of wool, without any sort of arrangement or order of action, yet not quiet;—touching none of the hills, yet not high above them; and whatever character they had, enough expressible by a little chance rubbing about of the brush charged with cleanings of the palette.

204. Supposing now an artist in the best possible frame of mind for work, having his heart set on getting a good Coniston subject; and any quantity of skill, patience, and whatsoever merit you choose to grant him,—set, this day, to make his study; what sort of a study can he get? In the first place, he must have a tent of some sort—he cannot sit in the wind—and the tent will be always unpegging itself and flapping about his ears—(if he tries to

[1] [See Vol. I. pp. xxx., xxxi.]
[2] [To this subject, however, Ruskin did not revert.]

sketch quickly, the leaves of his sketch-book will all blow up into his eyes*);—next, he cannot draw a leaf in the foreground, for they are all shaking like aspens; nor the branch of a tree in the middle distance, for they are all bending like switches; nor a cloud, for the clouds have no outline; nor even the effect of waves on the lake surface, for the catspaws and swirls of wind drive the dark spaces over it like feathers. The entire form-value of the reflections, the colour of them and the sentiment, are lost; (were it sea instead of lake, there would be no waves, to call waves, but only dodging and swinging lumps of water —dirty or dull blue according to the nearness to coast). The mountains have no contrast of colour, nor any positive beauty of it: in the distance they are not blue, and though clear for the present, are sure to be dim in an hour or two, and will probably disappear altogether towards evening in mere grey smoke.[1]

What sort of a study can he make? What sort of a picture? He has got his bread to win, and *must* make his canvas attractive to the public—somehow. What resource has he, but to try by how few splashes he can produce something like hills and water, and put in the vegetables out of his head?—according to the last French fashion.

205. Now, consider what a landscape painter's work used to be, in ordinary spring weather of old times. You put your lunch in your pocket, and set out, any fine morning, sure that, unless by a mischance which needn't be calculated on, the forenoon, and the evening, would be fine too. You chose two subjects handily near each other, one for A.M., the other for P.M.; you sate down on the grass where you liked, worked for three or four hours serenely, with the blue shining through the stems of the trees like painted glass, and not a leaf stirring; the grasshoppers singing, flies sometimes a little troublesome, ants,

* No artist who knows his business ever uses a block book.

[1] [For a reference to § 204 here, see *The Storm-Cloud*, § 54 (Vol. XXXIV. p. 51).]

also, it might be. Then you ate your lunch—lounged a little after it—perhaps fell asleep in the shade, woke in a dream of whatever you liked best to dream of,—set to work on the afternoon sketch,—did as much as you could before the glow of the sunset began to make everything beautiful beyond painting: you meditated awhile over that impossible, put up your paints and book, and walked home, proud of your day's work, and peaceful for its future, to supper.

This is neither fancy,—nor exaggeration. I have myself spent literally thousands of such days in my forty years of happy work between 1830 and 1870.

206. I say nothing of the gain of time, temper, and steadiness of hand, under such conditions, as opposed to existing ones; but we must, in charity, notice as one inevitable cause of the loose and flimsy tree-drawing of the moderns, as compared with that of Titian or Mantegna,[1] the quite infinite difference between the look of blighted foliage quivering in confusion against a sky of the colour of a pail of whitewash with a little starch in it; and the motionless strength of olive and laurel leaf, inlaid like the wreaths of a Florentine mosaic on a ground of lapis-lazuli.

I have, above, supposed the effects of these two different kinds of weather on mountain country, and the reader might think the difference of that effect would be greatest in such scenery. But it is in reality greater still in lowlands; and the malignity of climate most felt in common scenes. If the heath of a hill-side is blighted,—(or burnt into charcoal by an improving farmer,) the form of the rock remains, and its impression of power. But if the hedges of a country lane are frizzled by the plague wind into black tea,—what have you left? If the reflections in the lake are destroyed by wind, its ripples may yet be graceful,—or its waves sublime;—but if you take the reflections out of a ditch, what remains for you but—

[1] [For other references to the foliage of Titian, see Vol. VII. pp. 52, 56; and to that of Mantegna, Vol. XXI. p. 140, and Vol. XXXIV. p 132.]

ditch-water? Or again, if you take the sunshine from a ravine or a cliff; or flood with rain their torrents or waterfalls, the sublimity of their forms may be increased, and the energy of their passion; but take the sunshine from a cottage porch, and drench into decay its hollyhock garden, and you have left to you—how much less, how much worse than nothing?

207. Without in the least recognizing the sources of these evils, the entire body of English artists, through the space now of some fifteen years, (quite enough to paralyze, in the young ones, what in their nature was most sensitive,) had been thus afflicted by the deterioration of climate described in my lectures given this last spring in London.[1] But the deteriorations of noble subject induced by the progress of manufactures and engineering are, though also without their knowledge, deadlier still to them.

208. It is continually alleged in Parliament by the railroad, or building, companies, that they propose to render beautiful places more accessible or habitable,[2] and that their "works" will be, if anything, decorative rather than destructive to the better civilized scene. But in all these cases, admitting, (though there is no ground to admit) that such arguments may be tenable, I observe that the question of sentiment proceeding from association is always omitted. And in the minds even of the least educated and least spiritual artists, the influence of association is strong beyond all their consciousness, or even belief.

Let me take, for instance, four of the most beautiful and picturesque subjects once existing in Europe,—Furness Abbey, Conway Castle, the Castle of Chillon, and the Falls of Schaffhausen.[3] A railroad station has been set up within a hundred yards of the Abbey,—an iron railroad bridge crosses the Conway in front of its castle; a stone one crosses the Rhine at the top of its cataract, and the

[1] [See, again, *The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century* (Vol. XXXIV.).]
[2] [See Ruskin's reply to such allegations in his paper on *Railways in the Lake District* (Vol. XXXIV. p. 140).]
[3] [Compare Vol. III. p. 37, and Vol. XVIII. p. 89.]

great Simplon line passes the end of the drawbridge of Chillon. Since these improvements have taken place, no picture of any of these scenes has appeared by any artist of eminence, nor can any in future appear. Their portraiture by men of sense or feeling has become for ever impossible. Discord of colour may be endured in a picture—discord of sentiment, never. There is no occasion in such matters for the protest of criticism. The artist turns unconsciously —but necessarily—from the disgraced noblesse of the past, to the consistent baseness of the present; and is content to paint whatever he is in the habit of seeing, in the manner he thinks best calculated to recommend it to his customers.

209. And the perfection of the mischief is that the very few who are strong enough to resist the money temptation, (on the complexity and fatality of which it is not my purpose here to enlarge,) are apt to become satirists and reformers, instead of painters; and to lose the indignant passion of their freedom no less vainly than if they had sold themselves with the rest into slavery. Thus Mr. Herkomer, whose true function was to show us the dancing of Tyrolese peasants to the pipe and zither, spends his best strength in painting a heap of promiscuous emigrants in the agonies of starvation:[1] and Mr. Albert Goodwin, whom I have seen drawing, with Turnerian precision, the cliffs of Orvieto and groves of Vallombrosa,[2] must needs moralize the walls of the Old Water-Colour Exhibition with a scattering of skeletons out of the ugliest scenes of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and a ghastly sunset, illustrating the progress—in the contrary direction—of the manufacturing districts.[3] But in the plurality of cases the metropolitan artist passively allows himself to be metropolized, and contents his pride with the

[1] [The picture called "Pressing West," showing crowded emigrants at Castle Gardens.]

[2] [In 1872, when Mr. Goodwin was in Italy with Ruskin: see Vol. XXII. p. xxvi.]

[3] [In the summer exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colour, No. 69, "Giant Despair discovering the Pilgrims," and No. 62, "A Sunset in the Manufacturing Districts."]

display of his skill in recommending things ignoble. One of quite the best, and most admired, pieces of painting in the same Old Water-Colour Exhibition was Mr. Marshall's fog effect over the Westminster cab-stand; while, in the Royal Institution, Mr. Severn in like manner spent all his power of rendering sunset light in the glorification of the Westminster clock tower.[1] And although some faint yearnings for the rural or marine are still unextinguished in the breasts of the elder academicians, or condescendingly tolerated in their sitters by the younger ones,—though Mr. Leslie still disports himself occasionally in a punt at Henley, and Mr. Hook takes his summer lodgings, as usual, on the coast, and Mr. Collier admits the suggestion of the squire's young ladies, that they may gracefully be painted in a storm of primroses,—the shade of the Metropolis never for an instant relaxes its grasp on their imagination; Mr. Leslie cannot paint the barmaid at the Angler's Rest, but in a pair of high-heeled shoes; Mr. Hook never lifts a wave which would be formidable to a trim-built wherry; and although Mr. Fildes brought some agreeable arrangements of vegetables from Venice; and, in imitation of old William Hunt, here and there some primroses in tumblers carried out the sentiment of Mr. Collier's on the floor,—not all the influence of Mr. Matthew Arnold and the Wordsworth Society together obtained, throughout the whole concourse of the Royal or plebeian salons of the town, the painting of so much as one primrose nested in its rock, or one branch of wind-tossed eglantine.

210. As I write, a letter from Miss Alexander is put into my hands, of which, singularly, the closing passage alludes to the picture of Giorgione's, which I had proposed, in terminating this lecture, to give, as an instance of the undisturbed art of a faultless master.[2] It is dated

[1] ["Sunset over Westminster," No. 1079 in the Royal Institute's summer exhibition, 1884.]

[2] [For a reference to it in one of Ruskin's later lectures at Oxford, see below, p. 503.]

"Bassano Veneto, May 27th," and a few sentences of the preceding context will better present the words I wish to quote :—

"I meant to have told you about the delightful old lady whose portrait I am taking. Edwige and I set out early in the morning, and have a delightful walk up to the city, and through the clean little streets with their low Gothic arcades and little carved balconies full of flowers; meeting nobody but contadini, mostly women, who, if we look at them, bow, and smile, and say 'Serva sua.' The old lady told us she was always ready to begin her sitting by six o'clock, having then finished morning prayers and breakfast: pretty well for eighty-five, I think: (she says that is her age.) I had forgotten until this minute I had promised to tell you about our visit to Castelfranco. We had a beautiful day, and had the good fortune to find a fair going on, and the piazza full of contadini, with fruit, chickens, etc., and many pretty things in wood and basket work. Always a pretty sight; but it troubled me to see so many beggars, who looked like respectable old people. I asked Loredana about it, and she said they *were* contadini, and that the poverty among them was so great, that although a man could live, poorly, by his work, he could never lay by anything for old age, and when they are past work they have to beg. I cannot feel as if that were right, in such a rich and beautiful country, and it is certainly not the case on the estate of Marina and Silvia;[1] but I am afraid, from what I hear, that our friends are rather exceptional people. Count Alessandro, Marina's husband, always took an almost paternal care of his contadini, but with regard to other contadini in these parts, I have heard some heartbreaking stories, which I will not distress you by repeating. Giorgione's Madonna, whenever I see it, always appears to me more beautiful than the last time, and does not look like the work of a mortal hand. It reminds me of what a poor woman said to me once in Florence, 'What a pity that people are not as large now as they used to be!' and when I asked her what made her suppose that they were larger in old times, she said, looking surprised, 'Surely you cannot think that the people who built the Duomo were no larger than *we* are?'"[2]

Anima Toscana gentillissima,—truly we cannot think it, but larger of heart than you, no;—of thought, yes.

211. It has been held, I believe, an original and valuable discovery of Mr. Taine's[3] that the art of a people is the natural product of its soil and surroundings.

Allowing the art of Giorgione to be the wild fruitage of Castelfranco, and that of Brunelleschi no more than the

[1] [For various references to these ladies of Bassano, see the Index in Vol. XXXII. (p. 336).]

[2] [See also Edwige's "love of the Duomo," Vol. XXXII. p. 301.]

[3] [See Vol. XXII. p. 313.]

exhalation of the marsh of Arno; and perceiving as I do the existing art of England to be the mere effluence of Grosvenor Square and Clapham Junction,—I yet trust to induce in my readers, during hours of future council, some doubt whether Grosvenor Square and Clapham Junction be indeed the natural and divinely appointed produce of the Valley of the Thames.[1]

BRANTWOOD,
Whit-Tuesday, 1884.

[1] [See *The Pleasures of England*, § 5 (below, p. 423).]

IV

THE PLEASURES OF ENGLAND

(1884)

THE PLEASURES OF ENGLAND.

LECTURES GIVEN IN OXFORD,

BY

JOHN RUSKIN, D.C.L., LL.D.,

HONORARY STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, AND HONORARY FELLOW OF CORPUS-CHRISTI COLLEGE,

DURING HIS

SECOND TENURE OF THE SLADE PROFESSORSHIP.

GEORGE ALLEN,
SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.
1884–5.

[*Bibliographical Note.*—The Lectures entitled *The Pleasures of England* were delivered at Oxford, and announced in the *University Gazette*, October 10, 1884, in the following terms:—

SLADE PROFESSOR OF FINE ART: JOHN RUSKIN, M.A.

The Professor will give a Course of Seven Lectures on "The Pleasures of England," in sequel to those on "The Art of England," in the Lecture Theatre, University Museum, at 2.30 P.M., on Saturdays and Mondays, repeating the Saturday's lecture on the Monday, from October 18 to December 1, the Lectures being on the following subjects:—

Lecture I.—Bertha to Osburga. "The Pleasures of Learning." October 18 and 20.

Lecture II.—Alfred to the Confessor. "The Pleasures of Faith." October 25 and 27.

Lecture III.—The Confessor to Cœur de Lion. "The Pleasures of Deed." November 1 and 3.

Lecture IV.—Cœur de Lion to Elizabeth. "The Pleasures of Fancy." November 8 and 10.

Lecture V.—Protestantism. "The Pleasures of Truth." November 15 and 17.

Lecture VI.—Atheism. "The Pleasures of Sense." November 22 and 24.

Lecture VII.—Mechanism. "The Pleasures of Nonsense." November 29 and December 1.

An "amended notice" (in the *Gazette* of October 14, 1884), while repeating the above, added that "Admission will be by Ticket, which may be obtained on application at the Ruskin School, Beaumont Street. . . . Tickets for the Saturday's Lecture are reserved for Members of the University."

Of the lectures thus announced, only the first five were delivered, and only the first four were published by Ruskin.

In place of Lectures VI. and VII., which were postponed, Ruskin delivered three others, as follow:—

"A Lecture on Patience" (Readings from *The Cestus of Aglaia* and *St. Mark's Rest*).—November 22 and 24.

"Birds and How to Paint Them."—November 29 and December 1.

"Landscape." December 6 and 8.

For a bibliographical note on these substituted lectures, see below, p. 522.

In the *University Gazette* of March 10, 1885, the postponed lectures were thus announced:—

SLADE PROFESSOR OF FINE ART: J. RUSKIN, M.A.

Subject. The Pleasures of England (continued).
Time. Early in May.
Place. The Ruskin School.
There will be only two Lectures, once given:—
Lecture VI. Atheism. The Pleasures of Sense.
Lecture VII. Mechanism. The Pleasures of Nonsense.
The exact dates of delivery will be arranged with the concurrence of the other Professors.

This notice was repeated on April 17, but on April 28 the following intimation appeared:—

"Mr. Ruskin having sent in his resignation of the Professorship, the announcement of the Course of Lectures which was reprinted in the *Gazette* of April 17 is withdrawn."

Lectures I. to V. were reported (by E. T. Cook) in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of October 20 and 27, November 3, 10, and 17 respectively.

They were reprinted by him in *Studies in Ruskin*, 1890 (and again in the second edition of that work, 1891), pp. 211–263, with the following introductory remarks :—

"The course had clearly not been so carefully prepared, nor was the lecturer's line of thought so closely reasoned, as in 'The Art of England.' My reports took the form, therefore, of 'digested plans' (so Mr. Ruskin was kind enough to call them), 'summarizing a line of thought not always by me enough expressed, and completing and illustrating it from other parts of my books, often more fully than, against time, I could do myself.' Accordingly I reprint these reports here in their original form, in the hope that they may be found by a reader here and there to serve as useful companions to the printed lectures."

The following letter from Ruskin (referred to in the preceding remarks) appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of November 19 :—

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"

SIR,—I have seldom had occasion to pay either compliments or thanks to the British reporter; but I must very seriously acknowledge the help now afforded me by the digested plans of my Oxford lectures drawn up for the *Pall Mall Gazette*—very wonderful pieces of work, it seems to me, not only in summarizing, *without any help from me whatever*, a line of thought not always by me enough expressed; but in completing and illustrating it from other parts of my books—often more fully than, against time, I could do myself. Hitherto, there have been only two errata worth correction : in last Monday's (November 10), 2nd page, 32 lines up, for "Barbara" read "Athena"; and in report of former lecture (November 3, 2nd page, 33 lines up), for "Athena Regina" read "Athena of Ægina." This erratum should have caught the reporter's eye; for he ought to have known by his evident familiarity with my books that I never use a Latin adjunct to a Greek noun; but, as it happens, the mistake exactly illustrates the confused Damascus signature of the Saxon language. Edgar of England writes, as before noted, his own name in Saxon, his kingdom's in Latin, and his authority's in Greek; "Ego Edgar, totius Albionis—BASILEUS," and his queen would have written "Basilissa." And herein is to be observed the advantage of a mixed language in conveying complete definition. The Roman word "imperator" expressed only the extending of Roman moral law, or *imperium*, over subject States. But "Basileus" means the extension of Christ's inevitable and irresistible law over them, in an entirely despotic manner.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

OXFORD, *Nov.* 14.

Lectures I.–IV., as thus reported, often differ from the text as afterwards printed by Ruskin, and the additional passages are now quoted from the reports in footnotes (see, *e.g.*, pp. 462, 478, 481).

ISSUE IN PARTS

As already stated, only Lectures I.–IV. of *The Pleasures of England* were published by Ruskin. They appeared in four separate Parts:—

Part I., containing Lecture I. (October 1884). The title-page was as shown here (p. 411), except for the words "Lecture I. | The Pleasures of Learning," and the date "1884."

Small quarto (uniform with *The Art of England*), pp. ii. + 36. Title-page (with imprint in the centre of the reverse—"Printed by | Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Limited, | London and Aylesbury"), pp. i.–ii. Fly-title to Lecture I. (with blank reverse), pp. 1–2; text of the Lecture, pp. 3–36.

Part II., containing Lecture II. (November 1884). The title-page of this and the succeeding Parts was changed, thus:—

> The Pleasures of England. | Lectures given in Oxford, | by | John Ruskin, D.C.L., LL.D. | in Michaelmas Term, | 1884. | Lecture II. | The Pleasures of Faith. | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent, | 1884.

Title-page (with imprint on the reverse), pp. i.–ii.; fly-title to Lecture II., pp. 37–38; lecture, pp. 39–80.

Part III., containing Lecture III. (February 1885). Title-page as in Part II., with alteration of lecture and date.

Title-page (with blank reverse), pp. i.–ii.; fly-title to Lecture III., pp. 81–82; lecture, pp. 83–121; p. 122 is blank.

This lecture had been announced as "The Confessor to Cœur de Lion," but as printed (in this and the later editions) it was entitled "Alfred to Cœur de Lion." In the present edition, the original title has been restored.

Part IV., containing Lecture IV. (April 1885).—Title-page as in Part III., with alteration of lecture.

Title-page (with the imprint again on the reverse), pp. i.–ii.; fly-title to Lecture IV., pp. 123–124; lecture, pp. 125–160. Following p. 160 is an unnumbered page (with blank reverse), containing the following:—

NOTES

1. *The Five Christmas Days.* (These were drawn out on a large and conspicuous diagram.)

These days, as it happens, sum up the History of their Five Centuries.

Christmas Day,	496.	Clovis baptized.
,, ,,	800.	Charlemagne crowned.
,, ,,	1041.	Vow of the Count of Aversa (§ 77).
,, ,,	1066.	The Conqueror crowned.
,, ,,	1130.	Roger II. crowned King of the Two Sicilies.

2. For conclusion of the whole matter two pictures were shown and commented on—the two most perfect pictures in the world.

(1) A small piece from Tintoret's Paradiso in the Ducal Palace, representing the group of St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St. Gregory, St. Augustine, and behind St. Augustine his mother watching him, her chief joy even in Paradise.

(2) The Arundel Society's reproduction of the Altar-piece by Giorgione in his native hamlet of Castel Franco. The Arundel Society has done more for us than we have any notion of.

These Notes were taken from the reports in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and are now printed (with additions, in the first case, from Ruskin's MS., and in the second, from the report) in their proper places (see pp. 480, 503 *n.*).

Each of the four Parts was issued in buff-coloured paper wrappers, with the title-page (enclosed in a plain ruled frame) reproduced upon the front; the words "*Price One Shilling*" being added at the foot, below the rule. 4000 copies. All the Parts are still current.

No more Parts were issued, and no preliminary matter was supplied; nor were the Parts ever issued by the publisher in volume form, though the remaining Parts were for some time announced as being in preparation.

ISSUE WITH "THE ART OF ENGLAND"

In 1898 the four lectures were issued in a volume together with *The Art of England* (see above, p. 262).

The Pleasures of England occupied pp. 261–415 of that volume, thus: Half-title (with blank reverse), pp. 261–262; lectures, pp. 263–397; notes, p. 398; fly-title ("Index," with blank reverse), pp. 399–400; index (by Mr. Wedderburn), pp. 401–415.

In this edition, the sections were numbered.

For re-issues of it and for the *Pocket Edition*, see above, pp. 262, 263.

Reviews of, or articles upon, Ruskin's lectures appeared (among other places) in the *Saturday Review*, October 25, 1884 ("Professor Ruskin's Pleasures of Learning"); the *Spectator*, November 1, 1884 ("Mr. Ruskin on 'The Pleasures of Faith'"); the *St. James's Gazette*, November 17, 1884; the *World*, November 19, 1884; and the *Morning Post*, November 25, 1884.

Variæ Lectiones.—Between the edition in Parts and that issued with *The Art of England*, there are the following differences (besides those already mentioned):—

The dates of delivery are added after the titles of the several lectures in the later issue.

The sections were not numbered in the earlier issue, except that in Lecture I. §§ 1–3 were numbered.

In the later issue, notes were added (by the editor who saw the book through the press for Ruskin) to §§ 5, 89 (the first note); whilst to the second note in § 53, and to the note in § 80, references were added. These added notes have now been revised with new references.

In the earlier issue, the fly-title to Lecture IV. added the dates "(1189–1558)."

In the present edition, the following alterations have been made:—

§ 12. "Mr. Hodgetts's book" is a correction for "Mr. Hodgett's book."

§ 40, line 1, "word" has been corrected to "words."

§ 43, hitherto there have been inverted commas, thus, "The ancient

church, 'situated low,' indicated in this vision the one . . . of St. Peter;" (you must read that for yourselves;) "but also because . . ."—The passage, however, is not quoted textually from Stanley. The inverted commas have been removed; there were none in the first proof (for which see above, p. lxxii.).

§ 53, hitherto there has been the following footnote at "This for the philosophy*":—

* Here one of the "Stones of Westminster" was shown and commented on.

The note does not appear in the first proof, corrected by Ruskin himself. It must have been added by some one else in preparing the lecture for press, and was probably due to a misunderstanding of a fanciful headline in the report of the lecture in the *Pall Mall Gazette* ("The Stones of Westminster"). At any rate, Ruskin did not exhibit any piece of the Abbey; nor did he interrupt his readings from St. Augustine and Alfred at this point by any comments on the architecture of the Abbey.

§ 53, hitherto the words now in the note—"Compare the legend . . . ævum"—have been interpolated in the text, the note reading, "At Munich: the leaf . . ."—Ruskin himself in a note to Lecture IV. (§ 110) called attention to this as a mistake, but it has not hitherto been corrected.

§ 63, inverted commas have been inserted to indicate the limits of the textual quotation from Carlyle.

§ 67, the section hitherto has been made to begin with the quotation.

§ 77, inverted commas have been removed from the passage, "The Prince . . . commander-in-chief," as it is an abstract, and not a textual quotation, from Sismondi.

§ 99, line 31, see p. 490 *n*.

The Notes at the end have been transferred (see above, pp. 415-416).]

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THE PLEASURES OF ENGLAND

LECTURE I

THE PLEASURES OF LEARNING

BERTHA TO OSBURGA

(*Delivered 18th and 20th October* 1884)

1. In the short review of the present state of English Art, given you last year, I left necessarily many points untouched, and others unexplained. The seventh lecture, which I did not think it necessary to read aloud, furnished you with some of the corrective statements of which, whether spoken or not, it was extremely desirable that you should estimate the balancing weight. These I propose in the present course farther to illustrate, and to arrive with you at, I hope, a just—you would not wish it to be a flattering—estimate of the conditions of our English artistic life, past and present, in order that with due allowance for them we may determine, with some security, what those of us who have faculty ought to do, and those who have sensibility, to admire.

2. In thus rightly doing and feeling, you will find summed a wider duty, and granted a greater power, than the moral philosophy at this moment current with you has ever conceived; and a prospect opened to you besides, of such a Future for England as you may both hopefully and proudly labour for with your hands, and those of you who are spared to the ordinary term of human life, even see

with your eyes,[1] when all this tumult of vain avarice and idle pleasure, into which you have been plunged at birth, shall have passed into its appointed perdition.

3. I wish that you would read for introduction to the lectures I have this year arranged for you, that on the Future of England, which I gave to the cadets at Woolwich in the first year of my Professorship here,[2] 1869; and which is now placed as the main conclusion of *The Crown of Wild Olive:*[3] and with it, very attentively, the close of my inaugural lecture given here; for the matter, no less than the tenor of which, I was reproved by all my friends, as irrelevant and ill-judged;—which, nevertheless, is of all the pieces of teaching I have ever given from this chair, the most pregnant and essential to whatever studies, whether of Art or Science, you may pursue, in this place or elsewhere, during your lives.

4. The opening words of that passage I will take leave to read to you again,—for they must still be the ground of whatever help I can give you, worth your acceptance:—

"There is a destiny now possible to us—the highest ever set before a nation to be accepted or refused. We are still undegenerate in race; a race mingled of the best northern blood. We are not yet dissolute in temper, but still have the firmness to govern, and the grace to obey. We have been taught a religion of pure mercy, which we must either now betray, or learn to defend by fulfilling. And we are rich in an inheritance of honour, bequeathed to us through a thousand years of noble history, which it should be our daily thirst to increase with splendid avarice, so that Englishmen, if it be a sin to covet honour, should be the most offending souls alive. Within the last few years we have had the laws of natural science opened to us with a rapidity which has been blinding by its brightness; and means of transit and communication given to us, which have made but one kingdom of the habitable globe. One kingdom;—but who is to be its king? Is there to be no king in it, think you, and every man to do that which is right in his own eyes? Or only kings of terror, and the obscene empires of Mammon and Belial? Or will you, youths of England, make your country again a royal throne of kings; a sceptred isle, for all the world a source of light, a centre of peace;

[1] [Matthew xiii. 15.]

[2] [The MS. reads, "the year when I first accepted my Professorship." Though appointed in 1869, Ruskin did not take up the duties till 1870.]

[3] [Vol. XVIII. pp. 494–514.]

mistress of Learning and of the Arts;—faithful guardian of great memories in the midst of irreverent and ephemeral visions;—faithful servant of time-tried principles, under temptation from fond experiments and licentious desires; and amidst the cruel and clamorous jealousies of the nations, worshipped in her strange valour of goodwill towards men?"[1]

5. The fifteen years that have passed since I spoke these words must, I think, have convinced some of my immediate hearers that the need for such an appeal was more pressing than they then imagined;—while they have also more and more convinced me myself that the ground I took for it was secure, and that the youths and girls now entering on the duties of active life are able to accept and fulfil the hope I then held out to them.[2]

In which assurance I ask them to-day to begin the examination with me, very earnestly, of the question laid before you in that seventh of my last year's lectures,[3] whether London, as it is now, be indeed the natural, and therefore the heaven-appointed outgrowth of the inhabitation, these 1800 years, of the valley of the Thames by a progressively instructed and disciplined people; or if not, in what measure and manner the aspect and spirit of the great city may be possibly altered by your acts and thoughts.

6. In my introduction to *The Economist of Xenophon* I said that every fairly educated European boy or girl ought to learn the history of five cities,—Athens, Rome, Venice, Florence, and London;[4] that of London including, or at least compelling in parallel study, some knowledge also of the history of Paris.

A few words are enough to explain the reasons for this choice. The history of Athens, rightly told, includes all that need be known of Greek religion and arts. That of Rome, the victory of Christianity over Paganism; those of Venice and Florence sum the essential facts respecting the Christian arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Music; and that

[1] [*Lectures on Art*, § 28 (Vol. XX. pp. 41–42).]
[2] [Compare *Art of England*, § 154 (above, p. 370).]
[3] [*The Art of England*, § 198 (above, p. 398).]
[4] [Vol. XXXI. p. 6.]

of London, in her sisterhood with Paris, the development of Christian Chivalry and Philosophy, with their exponent art of Gothic architecture.

Without the presumption of forming a distinct design, I yet hoped at the time when this division of study was suggested, with the help of my pupils, to give the outlines of their several histories during my work in Oxford. Variously disappointed and arrested, alike by difficulties of investigation and failure of strength, I may yet hope to lay down for you, beginning with your own metropolis, some of the lines of thought in following out which such a task might be most effectively accomplished.

7. You observe that I speak of architecture as the chief exponent of the feelings both of the French and English races. Together with it, however, most important evidence of character is given by the illumination of manuscripts, and by some forms of jewellery and metallurgy:[1] and my purpose in this course of lectures is to illustrate by all these arts the phases of national character which it is impossible that historians should estimate, or even observe, with accuracy, unless they are cognizant of excellence in the aforesaid modes of structural and ornamental craftmanship.[2]

8. In one respect, as indicated by the title chosen for this course, I have varied the treatment of their subject from that adopted in all my former books. Hitherto, I have always endeavoured to illustrate the personal temper and skill of the artist; holding the wishes or taste of his

[1] [The MS. adds:—

"... metallurgy; but as all the most beautiful forms of writing belong to religious service, and of craftmanship to knightly dress and armour, if we associate the scriptorium with the minster, and the armoury with the castle, you will find that the history of London would virtually crystallize itself round that of two buildings, old Westminster Abbey and the Tower, down to the time of the fall of the Norman dynasty."]

[2] [The MS. here adds a passage of some autobiographical interest:—

"You may perhaps be surprised at my speaking of illumination and metal works as subjects which have engaged so much of my time and thought, because I have never written anything of importance about either of them. But I have learned far more in past years than I ever wrote. On one occasion I examined, without missing a volume, every illuminated manuscript in the British Museum, and the lecture given thirty years ago on iron-work was the beginning of a course of study which enabled

spectators at small account, and saying of Turner "you ought to like him," and of Salvator, "you ought not," etc., etc., without in the least considering what the genius or instinct of the spectator might otherwise demand, or approve. But in the now attempted sketch of Christian history, I have approached every question from the people's side, and examined the nature, not of the special faculties by which the work was produced, but of the general instinct by which it was asked for, and enjoyed. Therefore I thought the proper heading for these papers should represent them as descriptive of the *Pleasures* of England, rather than of its *Arts*.

9. And of these pleasures, necessarily, the leading one was that of Learning, in the sense of receiving instruction; —a pleasure totally separate from that of finding out things for yourself,—and an extremely sweet and sacred pleasure, when you know how to seek it, and receive.

On which I am the more disposed, and even compelled here to insist, because your modern ideas of Development imply that you must all turn out what you are to be, and find out what you are to know, for yourselves, by the inevitable operation of your anterior affinities and inner consciences:—whereas the old idea of education was that the baby material of you, however accidentally or inevitably born, was at least to be by external force, and ancestral knowledge, bred; and treated by its Fathers and Tutors as a plastic vase, to be shaped or mannered as *they* chose,

> me by one section of it to place before you, in *Aratra Pentelici*, the principles of rise and decline in the merit of Greek coinage, with a security which you will find no subsequent criticism will ever be able to controvert.
>
> "I think it not unbecoming, or, even if unbecoming, nevertheless necessary, to assert of myself thus much, because in this habit of working long at things without speaking of them, I have left the system of my teaching widely scattered and broken, hoping always to bind it together some day, when this or that point was farther investigated. I may, perhaps, now in my effort to accomplish a better unity appear to generalize too boldly, but I trust to your own future work, if I only strike my outlines clearly enough, for the modification of their rudeness, with all necessary detail or exception."

For Ruskin's study of the illuminated MSS. in the British Museum, see Vol. XII. p. lxviii. In the same volume (pp. 474 *seq.*), see his Lectures on Illumination. For the lecture on iron-work (1858), see *Two Paths*, §§ 140 *seq.* (Vol. XVI. pp. 375 *seq.*).]

not as *it* chose, and filled, when its form was well finished and baked, with sweetness of sound doctrine, as with Hybla honey, or Arabian spikenard.

10. Without debating how far these two modes of acquiring knowledge—finding out, and being told—may severally be good, and in perfect instruction combined, I have to point out to you that, broadly, Athens, Rome, and Florence are self-taught, and internally developed; while all the Gothic races, without any exception, but especially those of London and Paris, are afterwards taught by these; and had, therefore, when they chose to accept it, the delight of being instructed, without trouble or doubt, as fast as they could read or imitate; and brought forward to the point where their own northern instincts might wholesomely superimpose or graft some national ideas upon these sound instructions. Read over what I said on this subject in the third of my lectures last year (§ 62 *et seqq.*),[1] and simplify that already brief statement further, by fastening in your mind Carlyle's general symbol of the best attainments of northern religious sculpture,—"three whale-cubs combined by boiling,"[2] and reflecting that the mental history of all northern European art is the modification of that graceful type, under the orders of the Athena of Homer and Phidias.

11. And this being quite indisputably the broad fact of the matter, I greatly marvel that your historians never, so far as I have read, think of proposing to you the question —what you might have made of yourselves *without* the help of Homer and Phidias: what sort of beings the Saxon and the Celt, the Frank and the Dane, might have been by this time, untouched by the spear of Pallas, unruled by

[1] [See above, pp. 308 *seq.* In the lecture as reported (*Studies in Ruskin*, p. 216), Ruskin read the passages, and added an explanation which has been given above, p. 309 *n.*]

[2] [*Friedrich*, Bk. ii. ch. iii.: "On the top of the Harlungsberg the Wends set up (1023) their god Triglaph; a three-headed monster of which I have seen prints, beyond measure ugly. Something like three whales' cubs combined by boiling, or a triple porpoise dead-drunk." See above, p. 367, and below, p. 459.]

the rod of Agricola, and sincerely the native growth, pure of root, and ungrafted in fruit of the clay of Isis, rock of Dovrefeldt,[1] and sands of Elbe? Think of it, and think chiefly what form the ideas, and images, of your natural religion might probably have taken, if no Roman missionary had ever passed the Alps in charity, and no English king in pilgrimage.

12. I have been of late indebted more than I can express to the friend who has honoured me by the dedication of his recently published lectures on *Older England;*[2] and whose eager enthusiasm and far collected learning have enabled me for the first time to assign their just meaning and value to the ritual and imagery of Saxon devotion. But while every page of Mr. Hodgetts's book, and, I may gratefully say also, every sentence of his teaching, has increased and justified the respect in which I have always been by my own feeling disposed to hold the mythologies founded on the love and knowledge of the natural world,[3] I have also been led by them to conceive, far more forcibly than hitherto, the power which the story of Christianity possessed, first heard through the wreaths of that cloudy superstition, in the substitution for its vaporescent allegory of a positive and literal account of a real Creation, and an instantly present, omnipresent, and compassionate God.[4]

Observe, there is no question whatever in examining this influence, how far Christianity itself is true, or

[1] [Compare Vol. XXVI. p. 23.]

[2] [*Older England, illustrated by the Anglo-Saxon Antiquities in the British Museum in a Course of Six Lectures*, by J. Frederick Hodgetts, Second Series, 1884, "affectionately dedicated" to Ruskin. The author in a "Prefatory Letter" refers to the encouragement he received from Ruskin in his studies. Mr. Hodgetts had in 1883 given a course of lectures at the British Museum on the Anglo-Saxon antiquities. Ruskin, who attended the first lecture, being called upon to make some remarks, "observed that Mr. Hodgetts had overthrown some of his most dearly-cherished ideas, but had at the same time opened a new world of light and poetry, from which he hoped to derive much benefit and pleasure. He had conversed on two or three occasions with Mr. Hodgetts on the Odinic world, in which he seemed to be so much at home, and he had begun to see that there was much of the glory of poetry in our Saxon myths, which we had much neglected and ought to know" (*Times*, November 20).]

[3] [See *Art of England*, § 43 (above, p. 294).]

[4] [See below, § 91 (pp. 483–484).]

the transcendental doctrines of it intelligible. Those who brought you the story of it believed it with all their souls to be true,—and the effect of it on the hearts of your ancestors was that of an unquestionable, infinitely lucid message straight from God, doing away with all difficulties, grief, and fears for those who willingly received it, nor by any, except wilfully and obstinately vile, persons, to be, by any possibility, denied or refused.

13. And it was precisely, observe, the vivacity and joy with which the main fact of Christ's life was accepted which gave the force and wrath to the controversies instantly arising about its nature.

Those controversies vexed and shook, but never undermined, the faith they strove to purify, and the miraculous presence, errorless precept, and loving promises of their Lord were alike undoubted, alike rejoiced in, by every nation that heard the word of Apostles. The Pelagian's assertion that immortality could be won by man's will, and the Arian's that Christ possessed no more than man's nature, never for an instant—or in any country—hindered the advance of the moral law and intellectual hope of Christianity. Far the contrary; the British heresy concerning Free Will,[1] though it brought bishop after bishop into England to extinguish it, remained an extremely healthy and active element in the British mind down to the days of John Bunyan and the guide Great Heart,[2] and the calmly Christian justice and simple human virtue of Theodoric were the very roots and first burgeons of the regeneration of Italy.* But of the degrees in which it was

* Gibbon, in his 37th chapter, makes Ulphilas also an Arian, but might have forborne, with grace, his own definition of orthodoxy:[3]—and you are to observe generally that at this time the teachers who admitted

[1] [For the three heresies here mentioned, compare *Candida Casa*, § 8 *n.* (above, p. 210).]

[2] [Compare above, p. 42.]

[3] [Ruskin presumably refers to the definition of orthodoxy implied in Gibbon's description of the heresy: "Whatever might be the early sentiments of Ulphilas, his connections with the Empire and the Church were formed during the reign of Arianism. The apostle of the Goths subscribed the creed of Rimini; professed

possible for any barbarous nation to receive during the first five centuries, either the spiritual power of Christianity itself, or the instruction in classic art and science which accompanied it, you cannot rightly judge, without taking the pains, and they will not, I think, be irksome, of noticing carefully, and fixing permanently in your minds, the separating characteristics of the greater races, both in those who learned and those who taught.

14. Of the Huns and Vandals we need not speak. They are merely forms of Punishment and Destruction.[1] Put them out of your minds altogether, and remember only the names of the immortal nations, which abide on their native rocks, and plough their unconquered plains, at this hour.[2]

Briefly, in the north,—Briton, Norman, Frank, Saxon, Ostrogoth, Lombard; briefly, in the south,—Tuscan, Roman, Greek, Syrian, Egyptian, Arabian.

15. Now of these races, the British (I avoid the word Celtic, because you would expect me to say Keltic; and I don't mean to, lest you should be wanting me next to call the patroness of music St. Kekilia), the British, including Breton, Cornish, Welsh, Irish, Scot, and Pict, are, I believe, of all the northern races, the one which has deepest love of external nature;—and the richest inherent gift of pure

the inferiority of Christ to the Father as touching his Manhood, were often counted among Arians, but quite falsely. Christ's own words, "My Father is greater than I,"[3] end that controversy at once. Arianism consists not in asserting the subjection of the Son to the Father, but in denying the subjected Divinity.

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with freedom, and perhaps with sincerity, that the Son was not equal, or consubstantial to the Father; communicated these errors to the clergy and people; and infected the Barbaric world with heresy." Ruskin's account of Arianism is hardly consistent with the epistles of Arius himself. Readers unfamiliar with the subject may be referred to the chapters on the Council of Nicæa in Dean Stanley's *Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church*. For an interesting discussion of the reasons which may have inclined Theodoric and the other Barbarian invaders to Arianism, see T. Hodgkin's *Theodoric*, p. 178.]

[1] [Compare *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 95 (Vol. XVIII. p. 464).]

[2] [Compare Vol. XXIV. p. 456.]

[3] [Matthew xiv. 28.]

music and song, as such; separated from the intellectual gift which raises song into poetry. They are naturally also religious, and for some centuries after their own conversion are one of the chief evangelizing powers in Christendom. But they are neither apprehensive nor receptive;—they cannot understand the classic races, and learn scarcely anything from them; perhaps better so, if the classic races had been more careful to understand *them*.

16. Next, the Norman is scarcely more apprehensive than the Celt, but he is more constructive, and uses to good advantage what he learns from the Frank. His main characteristic is an energy, which never exhausts itself in vain anger, desire, or sorrow, but abides and rules, like a living rock:—where he wanders, he flows like lava, and congeals like granite.

17. Next, I take in this first sketch the Saxon and Frank together, both pre-eminently apprehensive, both docile exceedingly, imaginative in the highest, but in life active more than pensive, eager in desire, swift of invention, keenly sensitive to animal beauty, but with difficulty rational, and rarely, for the future, wise. Under the conclusive name of Ostrogoth, you may class whatever tribes are native to central Germany, and develop themselves, as time goes on, into that power of the German Cæsars which still asserts itself as an empire against the licence and insolence of modern republicanism,—of which races, though this general name, no description can be given in rapid terms.

18. And lastly, the Lombards, who, at the time we have to deal with, were sternly indocile, gloomily imaginative,—of almost Norman energy, and differing from all the other western nations chiefly in this notable particular, that while the Celt is capable of bright wit and happy play, and the Norman, Saxon, and Frank all alike delight in caricature, the Lombards, like the Arabians, never jest.

19. These, briefly, are the six barbaric nations who are

to be taught: and of whose native arts and faculties, before they receive any tutorship from the south, I find no well-sifted account in any history:—but thus much of them, collecting your own thoughts and knowledge, you may easily discern—they were all, with the exception of the Scots, practical workers and builders in wood; and those of them who had coasts, first-rate sea-boat builders,[1] with fine mathematical instincts and practice in that kind far developed, necessarily good sail-weaving, and sound fur-stitching, with stout ironwork of nail and rivet; rich copper and some silver work in decoration—the Celts developing peculiar gifts in linear design, but wholly incapable of drawing animals or figures;—the Saxons and Franks having enough capacity in that kind, but no thought of attempting it; the Normans and Lombards still farther remote from any such skill. More and more, it seems to me wonderful that under your British block-temple, grimly extant on its pastoral plain, or beside the first crosses engraved on the rock of Whithorn—you English and Scots do not oftener consider what you might or could have come to, left to yourselves.

20. Next, let us form the list of your tutor nations, in whom it generally pleases you to look at nothing but the corruptions. If we could get into the habit of thinking more of our own corruptions and more of *their* virtues, we should have a better chance of learning the true laws alike of art and destiny. But the safest way of all is to assure ourselves that true knowledge of any thing or any creature is only of the good of it;[2] that its nature and life are in that, and that what is diseased,—that is to say, unnatural and mortal,—you must cut away from it in contemplation, as you would in surgery.

Of the six tutor nations, two, the Tuscan and Arab, have no effect on early Christian England. But the Roman, Greek, Syrian, and Egyptian act together from the earliest

[1] [Compare *Candida Casa*, § 18 (above, p. 217).]
[2] [Compare the Preface to *Bible of Amiens;* above, p. 24.]

times; you are to study the influence of Rome upon England in Agricola, Constantius, St. Benedict, and St. Gregory; of Greece upon England in the artists of Byzantium and Ravenna; of Syria and Egypt upon England in St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Chrysostom, and St. Athanase.

21. St. Jerome, in central Bethlehem; St. Augustine, Carthaginian by birth, in truth a converted Tyrian; Athanase, Egyptian, symmetric and fixed as an Egyptian aisle; Chrysostom, golden mouth of all; these are, indeed, every one teachers of all the western world, but St. Augustine especially of lay, as distinguished from monastic, Christianity to the Franks, and finally to us. His rule, expanded into the treatise of the City of God, is taken for guide of life and policy by Charlemagne, and becomes certainly the fountain of Evangelical Christianity, distinctively so called, (and broadly the lay Christianity of Europe, since, in the purest form of it, that is to say, the most merciful, charitable, variously applicable, kindly wise.) The greatest type of it, as far as I know, is St. Martin of Tours, whose character is sketched, I think in the main rightly, in *The Bible of Amiens;*[1] and you may bind together your thoughts of its course by remembering that Alcuin, born at York, dies in the Abbey of St. Martin, at Tours; that as St. Augustine was in his writings Charlemagne's Evangelist in faith, Alcuin was, in living presence, his master in rhetoric, logic, and astronomy, with the other physical sciences.

22. A hundred years later than St. Augustine, comes the rule of St. Benedict—the Monastic rule, virtually, of European Christianity, ever since—and theologically the Law of Works, as distinguished from the Law of Faith. St. Augustine and all the disciples of St. Augustine tell Christians what they should feel and think: St. Benedict and all the disciples of St. Benedict tell Christians what they should say and do.

In the briefest, but also the perfectest distinction, the

[1] [See above, pp. 40–46.]

disciples of St. Augustine are those who open the door to Christ—"If any man hear my voice"; but the Benedictines those to whom Christ opens the door—"To him that knocketh it shall be opened."[1]

23. Now, note broadly the course and action of this rule, as it combines with the older one. St. Augustine's, accepted heartily by Clovis, and, with various degrees of understanding, by the kings and queens of the Merovingian dynasty, makes seemingly little difference in their conduct, so that their profession of it remains a scandal to Christianity to this day; and yet it lives, in the true hearts among them, down from St. Clotilde to her great granddaughter Bertha, who in becoming Queen of Kent, builds under its chalk downs her own little chapel to St. Martin,[2] and is the first effectively and permanently useful missionary to the Saxons, the beginner of English Erudition,[3]—the first laid corner stone of beautiful English character.

24. I think henceforward you will find the memorandum of dates which I have here set down for my own guidance more simply useful than those confused by record of unimportant persons and inconsequent events, which form the indices of common history.

From the year of the Saxon invasion 449, there are exactly 400 years to the birth of Alfred, 849. You have no difficulty in remembering those cardinal years. Then, you have Four great men and great events to remember, at the close of the fifth century. Clovis, and the founding of Frank Kingdom; Theodoric and the founding of the Gothic Kingdom; Justinian and the founding of Civil law; St. Benedict and the founding of Religious law.

25. Of Justinian, and his work, I am not able myself to form any opinion—and it is, I think, unnecessary for students of history to form any, until they are able to

[1] [Revelation iii. 20; Matthew vii. 8.]

[2] [See Stanley's *Historical Memorials of Canterbury*, 1855, p. 14. Bede, who is the authority on the subject, does not say, however, that Bertha built her own little chapel, but that a little chapel already existing from Roman times was given for her use.]

[3] [See above, p. 202.]

estimate clearly the benefits, and mischief, of the civil law of Europe in its present state. But to Clovis, Theodoric, and St. Benedict, without any question, we owe more than any English historian has yet ascribed,—and they are easily held in mind together, for Clovis ascended the Frank throne in the year of St. Benedict's birth, 481. Theodoric fought the battle of Verona, and founded the Ostrogothic Kingdom in Italy twelve years later, in 493, and thereupon married the sister of Clovis.[1] That marriage is always passed in a casual sentence, as if a merely political one, and while page after page is spent in following the alternations of furious crime and fatal chance, in the contests between Fredegonde and Brunehaut, no historian ever considers whether the great Ostrogoth who wore in the battle of Verona the dress which his mother had woven for him,[2] was likely to have chosen a wife without love!—or how far the perfectness, justice, and temperate wisdom of every ordinance of his reign was owing to the sympathy and counsel of his Frankish queen.[3]

26. You have to recollect, then, thus far, only three cardinal dates:—

449. Saxon invasion.
481. Clovis reigns and St. Benedict is born.
493. Theodoric conquers at Verona.

Then, roughly, a hundred years later, in 590, Ethelbert, the fifth from Hengist, and Bertha, the third from Clotilde, are king and queen of Kent. I cannot find the date of their marriage, but the date, 590, which you must recollect for cardinal, is that of Gregory's accession to the pontificate, and I believe Bertha was then in middle life, having persevered in her religion firmly, but inoffensively, and made herself beloved by her husband and people. She, in

[1] [This is the historical conjunction which Ruskin describes in *The Bible of Amiens*, ch. ii. § 54 (above, pp. 84–85).]

[2] [See again *Bible of Amiens* (above, p. 85).]

[3] [For the silence of contemporary authorities on Angofleda (or Albofleda, above, p. 81), wife of Theodoric, see Hodgkin's *Theodoric*, pp. 188, 189.]

England, Theodolinda in Lombardy, and St. Gregory in Rome:—in their hands virtually lay the destiny of Europe.

Then the period from Bertha to Osburga, 590 to 849—say 250 years—is passed by the Saxon people in the daily more reverent learning of the Christian faith, and daily more peaceful and skilful practice of the humane arts and duties which it invented and inculcated.

27. The statement given by Sir Edward Creasy of the result of these 250 years of lesson is, with one correction, the most simple and just that I can find:—

"A few years before the close of the sixth century, the country was little more than a wide battle-field, where gallant but rude warriors fought with each other, or against the neighbouring Welsh or Scots; unheeding and unheeded by the rest of Europe, or, if they attracted casual attention, regarded with dread and disgust as the fiercest of barbarians and the most untameable of pagans. In the eighth century, England was looked up to with admiration and gratitude, as superior to all the other countries of Western Europe in piety and learning, and as the land whence the most zealous and successful saints and teachers came forth to convert and enlighten the still barbarous regions of the continent."[1]

28. This statement is broadly true; yet the correction it needs is a very important one. England,—under her first Alfred of Northumberland, and under Ina of Wessex, is indeed during these centuries the most learned, thoughtful, and progressive of European states. But she is not a missionary power. The missionaries are always to her, not from her:—for the very reason that she is learning so eagerly, she does not take to preaching. Ina founds his Saxon school at Rome not to teach Rome, nor convert the Pope, but to drink at the source of knowledge, and to receive laws from direct and unquestioned authority.[2] The missionary power was wholly Scotch and Irish,[3] and that power was wholly one of zeal and faith, not of learning. I will ask you, in the course of my next lecture, to regard

[1] [*History of England*, ch. iii.; vol. i. pp. 113–114.]

[2] [For Ina's abdication, and retirement to Rome, etc., see Sharon Turner's *Anglo-Saxons*, Bk. iii. ch. ix. (vol. ii. pp. 398–399).]

[3] [Compare Ruskin's mapping out of an "Iernic period" in *Candida Casa*, § 5 (above, p. 207).]

it attentively;[1] to-day, I must rapidly draw to the conclusions I would leave with you.

29. It is more and more wonderful to me as I think of it, that no effect whatever was produced on the Saxon, nor on any other healthy race of the North, either by the luxury of Rome, or by her art, whether constructive or imitative. The Saxon builds no aqueducts—designs no roads, rounds no theatres in imitation of her,—envies none of her vile pleasures,—admires, so far as I can judge, none of her far-carried realistic art. I suppose that it needs intelligence of a more advanced kind to see the qualities of complete sculpture: and that we may think of the Northern intellect as still like that of a child, who cares to picture its own thoughts in its own way, but does not care for the thoughts of older people, or attempt to copy what it feels too difficult. This much at least is certain, that for one cause or another, everything that now at Paris or London our painters most care for and try to realize of ancient Rome, was utterly innocuous and unattractive to the Saxon: while his mind was frankly open to the direct teaching of Greece and to the methods of bright decoration employed in the Byzantine Empire: for these alone seemed to his fancy suggestive of the glories of the brighter world promised by Christianity. Jewellery, vessels of gold and silver, beautifully written books, and music, are the gifts of St. Gregory alike to the Saxon and Lombard;[2] all these beautiful things being used, not for the pleasure of the present life, but as the symbols of another; while the drawings in Saxon manuscripts, in which, better than in any other remains of their life, we can read the people's character, are rapid endeavours to express for themselves, and convey to others, some likeness of the realities of sacred event in which they had been instructed. They differ from every archaic school of former design in this evident correspondence with an imagined reality. All previous archaic

[1] [See below, p. 439.]

[2] [Compare Ruskin's "Notes on the Priest's Office" in *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*, Vol. XXXII. p. 121.]

art whatsoever is symbolic and decorative—not realistic. The contest of Herakles with the Hydra on a Greek vase is a mere sign that such a contest took place, not a picture of it, and in drawing that sign the potter is always thinking of the effect of the engraved lines on the curves of his pot, and taking care to keep out of the way of the handle;—but a Saxon monk would scratch his idea of the Fall of the Angels or the Temptation of Christ over a whole page of his manuscript in variously explanatory scenes, evidently full of inexpressible vision, and eager to explain and illustrate all that he felt or believed.

30. Of the progress and arrest of these gifts, I shall have to speak in my next address;[1] but I must regretfully conclude to-day with some brief warning against the complacency which might lead you to regard them as either at that time entirely original in the Saxon race, or at the present day as signally characteristic of it. That form of complacency is exhibited in its most amiable but, therefore, most deceptive guise, in the passage with which the late Dean of Westminster concluded his lecture at Canterbury in April 1854, on the subject of the landing of Augustine.[2]

31. I will not spoil the emphasis of the passage by comment as I read, but must take leave afterwards to intimate some grounds for abatement in the fervour of its self-gratulatory ecstasy:—

"Let any one sit on the hill of the little church of St. Martin, and look on the view which is there spread before his eyes. Immediately below are the towers of the great abbey of St. Augustine, where Christian learning and civilization first struck root in the Anglo-Saxon race; and within which now, after a lapse of many centuries, a new institution has arisen, intended to carry far and wide, to countries of which Gregory and Augustine never heard, the blessings which they gave to us. Carry your view on—and there rises high above all the magnificent pile of our cathedral, equal in splendour and state to any, the noblest temple or church that Augustine could have seen in ancient Rome, rising on the very ground which derives its consecration from him. And still more than the grandeur of the outward buildings that rose from the little

[1] [See below, pp. 441 *seq.*]

[2] [*Historical Memorials of Canterbury*, 1855: "The Landing of Augustine," pp. 34–35.]

church of Augustine and the little palace of Ethelbert have been the institutions of all kinds of which these were the earliest cradle. From Canterbury, the first English Christian city,—from Kent, the first English Christian kingdom—has by degrees arisen the whole constitution of Church and State in England which now binds together the whole British Empire. And from the Christianity here established in England has flowed, by direct consequence, first the Christianity of Germany; then, after a long interval, of North America; and lastly, we may trust, in time, of all India and all Australasia. The view from St. Martin's Church is indeed one of the most inspiriting that can be found in the world; there is none to which I would more willingly take any one who doubted whether a small beginning could lead to a great and lasting good;—none which carries us more vividly back into the past, or more hopefully forward into the future."

32. To this Gregorian canticle in praise of the British constitution, I grieve, but am compelled, to take these following historical objections. The first missionary to Germany was Ulphilas, and what she owes to these islands she owes to Iona, not to Thanet. Our missionary offices to America as to Africa consist, I believe, principally in the stealing of land, and the extermination of its proprietors by intoxication. Our rule in India has introduced there, Paisley instead of Cashmere shawls: in Australasia our Christian aid supplies, I suppose, the pious farmer with convict labour. And although, when the Dean wrote the above passage, St. Augustine's and the cathedral were—I take it on trust from his description—the principal objects in the prospect from St. Martin's Hill, I believe even the cheerfullest of my audience would not now think the scene one of the most inspiriting in the world. For recent progress has entirely accommodated the architecture of the scene to the convenience of the missionary workers above enumerated; to the peculiar necessities of the civilization they have achieved. For the sake of which the cathedral, the monastery, the temple, and the tomb, of Bertha, contract themselves in distant or despised subservience under the colossal walls of the county gaol.[1]

[1] [For a few remarks, added by Ruskin after this lecture, see above, p. 284 *n.*]

LECTURE II

THE PLEASURES OF FAITH

ALFRED TO THE CONFESSOR

(Delivered 25th and 27th October 1884)

33. I WAS forced in my last lecture to pass by altogether, and to-day can only with momentary definition notice, the part taken by Scottish missionaries in the Christianizing of England and Burgundy. I would pray you therefore, in order to fill the gap which I think it better to leave distinctly, than close confusedly, to read the histories of St. Patrick, St. Columba, and St. Columban, as they are given you by Montalembert in his *Moines d'Occident.* You will find in his pages all the essential facts that are known,[1] encircled with a nimbus of enthusiastic sympathy which I hope you will like better to see them through, than distorted by the blackening fog of contemptuous rationalism.[2] But although I ask you thus to make yourselves aware of the greatness of my omission, I must also certify you that it does not break the unity of our own immediate subject. The influence of Celtic passion and art both on Northumbria and the Continent, beneficent in all respects while it lasted, expired without any permanent share in the work or emotion of the Saxon and Frank. The book

[1] [In the first proof, the passage continued:—
"... known, related with an enthusiasm partly poetic, partly infantine—in both characters pardonable, I hope, by those who know that poetry does not necessarily mean falsehood, nor infancy ignorance of heaven. But although ..."
Ruskin refers to this passage lower down (p. 451), forgetting that he had struck it out on revise.]

[2] [For another appreciation of Montalembert, see above, p. 202.]

of Kells, and the bell of St. Patrick,[1] represent sufficiently the peculiar character of Celtic design; and long since, in the first lecture of *The Two Paths*, I explained both the modes of skill, and points of weakness, which rendered such design unprogressive.[2] Perfect in its peculiar manner, and exulting in the faultless practice of a narrow skill, it remained century after century incapable alike of inner growth, or foreign instruction; inimitable, yet incorrigible; marvellous, yet despicable, to its death. Despicable, I mean, only in the limitation of its capacity, not in its quality or nature. If you make a Christian of a lamb or a squirrel—what can you expect of the lamb but jumping —what of the squirrel, but pretty spirals, traced with his tail? He won't steal your nuts any more, and he'll say his prayers like this—*; but you cannot make a Beatrice's griffin, and emblem of all the Catholic Church,[3] out of him.

34. You will have observed, also, that the plan of these lectures does not include any reference to the Roman Period in England; of which you will find all I think necessary to say, in the part called "Valle Crucis" of *Our Fathers have Told Us*.[4] But I must here warn you, with reference to it, of one gravely false prejudice of Montalembert.[5] He is entirely blind to the conditions of Roman virtue, which existed in the midst of the corruptions of the Empire, forming the characters of such Emperors as Pertinax, Carus, Probus, the second Claudius, Aurelian, and our own Constantius; and he denies, with abusive violence, the power for good, of Roman Law, over the Gauls and Britons.

35. Respecting Roman national character, I will simply

* Making a sign.

[1] [For other references to the Book of Kells (Trinity College, Dublin), see Vol. XIX. p. 258, Vol. XXI. p. 50 *n.*, and Vol. XXVIII. p. 559; the Bell of St. Patrick, the oldest relic of Christian metal work in Ireland, preserved for centuries in Armagh, is now in the National Museum in Dublin.]

[2] [See Vol. XVI. pp. 274 *seq.*, and compare Vol. XVIII. pp. 171–172 *n.*]

[3] [For the griffin in the mystical procession in the Terrestrial Paradise (symbolical of Christ, the twofold nature of the griffin, half lion, half eagle, representing the twofold nature of Christ), see *Purgatorio*, xxix. 108, etc.]

[4] [In the chapter entitled "Candida Casa," §§ 9–16: see above, pp. 210–217.]

[5] [Here compare, above, p. 202.]

beg you to remember, that both St. Benedict and St. Gregory are Roman patricians, before they are either monk or pope; respecting its influence on Britain, I think you may rest content with Shakespeare's estimate of it. Both Lear and Cymbeline belong to this time, so difficult to our apprehension, when the Briton accepted both Roman laws and Roman gods. There is indeed the born Kentish gentleman's protest against them in Kent's—

> "Now, by Apollo, king,
> Thou swear'st thy gods in vain;"[1]

but both Cordelia and Imogen are just as thoroughly Roman ladies, as Virgilia or Calphurnia.[2]

36. Of British Christianity and the Arthurian Legends, I shall have a word or two to say in my lecture on "Fancy," in connection with the similar romance which surrounds Theodoric and Charlemagne:[3] only the worst of it is, that while both Dietrich and Karl are themselves more wonderful than the legends of them, Arthur fades into intangible vision:—this much, however, remains to this day, of Arthurian blood in us, that the richest fighting element in the British army and navy is British native,—that is to say, Highlander, Irish, Welsh, and Cornish.

37. Content, therefore (means being now given you for filling gaps,) with the estimates given you in the preceding lecture of the sources of instruction possessed by the Saxon capital, I pursue to-day our question originally proposed,[4] what London might have been by this time, if the nature of the flowers, trees, and children, born at the Thames-side, had been rightly understood and cultivated.

[1] [Act i. sc. 1.]

[2] [For Cordelia and Imogen—Roman ladies, and "the standard of honour to British maid and wife"—see "Candida Casa," § 8 (above, p. 209). For other references to Virgilia, see Vol. XIV. p. 16, Vol. XVIII. p. 113, Vol. XIX. p. 102; for Ruskin's study of *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar*, see *Præterita*, ii. § 133.]

[3] [This, however, was not done, though there is a passing reference to the legends of Arthur in § 66. A full account of the romance of Theodoric ("Dietrich of Bern," see Vol. XIX. p. 433) may be read in ch. xix. ("The Theodoric of Saga") of T. Hodgkin's *Theodoric the Goth.*]

[4] [See § 5; above, p. 423.]

38. Many of my hearers can imagine far better than I, the look that London must have had in Alfred's and Canute's days.* I have not, indeed, the least idea myself what its buildings were like, but certainly the groups of its shipping must have been superb; small, but entirely seaworthy vessels, manned by the best seamen in the then world. Of course, now, at Chatham and Portsmouth we have our ironclads,—extremely beautiful and beautifully manageable things, no doubt—to set against this Saxon and Danish shipping; but the Saxon war-ships lay here at London shore—bright with banner and shield and dragon prow,—instead of these you may be happier, but are not handsomer, in having, now, the coal-barge, the penny steamer, and the wherry full of shop boys and girls. I dwell however for a moment only on the naval aspect of the tidal waters in the days of Alfred, because I can refer you for all detail on this part of our subject to the wonderful opening chapter of Dean Stanley's History of Westminster Abbey, where you will find the origin of the name of London given as "The City of Ships."[1] He does not, however, tell you, that there were built, then and there, the biggest war-ships in the world. I have often said to friends who praised my own books that I would rather have written that chapter than any one of them; yet if I

* Here Alfred's Silver Penny was shown and commented on, thus: "Of what London was like in the days of faith, I can show you one piece of artistic evidence. It is Alfred's silver penny struck in London mint. The character of a coinage is quite conclusive evidence in national history, and there is no great empire in progress, but tells its story in beautiful coins. Here in Alfred's penny, a round coin with L.O.N.D.I.N.I.A. struck on it, you have just the same beauty of design, the same enigmatical arrangement of letters, as in the early inscription, which it is 'the pride of my life' to have discovered at Venice. This inscription ('the first words that Venice ever speaks aloud') is, it will be remembered, on the Church of S. Giacomo di Rialto, and runs, being interpreted—'Around this temple, let the merchant's law be just, his weights true, and his covenants faithful.'"[2]

[1] [*Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, p. 3 (ed. 1882).]

[2] [This note was added from the report in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, reprinted in *Studies in Ruskin*, p. 225. For another reference to the Venetian inscription, see above, p. 232.]

had been able to write the historical part of it, the conclusions drawn would have been extremely different. The Dean indeed describes with a poet's joy the River of wells, which rose from those "once consecrated springs which now lie choked in Holywell and Clerkenwell, and the rivulet of Ulebrig which crossed the Strand under the Ivy bridge";[1] but it is only in the spirit of a modern citizen of Belgravia that he exults in the fact that "the great arteries of our crowded streets, the vast sewers which cleanse our habitations, are fed by the life-blood of those old and living streams; that underneath our tread the Tyburn, and the Holborn, and the Fleet, and the Wall Brook, are still pursuing their ceaseless course, still ministering to the good of man, though in a far different fashion than when Druids drank of their sacred springs, and Saxons were baptized in their rushing waters, ages ago."[2]

39. Whatever sympathy you may feel with these eloquent expressions of that entire complacency in the present, past, and future, which peculiarly animates Dean Stanley's writings, I must, in this case, pray you to observe that the transmutation of holy wells into sewers has, at least, destroyed the charm and utility of the Thames as a salmon stream, and I must ask you to read with attention the succeeding portions of the chapter which record the legends of the river fisheries in their relation to the first Abbey of Westminster; dedicated by its builders to St. Peter, not merely in his office of corner-stone of the Church, nor even figuratively as a fisher of men,[3] but directly as a fisher of fish:—and which maintained themselves, you will see, in actual ceremony down to 1382, when a fisherman still annually took his place beside the Prior, after having brought in a salmon for St. Peter, which was carried in state down the middle of the refectory.

40. But as I refer to this page for the exact words, my

[1] [*Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, p. 4.]
[2] [*Ibid.*, p. 5.]
[3] [Matthew iv. 19.

eye is caught by one of the sentences of Londonian* thought which constantly pervert the well-meant books of pious England. "We see also," says the Dean, "the union of innocent fiction with worldly craft, which marks so many of the legends both of Pagan and Christian times."[1] I might simply reply to this insinuation that times which have no legends differ from the legendary ones merely by uniting guilty, instead of innocent, fiction, with worldly craft; but I must farther advise you that the legends of these passionate times are in no wise, and in no sense, fiction at all; but the true record of impressions made on the minds of persons in a state of eager spiritual excitement, brought into bright focus by acting steadily and frankly under its impulses. I could tell you a great deal more about such things than you would believe, and therefore, a great deal more than it would do you the least good to hear;—but this much any who care to use their common sense modestly, cannot but admit, that unless they choose to try the rough life of the Christian ages, they cannot understand its practical consequences. You have all been taught by Lord Macaulay and his school[2] that because you have Carpets instead of rushes for your feet; and Featherbeds instead of fern for your backs; and Kickshaws instead of beef for your eating; and Drains instead of Holy Wells for your drinking;—that, therefore, you are the Cream of Creation, and every one of you a seven-headed Solomon. Stay in those pleasant circumstances and convictions if you please; but don't accuse your roughly bred and fed fathers of telling lies about the aspect the earth and sky bore to *them*,—till you have trodden the earth as they, barefoot, and seen the heavens as they, face to face. If you care to see and to know for yourselves, you may do it with little

* Not *Londinian*.

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[1] [*Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, p. 19.]

[2] [See chapter iii. of the *History of England*. For other references in a like sense to Macaulay, see *A Joy for Ever*, § 168 (Vol. XVI. pp. 154, 155 *n.*); Vol. XXVI. p. 560; and below, p. 510.]

pains; you need not do any great thing,[1] you needn't keep one eye open and the other shut for ten years over a microscope, nor fight your way through icebergs and darkness to knowledge of the *celestial* pole. Simply, do as much as king after king of the Saxons did,—put rough shoes on your feet and a rough cloak on your shoulders, and walk to Rome and back. Sleep by the roadside, when it is fine, —in the first outhouse you can find, when it is wet; and live on bread and water, with an onion or two, all the way; and if the experiences which you will have to relate on your return do not, as may well be, deserve the name of spiritual, at all events you will not be disposed to let other people regard them either as Poetry or Fiction.

41. With this warning, presently to be at greater length insisted on,[2] I trace for you, in Dean Stanley's words, which cannot be bettered except in the collection of their more earnest passages from among his interludes of graceful but dangerous qualification,—I trace, with only such omission, the story he has told us of the foundation of that Abbey, which, he tells you, was the Mother of London, and has ever been the shrine and the throne of English faith and truth.

"The gradual formation of a monastic body, indicated in the charters of Offa and Edgar, marks the spread of the Benedictine order throughout England, under the influence of Dunstan. The 'terror' of the spot, which had still been its chief characteristic in the charter of the wild Offa, had, in the days of the more peaceful Edgar, given way to a dubious 'renown.' Twelve monks is the number traditionally said to have been established by Dunstan. A few acres further up the river formed their chief property, and their monastic character was sufficiently recognized to have given to the old locality of the 'terrible place' the name of the 'Western Monastery,' or 'Minster of the West.'"[3]

The Benedictines then—twelve Benedictine monks—thus begin the building of existent Christian London. You know I told you the Benedictines are the Doing people, as the disciples of St. Augustine the Sentimental people.[4] The

[1] [2 Kings v. 13.]
[2] [See below, p. 447.]
[3] [*Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, p. 10.]
[4] [See above, § 22, p. 432.]

Benedictines find no terror in their own thoughts—face the terror of places—change it into beauty of places,—make this terrible place, a Motherly Place—Mother of London.

42. This first Westminster, however, the Dean goes on to say, "seems to have been overrun by the Danes, and it would have had no further history but for the combination of circumstances which directed hither the notice of Edward the Confessor."

I haven't time to read you all the combination of circumstances. The last clinching circumstance was this—

"There was in the neighbourhood of Worcester, 'far from men in the wilderness, on the slope of a wood, in a cave deep down in the grey rock,' a holy hermit 'of great age, living on fruits and roots.' One night, when, after reading in the Scriptures 'how hard are the pains of hell, and how the enduring life of Heaven is sweet and to be desired,' he could neither sleep nor repose, St. Peter appeared to him, 'bright and beautiful, like to a clerk,' and warned him to tell the King that he was released from his vow; that on that very day his messengers would return from Rome;" (that is the combination of circumstances—bringing Pope's order to build a church to release the King from his vow of pilgrimage); "that 'at Thorney, two leagues from the city,' was the spot marked out where, in an ancient church, 'situated low,' he was to establish a perfect Benedictine monastery, which should be 'the gate of heaven, the ladder of prayer, whence those who serve St. Peter there, shall by him be admitted into Paradise.' The hermit writes the account of the vision on parchment, seals it with wax, and brings it to the King, who compares it with the answer of the messengers, just arrived from Rome, and determines on carrying out the design as the Apostle had ordered."[1]

43. The ancient church, "situated low," indicated in this vision the one whose attached monastery had been destroyed by the Danes, but its little church remained, and was already dear to the Confessor, not only from the lovely tradition of its dedication by the spirit of St. Peter; (you must read that for yourselves;) but also because of two miracles happening there to the King himself.

"The first was the cure of a cripple, who sat in the road between the Palace and 'the Chapel of St. Peter,' which was 'near,' and who explained to the Chamberlain Hugolin that, after six pilgrimages to Rome in vain, St. Peter had promised his cure if the King would, on his own royal

[1] [*Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, p. 17.]

neck, carry him to the Monastery. The King immediately consented; and, amidst the scoffs of the court, bore the poor man to the steps of the High Altar. There the cripple was received by Godric the sacristan, and walked away on his own restored feet, hanging his stool on the wall for a trophy.

"Before that same High Altar was also believed to have been seen one of the Eucharistical portents, so frequent in the Middle Ages. A child, 'pure and bright like a spirit,' appeared to the King in the sacramental elements. Leofric, Earl of Mercia, who, with his famous countess, Godiva, was present, saw it also.

"Such as these were the motives of Edward. Under their influence was fixed what has ever since been the local centre of the English monarchy."[1]

44. "Such as these were the *motives* of Edward," says the Dean. Yes, certainly; but such as these also, first, were the acts and visions of Edward. Take care that you don't slip away, by the help of the glycerine of the word "motives," into fancying that all these tales are only the after colours and pictorial metaphors of sentimental piety. They are either plain truth or black lies; take your choice, —but don't tickle and treat yourselves with the prettiness or the grotesqueness of them, as if they were Andersen's fairy tales. Either the King did carry the beggar on his back, or he didn't; either Godiva rode through Coventry, or she didn't; either the Earl Leofric saw the vision of the bright child at the altar—or he lied like a knave. Judge, as you will; but do not Doubt.

45. "The Abbey was fifteen years in building. The King spent upon it one-tenth of the property of the kingdom. It was to be a marvel of its kind. As in its origin it bore the traces of the fantastic and childish" (I must pause, to ask you to substitute for these blameful terms, "fantastic and childish," the better ones of "imaginative and pure") "character of the King and of the age; in its architecture it bore the stamp of the peculiar position which Edward occupied in English history between Saxon and Norman. By birth he was a Saxon, but in all else he was a foreigner. Accordingly the Church at Westminster was a wide-sweeping innovation on all that had been seen before. 'Destroying the old building,' he says in his charter, 'I have built up a new one from the very foundation.' Its fame as a 'new style of composition' lingered in the minds of men for generations. It was the first cruciform church in England, from which all the rest of like shape were copied—an expression of the increasing hold

[1] [*Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, p. 20.]

which, in the tenth century, the idea of the Crucifixion had laid on the imagination of Europe. The massive roof and pillars formed a contrast with the rude wooden rafters and beams of the common Saxon churches. Its very size—occupying, as it did, almost the whole area of the present building—was in itself portentous. The deep foundations, of large square blocks of grey stone, were duly laid; the east end was rounded into an apse; a tower rose in the centre, crowned by a cupola of wood. At the western end were erected two smaller towers, with five large bells. The hard strong stones were richly sculptured; the windows were filled with stained glass; the roof was covered with lead. The cloisters, chapter-house, refectory, dormitory, the infirmary, with its spacious chapel, if not completed by Edward, were all begun, and finished in the next generation on the same plan. This structure, venerable as it would be if it had lasted to our time, had almost entirely vanished. Possibly one vast dark arch in the southern transept, certainly the substructures of the dormitory, with their huge pillars, 'grand and regal at the bases and capitals,' the massive, low-browed passage leading from the great cloister to Little Dean's Yard, and some portions of the refectory, and of the infirmary chapel, remain as specimens of the work which astonished the last age of the Anglo-Saxon and the first age of the Norman monarchy."[1]

46. Hitherto I have read to you with only supplemental comment. But in the next following passage, with which I close my series of extracts, sentence after sentence occurs, at which as I read, I must raise my hand, to mark it for following deprecation, or denial.

"In the centre of Westminster Abbey thus lies its Founder, and such is the story of its foundation. Even apart from the legendary elements in which it is involved, it is impossible not to be struck by the fantastic character of all its circumstances. We seem to be in a world of poetry." (I protest, No.) "Edward is four centuries later than Ethelbert and Augustine; but the origin of Canterbury is commonplace and prosaic compared with the origin of Westminster." (Yes, that's true.) "We can hardly imagine a figure more incongruous to the soberness of later times than the quaint, irresolute, wayward prince whose chief characteristics have just been described. His titles of Confessor and Saint belong not to the general instincts of Christendom; but to the most transitory feelings of the age." (I protest, No.) "His opinions, his prevailing motives, were such as in no part of modern Europe would now be shared by any educated teacher or ruler." (That's true enough.) "But in spite of these irreconcilable differences, there was a solid ground for the charm which he exercised over his contemporaries. His childish and eccentric fancies have passed away;" (I protest, No;) "but his innocent faith and his sympathy with his people are qualities which, even in our altered times, may still retain their place in the economy of the world. Westminster Abbey, so

[1] [*Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, pp. 22–23.]

we hear it said, sometimes with a cynical sneer, sometimes with a timorous scruple, has admitted within its walls many who have been great without being good, noble with a nobleness of the earth earthy, worldly with the wisdom of this world. But it is a counterbalancing reflection, that the central tomb, round which all those famous names have clustered, contains the ashes of one who, weak and erring as he was, rests his claims of interment here, not on any act of power or fame, but only on his artless piety and simple goodness. He, towards whose dust was attracted the fierce Norman, and the proud Plantagenet, and the grasping Tudor, and the fickle Stuart, even the Independent Oliver, the Dutch William, and the Hanoverian George, was one whose humble graces are within the reach of every man, woman, and child of every time, if we rightly part the immortal substance from the perishable form." [1]

47. Now I have read you these passages from Dean Stanley as the most accurately investigatory, the most generously sympathetic, the most reverently acceptant account of these days, and their people, which you can yet find in any English history. But consider now, point by point, where it leaves you. You are told, first, that you are living in an age of poetry. But the days of poetry are those of Shakespeare and Milton, not of Bede: nay, for their especial wealth in melodious theology and beautifully rhythmic and pathetic meditation, perhaps the days which have given us *Hiawatha*,[2] *In Memoriam*, *The Christian Year*, and the *Soul's Diary* of George Macdonald, may be not with disgrace compared with those of Caedmon. And nothing can be farther different from the temper, nothing less conscious of the effort, of a poet, than any finally authentic document to which you can be referred for the relation of a Saxon miracle.[3]

48. I will read you, for a perfectly typical example, an account of one from Bede's *Life of St. Cuthbert*.[4] The

[1] [*Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, pp. 28-29.]

[2] [For other references to *Hiawatha*, see *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (Vol. IV. p. 355), and *Elements of Prosody*, § 38 (Vol. XXXI. p. 365). The book by George Macdonald is *A Book of Strife, in the form of the Diary of an Old Soul* (Mr. Hughes: Beaufort Street, Chelsea, London, 1880).]

[3] [Compare, on this point, Ruskin's criticism of a similar passage in Milman; above, p. 198.]

[4] [For another translation of the passage, see ch. xxxvi. pp. 589–590 in *The Historical Works of the Venerable Bede*, translated by Rev. J. Stevenson (*The Church Historians of England*, vol. i. part ii., 1852).]

passage is a favourite one of my own, but I do not in the least anticipate its producing upon you the solemnizing effect which I think I could command from reading, instead, a piece of *Marmion*, *Manfred*, or *Childe Harold*.

. . . "He had one day left his cell to give advice to some visitors; and when he had finished, he said to them, 'I must now go in again, but do you, as you are inclined to depart, first take food; and when you have cooked and eaten that goose which is hanging on the wall, go on board your vessel in God's name and return home.' He then uttered a prayer, and, having blessed them, went in. But they, as he had bidden them, took some food; but having enough provisions of their own, which they had brought with them, they did not touch the goose.

"But when they had refreshed themselves they tried to go on board their vessel, but a sudden storm utterly prevented them from putting to sea. They were thus detained seven days in the island by the roughness of the waves, and yet they could not call to mind what fault they had committed. They therefore returned to have an interview with the holy father, and to lament to him their detention. He exhorted them to be patient, and on the seventh day came out to console their sorrow, and to give them pious exhortations. When, however, he had entered the house in which they were stopping, and saw that the goose was not eaten, he reproved their disobedience with mild countenance and in gentle language: 'Have you not left the goose still hanging in its place? What wonder is it that the storm has prevented your departure? Put it immediately into the caldron, and boil and eat it, that the sea may become tranquil, and you may return home.'

"They immediately did as he commanded; and it happened most wonderfully that the moment the kettle began to boil the wind began to cease, and the waves to be still. Having finished their repast, and seeing that the sea was calm, they went on board, and to their great delight, though with shame for their neglect, reached home with a fair wind. Now this, as I have related, I did not pick up from any chance authority, but I had it from one of whose who were present, a most reverend monk and priest of the same monastery, Cynemund, who still lives, known to many in the neighbourhood for his years and the purity of his life."

49. I hope that the memory of this story, which, thinking it myself an extremely pretty one, I have given you, not only for a type of sincerity and simplicity, but for an illustration of obedience, may at all events quit you, for good and all, of the notion that the believers and witnesses of miracle were poetical persons. Saying no more on the head of that allegation, I proceed to the Dean's second one, which I cannot but interpret as also intended to be injurious,—that they were artless and childish ones;

and that because of this rudeness and puerility, their motives and opinions would not be shared by any statesmen of the present day.

50. It is perfectly true that Edward the Confessor was himself in many respects of really childish temperament; not therefore, perhaps, as I before suggested to you,[1] less venerable. But the age of which we are examining the progress, was by no means represented or governed by men of similar disposition. It was eminently productive of—it was altogether governed, guided, and instructed by—men of the widest and most brilliant faculties, whether constructive or speculative, that the world till then had seen; men whose acts became the romance, whose thoughts the wisdom, and whose arts the treasure, of a thousand years of futurity.

51. I warned you at the close of last lecture[2] against the too agreeable vanity of supposing that the Evangelization of the world began at St. Martin's, Canterbury. Again and again you will indeed find the stream of the Gospel contracting itself into narrow channels, and appearing, after long-concealed filtration, through veins of unmeasured rock, with the bright resilience of a mountain spring. But you will find it the only candid, and therefore the only wise, way of research, to look in each era of Christendom for the minds of culminating power in all its brotherhood of nations; and, careless of local impulse, momentary zeal, picturesque incident, or vaunted miracle, to fasten your attention upon the force of character in the men, whom, over each newly-converted race, Heaven visibly sets for its shepherds and kings, to bring forth judgment unto victory.[3] Of these I will name to you, as messengers of God and masters of men, five monks and five kings; in whose arms during the range of swiftly gainful centuries which we are following, the life of the world lay as a nursling babe.

[1] [See above, p. 439 *n.*]
[2] [See above, p. 438.]
[3] [See Matthew xii. 20.]

Remember, in their successive order,—of monks, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Martin, St. Benedict, and St. Gregory; of kings,—and your national vanity may be surely enough appeased in recognizing two of them for Saxon—Theodoric, Charlemagne, Alfred, Canute, and the Confessor. I will read three passages to you, out of the literal words of three of these ten men, without saying whose they are, that you may compare them with the best and most exalted you have read expressing the philosophy, the religion, and the policy of to-day,—from which I admit, with Dean Stanley, but with a far different meaning from his, that they are indeed separate for evermore.

52. I give you first, for an example of Philosophy, a single sentence, containing all—so far as I can myself discern—that it is possible for us to know, or well for us to believe, respecting the world and its laws:—

"Of God's universal Providence, ruling all, and comprising all.

"Wherefore the great and mighty God; He that made man a reasonable creature of soul and body, and He that did neither let him pass unpunished for his sin, nor yet excluded him from mercy; He that gave, both unto good and bad, essence with the stones, power of production with the trees, senses with the beasts of the field, and understanding with the angels; He from whom is all being, beauty, form, and order, number, weight, and measure; He from whom all nature, mean and excellent, all seeds of form, all forms of seed, all motion, both of forms and seeds, derive and have being; He that gave flesh the original beauty, strength, propagation, form and shape, health and symmetry; He that gave the unreasonable soul, sense, memory, and appetite; the reasonable, besides these, phantasy, understanding, and will; He, I say, having left neither heaven, nor earth, nor angel, nor man, no, nor the most base and contemptible creature, neither the bird's feather, nor the herb's flower, nor the tree's leaf, without the true harmony of their parts, and peaceful concord of composition:—It is in no way credible that He would leave the kingdoms of men and their bondages and freedom loose and uncomprised in the laws of His eternal providence." *

53. This for the philosophy. Next, I take for example of the Religion of our ancestors, a prayer, personally and

* From St. Augustine's *Citie of God*, Book V. ch. xi. (English trans., printed by George Eld, 1610).

passionately offered to the Deity conceived as you have this moment heard:—

"O Thou who art the Father of that Son which has awakened us and yet urgeth us out of the sleep of our sins, and exhorteth us that we become Thine;"—

(note you that, for apprehension of what Redemption means, against your base and cowardly modern notion of 'scaping whipping.[1] Not to take away the Punishment of Sin, but by His Resurrection * to raise us out of the sleep of sin itself!)—

"to Thee, Lord, I pray, who art the supreme truth; for all the truth that is, is truth from Thee. Thee I implore, O Lord, who art the highest wisdom. Through Thee are wise all those that are so. Thou art the true life, and through Thee are living all those that are so. Thou art the supreme felicity, and from Thee all have become happy that are so. Thou art the highest good, and from Thee all beauty springs. Thou art the intellectual light, and from Thee man derives his understanding.

"To Thee, O God, I call and speak. Hear, O hear me, Lord! for Thou art my God and my Lord; my Father and my Creator; my ruler and my hope; my wealth and my honour; my house, my country, my salvation, and my life! Hear, hear me, O Lord! Few of Thy servants comprehend Thee. But Thee alone I *love*,† indeed, above all other things. Thee I seek: Thee I will follow: Thee I am ready to serve. Under Thy powers I desire to abide, for Thou alone art the Sovereign of all. I pray Thee to command me as Thou wilt."[2]

54. You see this prayer is simply the expansion of that clause of the Lord's Prayer which most men eagerly omit

* Compare the legend at the feet of the Lion of the Tribe of Judah in the golden Gospel of Charles le Chauve (at Munich):—

"Hic Leo Surgendo portas confregit Averni
Qui nunquam dormit, nusquam dormitat in ævum;"

The leaf has been exquisitely drawn and legend communicated to me by Professor Westwood. It is written in gold on purple.[3]

† Meaning—not that he is of those few, but that, without comprehending, at least, as a dog, he can love.

[1] [*Hamlet*, Act ii. sc. 2.]

[2] [For this prayer of Alfred the Great (below, § 59), see Sharon Turner's "Anglo-Saxons": *History of England*, vol. ii. pp. 134–135.]

[3] [A copy of the Gospels written in gold uncial letters in 870, formerly preserved at Ratisbon, now in the Royal Library at Munich. Specimens of the writing are given in the 2nd vol. of Silvestre's *Paléographie Universelle*, 1840. For other references to it, see below, §§ 102, 110 *n.* (pp. 495, 502); and for Professor Westwood, see Vol. XV. p. 424.]

from it,—*Fiat voluntas tua.* In being so, it sums the Christian prayer of all ages. See now, in the third place, how far this king's letter I am going to read to you sums also Christian Policy:—

"Wherefore I render high thanks to Almighty God, for the happy accomplishment of all the desires which I have set before me, and for the satisfying of my every wish.

"Now therefore, be it known to you all, that to Almighty God Himself I have, on my knees, devoted my life, to the end that in all things I may do justice, and with justice and rightness rule the kingdoms and peoples under me; throughout everything preserving an impartial judgment. If, heretofore, I have, through being, as young men are, impulsive or careless, done anything unjust, I mean, with God's help, to lose no time in remedying my fault. To which end I call to witness my counsellors, to whom I have entrusted the counsels of the kingdom, and I charge them that by no means, be it through fear of me, or the favour of any other powerful personage, to consent to any injustice, or to suffer any to shoot out in any part of my kingdom. I charge all my viscounts and those set over my whole kingdom, as they wish to keep my friendship or their own safety, to use no unjust force to any man, rich or poor; let all men, noble and not noble, rich and poor alike, be able to obtain their rights under the law's justice; and from that law let there be no deviation, either to favour the king or any powerful person, nor to raise money for me. I have no need of money raised by what is unfair. I also would have you know that I go now to make peace and firm treaty by the counsels of all my subjects, with those nations and people who wished, had it been possible for them to do so, which it was not, to deprive us alike of kingdom and of life. God brought down their strength to nought: and may He of His benign love preserve us on our throne and in honour. Lastly, when I have made peace with the neighbouring nations, and settled and pacified all my dominions in the East, so that we may nowhere have any war or enmity to fear, I mean to come to England this summer, as soon as I can fit out vessels to sail. My reason, however, in sending this letter first is to let all the people of my kingdom share in the joy of my welfare: for as you yourselves know, I have never spared myself or my labour; nor will I ever do so, where my people are really in want of some good that I can do them."[1]

55. What think you now, in candour and honour, you youth of the latter days,—what think you of these types of the thought, devotion, and government, which not in words, but pregnant and perpetual fact, animated these which you have been accustomed to call the Dark Ages?

[1] [Another translation of Canute's letter to Rome may be found in Sharon Turner, vol. iii. pp. 348-349; and the original in William of Malmesbury, *Gesta Regum Anglorum*, lib. ii. (vol. i. pp. 311-312 of the edition by T. D. Hardy, 1840).]

The Philosophy is Augustine's; the Prayer Alfred's; and the Letter Canute's.

And, whatever you may feel respecting the beauty or wisdom of these sayings, be assured of one thing above all, that they are sincere; and of another, less often observed, that they are joyful.

56. Be assured, in the first place, that they are sincere. The ideas of diplomacy and priestcraft are of recent times. No false knight or lying priest ever prospered, I believe, in any age, but certainly not in the dark ones. Men prospered then, only in following openly-declared purposes, and preaching candidly beloved and trusted creeds.

And that they did so prosper, in the degree in which they accepted and proclaimed the Christian Gospel, may be seen by any of you in your historical reading, however partial, if only you will admit the idea that it could be so, and was likely to be so. You are all of you in the habit of supposing that temporal prosperity is owing either to worldly chance or to worldly prudence; and is never granted in any visible relation to states of religious temper. Put that treacherous doubt away from you, with disdain; take for basis of reasoning the noble postulate, that the elements of Christian faith are sound,—instead of the base one, that they are deceptive; re-read the great story of the world in that light, and see what a vividly real, yet miraculous tenor, it will then bear to you.[1]

57. Their faith then, I tell you first, was sincere; I tell you secondly that it was, in a degree few of us can now conceive, joyful. We continually hear of the trials, sometimes of the victories, of Faith,—but scarcely ever of its pleasures. Whereas, at this time, you will find that the chief delight of all good men was in the recognition of the goodness and wisdom of the Master, who had come to dwell with them upon earth. It is almost impossible for you to conceive the vividness of this sense in them; it is

[1] [For a passage added here in the delivery of the lecture, see the Introduction; above, pp. lii.–liii.]

totally impossible for you to conceive the comfort, peace, and force of it. In everything that you now do or seek, you expose yourselves to countless miseries of shame and disappointment, because in your doing you depend on nothing but your own powers, and in seeking choose only your own gratification. You cannot for the most part conceive of any work but for your own interests, or the interests of others about whom you are anxious in the same faithless way; everything about which passion is excited in you or skill exerted in some object of material life, and the idea of doing anything except for your own praise or profit has narrowed itself into little more than the precentor's invitation to the company with little voice and less practice to "sing to the praise and glory of God."

58. I have said that you cannot imagine the feeling of the energy of daily life applied in the real meaning of those words. You cannot imagine it, but you *can* prove it. Are any of you willing, simply as a philosophical experiment in the greatest of sciences, to adopt the principles and feelings of these men of a thousand years ago for a given time, say for a year? It cannot possibly do you any harm to try, and you cannot possibly learn what is true in these things, without trying. If after a year's experience of such method you find yourself no happier than before, at least you will be able to support your present opinions at once with more grace and more modesty; having conceded the trial it asked for, to the opposite side. Nor in acting temporarily on a faith you do not see to be reasonable, do you compromise your own integrity more, than in conducting, under a chemist's directions, an experiment of which he foretells inexplicable consequences. And you need not doubt the power you possess over your own minds to do this. Were faith not voluntary, it could not be praised, and would not be rewarded.

59. If you are minded thus to try, begin each day with Alfred's prayer,—*fiat voluntas tua;* resolving that you will stand to it, and that nothing that happens in the course of

the day shall displease you. Then set to any work you have in hand with the sifted and purified resolution that ambition shall not mix with it, nor love of gain, nor desire of pleasure more than is appointed for you; and that no anxiety shall touch you as to its issue, nor any impatience nor regret if it fail. Imagine that the thing is being done through you, not by you; that the good of it may never be known, but that at least, unless by your rebellion or foolishness, there can come no evil into it, nor wrong chance to it. Resolve also with steady industry to do what you can for the help of your country and its honour, and the honour of its God; and that you will not join hands in its iniquity, nor turn aside from its misery; and that in all you do and feel you will look frankly for the immediate help and direction, and to your own consciences, expressed approval, of God. Live thus, and believe, and with swiftness of answer proportioned to the frankness of the trust, most surely the God of hope will fill you with all joy and peace in believing.[1]

60. But, if you will not do this, if you have not courage nor heart enough to break away the fetters of earth, and take up the sensual bed of it, and walk;[2] if you say that you are *bound* to win this thing, and become the other thing, and that the wishes of your friends,—and the interests of your family,—and the bias of your genius,—and the expectations of your college,—and all the rest of the bow-wow-wow of the wild dog-world, must be attended to, whether you like it or no,—then, at least, for shame give up talk about being free or independent creatures; recognize yourselves for slaves in whom the thoughts are put in ward with their bodies, and their hearts manacled with their hands: and then at least also, for shame, if you refuse to believe that ever there were men who gave their souls to God,—know and confess how surely there are those who sell them to His adversary.

[1] [Romans xv. 13.]
[2] [See Matthew ix. 5, 6.]

LECTURE III

THE PLEASURES OF DEED

THE CONFESSOR TO CŒUR DE LION

(*Delivered 1st and 3rd November* 1884)

61. It was my endeavour, in the preceding lecture, to vindicate the thoughts and arts of our Saxon ancestors from whatever scorn might lie couched under the terms applied to them by Dean Stanley,—"fantastic," and "childish."[1] To-day my task must be carried forward, first, in asserting the grace in fantasy, and the force in infancy, of the English mind, before the Conquest, against the allegations contained in the final passage of Dean Stanley's description of the first founded Westminster; a passage which accepts and asserts, more distinctly than any other equally brief statement I have met with, the to my mind extremely disputable theory, that the Norman invasion was in every respect a sanitary, moral, and intellectual blessing to England, and that the arrow which slew her Harold was indeed the Arrow of the Lord's deliverance:[2]—

"The Abbey itself," says Dean Stanley,—"the chief work of the Confessor's life,—was the portent of the mighty future. When Harold stood beside his sister Edith, on the day of the dedication, and signed his name with hers as witness to the Charter of the Abbey, he might have seen that he was sealing his own doom, and preparing for his own destruction. The solid pillars, the ponderous arches, the huge edifice, with triple tower and sculptured stones and storied windows, that arose in the place and in the midst of the humble wooden churches and wattled tenements of the Saxon period, might have warned the nobles who were present that the days of their rule were numbered, and that the *avenging, civilizing,*

[1] [See above, p. 448.]
[2] [2 Kings xiii. 17.]

stimulating hand of another and a mightier race was at work, which would change the whole face of their language, their manners, their Church, and their commonwealth. The Abbey, so far exceeding the demands of the *dull and stagnant* minds of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, was founded not only in faith, but in hope: in the hope that England had yet a glorious career to run; that the line of her sovereigns would not be broken, even when the race of Alfred had ceased to reign."[1]

62. There must surely be some among my hearers who are startled, if not offended, at being told in the terms which I emphasized in this sentence, that the minds of our Saxon fathers were, although fantastic, dull, and, although childish, stagnant; that farther, in their fantastic stagnation, they were savage,—and in their innocent dulness, criminal; so that the future character and fortune of the race depended on the critical advent of the didactic and disciplinarian Norman baron, at once to polish them, stimulate, and chastise.

63. Before I venture to say a word in distinct arrest of this judgment, I will give you a chart, as clear as the facts observed in the two previous lectures allow, of the state and prospects of the Saxons, when this violent benediction of conquest happened to them: and especially I would rescue, in the measure that justice bids, the memory even of their Pagan religion from the general scorn in which I used Carlyle's description of the idol of ancient Prussia as universally exponent of the temper of Northern devotion.[2] That Triglaph, or Triglyph Idol, (derivation of Triglaph wholly unknown to me—I use Triglyph only for my own handiest epithet,) last set up, on what is now St. Mary's hill in Brandenburg, in 1023, belonged indeed to a people wonderfully like the Saxons,—geographically their close neighbours,—in habits of life, and aspect of native land, scarcely distinguishable from them,—in Carlyle's words, a "strong-boned, iracund, herdsman and fisher people, highly averse to be interfered with, in their religion especially," and inhabiting "a moory flat country, full of lakes and

[1] [*Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, pp. 29–30.]
[2] [See above, pp. 367, 426.]

woods, but with plenty also of alluvial mud, grassy, frugiferous, apt for the plough"[1]—in all things like the Saxons, except, as I read the matter, in that "aversion to be interfered with" which you modern English think an especially Saxon character in you,—but which is, on the contrary, you will find on examination, by no means Saxon; but only Wendisch, Czech, Serbic, Sclavic,—other hard names I could easily find for it among the tribes of that "vehemently heathen" old Preussen — resolutely worshipful of "places of oak trees, of wooden or stone idols, of Bangputtis, Patkullos, and I know not what diabolic dumb blocks."[2] Your English "dislike to be interfered with" is in absolute fellowship with these, but only gathers itself in its places of Stalks, or chimneys, instead of oak trees, round its idols of iron, instead of wood, diabolically *vocal* now; strident, and sibilant, instead of dumb.

64. Far other than these, their neighbour Saxons, Jutes and Angles!—tribes between whom the distinctions are of no moment whatsoever, except that an English boy or girl may with grace remember that "Old England," exactly and strictly so called, was the small district in the extreme south of Denmark, totally with its islands estimable at sixty miles square of dead flat land. Directly south of it, the definitely so-called Saxons held the western shore of Holstein, with the estuary of the Elbe, and the sea-mark isle, Heligoland. But since the principal temple of Saxon worship was close to Leipsic,* we may include under our general term, Saxons, the inhabitants of the whole level district of North Germany, from the Gulf of Flensburg to the Hartz; and, eastward, all the country watered by the Elbe as far as Saxon Switzerland.

65. Of the character of this race I will not here speak at any length: only note of it this essential point, that

* Turner, vol. i. p. 223.

[1] [*Friedrich*, Book ii. ch. ii. (vol. i. pp. 50, 49 (ed. 1869).]
[2] [*Ibid.*, p. 51.]

their religion was at once more practical and more imaginative than that of the Norwegian peninsula; the Norse religion being the conception rather of natural than moral powers, but the Saxon, primarily of moral, as the lords of natural—their central divine image, Irminsul,* holding the standard of peace in her right hand, a balance in her left.[1] Such a religion may degenerate into mere slaughter and rapine; but it has the making in it of the noblest men.

More practical at all events, whether for good or evil, in this trust in a future reward for courage and purity, than the mere Scandinavian awe of existing Earth and Cloud, the Saxon religion was also more imaginative, in its nearer conception of human feeling in divine creatures. And when this wide hope and high reverence had distinct objects of worship and prayer, offered to them by Christianity, the Saxons easily became pure, passionate, and thoughtful Christians; while the Normans, to the last, had the greatest difficulty in apprehending the Christian teaching of the Franks, and still deny the power of Christianity, even when they have become inveterate in its form.

Quite the deepest-thoughted creatures of the then animate world, it seems to me, these Saxon ploughmen of the sand or the sea, with their worshipped deity of Beauty and Justice, a red rose on her banner, for best of gifts, and in her right hand, instead of a sword, a balance, for due doom, without wrath,—of retribution in her left. Far other than the Wends, though stubborn enough, they too, in battle rank,—seven times rising from defeat against Charlemagne, and unsubdued but by death—yet, by no means in that John Bull's manner of yours, "averse to be interfered with," in their opinions, or their religion. Eagerly docile on the contrary—joyfully reverent—instantly and

* Properly plural "Images"—Irminsul and Irminsula.

[1] [Sharon Turner, *History of England*, vol. i. (Anglo-Saxons), 1839: "The right hand held a banner, in which a red rose was conspicuous; its left presented a balance."]

gratefully acceptant of whatever better insight or oversight a stranger could bring them, of the things of God or man.

66. And let me here ask you especially to take account of that origin of the true bearing of the Flag of England, the Red Rose. Her own madness defiled afterwards alike the white and red, into images of the paleness, or the crimson, of death; but the Saxon Rose was the symbol of heavenly beauty and peace.

I told you in my first lecture[1] that one swift requirement in our school would be to produce a beautiful map of England, including old Northumberland, giving the whole country, in its real geography, between the Frith of Forth and Straits of Dover, and with only six sites of habitation given, besides those of Edinburgh and London,—namely, those of Canterbury and Winchester, York and Lancaster, Holy Island and Melrose; the latter instead of Iona, because, as we have seen,[2] the influence of St. Columba expires with the advance of Christianity, while that of Cuthbert of Melrose connects itself with the most sacred feelings of the entire Northumbrian kingdom, and Scottish border, down to the days of Scott—wreathing also into its circle many of the legends of Arthur.

67. Will you forgive my connecting the personal memory of having once had a wild rose gathered for me, in the glen of Thomas the Rhymer, by the daughter of one of the few remaining Catholic houses of Scotland,[3] with the pleasure I have in reading to you this following true account of the origin of the name of St. Cuthbert's birthplace;—

[1] [The passage was, however, not included in the text, having been an impromptu addition. The report in the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives it as follows:—

"Another department of historical study, by the way, was considerably simplified by Mr. Ruskin, in some informal remarks, after the conclusion of his written lecture. Map-making is only tiresome when you trouble yourself about railways leading from one unimportant place to another; but in drawing the map of England and Scotland, for instance, you should put in London, and Edinburgh, and Lancaster and York and Winchester —and nothing else."]

[2] [See above, p. 439.]

[3] [On July 3, 1867, with Miss Mary Kerr (daughter of Lord Henry Kerr, see Vol. XIX. p. xxix.). Compare *Præterita*, iii. § 83.]

the rather because I owe it to friendship of the same date, with Mr. Cockburn Muir, of Melrose:—

"To those who have eyes to read it," says Mr. Muir, "the name 'Melrose' is written full and fair, on the fair face of all this reach of the valley. The name is anciently spelt Mailros, and later, Malros, never Mulros; ('Mul' being the Celtic word taken to mean 'bare'). Ros is Rose; the forms Meal or Mol imply great quantity or number. Thus Malros means the place of many roses.

"This is precisely the notable characteristic of the neighbourhood. The wild rose is indigenous. There is no nook nor cranny, no bank nor brae, which is not, in the time of roses, ablaze with their exuberant loveliness. In gardens, the cultured rose is so prolific that it spreads literally like a weed. But it is worth suggestion that the word may be of the same stock as the Hebrew *rôsh* (translated rôs by the Septuagint), meaning *chief, principal*, while it is also the name of *some* flower; but of *which* flower is now unknown. Affinities of *rôsh* are not far to seek; Sanskrit, *Raj*(a). *Ra*(ja)*ni;* Latin, *Rex, Reg*(ina)."

I leave it to Professor Max Müller to certify or correct for you the details of Mr. Cockburn's research,*—this main head of it I can positively confirm, that in old Scotch,—that of Bishop Douglas,[1]—the word "Rois" stands alike for King, and Rose.[2]

* I had not time to quote it fully in the lecture; and in my ignorance, alike of Keltic and Hebrew, can only submit it here to the reader's examination. "The ancient Cognizance of the town confirms this etymology beyond doubt, with customary heraldic precision. The shield bears a *Rose;* with a *Maul,* as the exact phonetic equivalent for the expletive. If the herald had needed to express 'bare promontory,' quite certainly he would have managed it somehow. Not only this, the Earls of Haddington were first created Earls of *Melrose* (1619); and their Shield, quarterly, is charged, for Melrose, in 2nd and 3rd (fesse wavy between) three *Roses* gu.

"Beyond this ground of certainty, we may indulge in a little excursus into lingual affinities of wide range. The root *mol* is clear enough. It is of the same stock as the Greek *mâla,* Latin *mul*(*tum*), and Hebrew *m'la.* But, *Rose?* We call her Queen of Flowers, and since before the Persian poets made much of her, she was everywhere *Regina Florum,* why should not the name mean simply the Queen, the Chief? Now, so few who know Keltic know also Hebrew, and so few who know Hebrew know also Keltic, that few know the surprising extent of the affinity that exists —clear as day—between the Keltic and the Hebrew vocabularies. That the word *Rose* may be a case in point is not hazardously speculative."

[1] [For other references to Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, translator of Virgil, see above, p. 119 *n.*]

[2] [See *Fiction, Fair and Foul,* § 39 (Vol. XXXIV.).]

68. Summing now the features I have too shortly specified in the Saxon character,—its imagination, its docility, its love of knowledge, and its love of beauty, you will be prepared to accept my conclusive statement, that they gave rise to a form of Christian faith which appears to me, in the present state of my knowledge, one of the purest and most intellectual ever attained in Christendom;—never yet understood, partly because of the extreme rudeness of its expression in the art of manuscripts, and partly because, on account of its very purity, it sought no expression in architecture, being a religion of daily life, and humble lodging. For these two practical reasons, first;—and for this more weighty third, that the intellectual character of it is at the same time most truly, as Dean Stanley told you, childlike; showing itself in swiftness of imaginative apprehension, and in the fearlessly candid application of great principles to small things. Its character in this kind may be instantly felt by any sympathetic and gentle person who will read carefully the book I have already quoted to you,[1] the Venerable Bede's life of St. Cuthbert; and the intensity and sincerity of it in the highest orders of the laity, by simply counting the members of Saxon Royal families who ended their lives in monasteries.[2]

69. Now, at the very moment when this faith, innocence, and ingenuity were on the point of springing up into their fruitage, comes the Northern invasion; of the real character of which you can gain a far truer estimate by studying Alfred's former resolute contest with and victory over the native Norman[3] in his paganism, than by your utmost endeavours to conceive the character of the afterwards invading Norman, disguised, but not changed, by Christianity. The Norman could not, in the nature of him,

[1] [See above, p. 450.]

[2] [See, on this subject, Book xiii. ch. v. in Montalembert's *Moines d'Occident:* "Certain annalists even go so far as to count more than thirty kings or queens of the different Anglo-Saxon kingdoms who entered the cloisters during the seventh and eighth centuries" (p. 106, vol. iii., in the portion of the book translated under the title *The Conversion of England*).]

[3] [See below, p. 471.]

become a *Christian* at all; and he never did;—he only became, at his best, the enemy of the Saracen. What he was, and what alone he was capable of being, I will try to-day to explain.

70. And here I must advise you that in all points of history relating to the period between 800 and 1200, you will find M. Viollet-le-Duc, incidentally throughout his *Dictionary of Architecture*, the best-informed, most intelligent, and most thoughtful of guides. His knowledge of architecture, carried down into the most minutely practical details,—(which are often the most significant,) and embracing, over the entire surface of France, the buildings even of the most secluded villages; his artistic enthusiasm, balanced by the acutest sagacity, and his patriotism, by the frankest candour, render his analysis of history during that active and constructive period the most valuable known to me, and certainly, in its field, exhaustive. Of the later nationality his account is imperfect, owing to his professional interest in the mere *science* of architecture, and comparative insensibility to the power of sculpture;—but of the time with which we are now concerned, whatever he tells you must be regarded with grateful attention.

71. I introduce, therefore, the Normans to you, on their first entering France, under his descriptive terms of them:*—

"As soon as they were established on the soil, these barbarians became the most hardy and active builders. Within the space of a century and a half, they had covered the country on which they had definitely landed, with religious, monastic, and civil edifices, of an extent and richness then little common. It is difficult to suppose that they had brought from Norway the elements of art,† but they were possessed by a persisting and penetrating spirit; their brutal force did not want for grandeur. Conquerors, they raised castles to assure their domination; they soon recognized the Moral force of the clergy, and endowed it richly. Eager always to attain their end, when once they saw it, they *never left one of their enterprises unfinished*, and in that they differed completely from the

* Article "Architecture," vol. i. p. 138.

† They *had* brought some, of a variously Charybdic, Serpentine, and Diabolic character.—J. R.

Southern inhabitants of Gaul. Tenacious extremely, they were perhaps the only ones among the barbarians established in France who had ideas of order; the only ones who knew how to preserve their conquests, and compose a state. They found the remains of the Carthaginian arts on the territory where they planted themselves, they mingled with those their national genius, positive, grand, and yet supple."

72. Supple, "Delié,"—capable of change and play of the mental muscle, in the way that savages are not. I do not, myself, grant this suppleness to the Norman, the less because another sentence of M. le Duc's, occurring incidentally in his account of the archivolt, is of extreme countersignificance, and wide application. "The Norman arch," he says, "is *never derived from traditional classic forms*, but only from mathematical arrangement of line." Yes; that is true: the Norman arch is never derived from classic forms.[1] The cathedral,* whose aisles you saw or might have seen, yesterday, interpenetrated with light, whose

* Of Oxford, during the afternoon service.

[1] [In the MS. notes for this lecture is the following additional passage:—

"I have shown you, in last lecture, the relations of Charlemagne and France, to Alfred and England.

"In the present one, I have next to trace with you the interference of the power of Norway with both, and the influence on each side of the Channel, of this mountain and ice-bred race on the two southern ones; influence, however, which virtually ends for both French and English with the death of Cœur de Lion—as for the Italians with that of Robert Guiscard.

"My first business, in approaching the evidence on this matter presented by English art, must be to extricate you from the confusion in which the general term Romanesque has involved the various schools of round arched building which were developed in the eleventh and twelfth century. Take the Roman basilica for the type of round arched work which is the root of all. In the East of the Empire, at Constantinople, Venice, and Ravenna as at Rome itself, that basilica becomes, in the hands of Greek mosaic workers, variously aisled and vaulted, a mystery of gold and colour; structurally without anything that can be called either science or law; and having no likeness to, or relation to, any form or idea of Norman work.

"Keep that Eastern school—generally and properly called Byzantine—totally separate in your minds from anything you find contemporary with it in France and England.

"Next to it, and between it and you, comes the round arched school of the Lombards; the treatment, by one of the strongest and most imaginative of North European races, of the same material of design presented to them by the Roman circus and basilica—but with this enormous distinction, that the Lombards cannot paint nor set mosaic. Eagerly, therefore, they took up the decoration which may be substituted for these, in bas-relief. They develop splendid powers of animal sculpture, and produce

vaults you might have heard prolonging the sweet divisions of majestic sound, would have been built in that stately symmetry by Norman law, though never an arch at Rome had risen round her field of blood,—though never her Sublician bridge[1] had been petrified by her Augustan pontifices. But the *decoration*, though not the structure of those arches, they owed to another race,* whose words they stole without understanding, though three centuries before, the Saxon understood, and used, to express the most solemn majesty of his Kinghood,—

"EGO EDGAR, TOTIVS ALBIONIS"—

not Rex, that would have meant the King of Kent or Mercia, not of England,—no, nor Imperator; that would

* See the concluding section of the lecture.

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the architecture of which I have so long been urging you to study the leading examples at Milan, Pavia, Verona, Arezzo, and Assisi.

"Yet these buildings have no more connection with, or influence upon, your Norman work than the Byzantine. They are utterly independent of both, but they have many qualities in common with the Norman (while the Byzantine school has *none*) of which the foundational one is their perfection in structural and mechanical art, and the governing one, a fierce and exuberant vital energy—extremely disdainful of all that we now understand by grace, or delicate beauty. But because Normans and Lombards are alike good builders, and alike careless of beauty, and lovers of action; able therefore to carve dragons and lions, but not Margarets or Unas—do not allow yourselves to associate for a moment the two schools in your minds. Holy Island Cathedral would have been built exactly as *it* is, though no Lombard had ever passed the Alps; and the Duomo of Verona would have been built exactly as *it* is, though no Northmen had ever crossed the sea.

"You have Etruscan Romanesque, the round arched work of Tuscany, and with hers—not to plague with too many divisions—take that of the *native* Gaul in South France, transitional gradually on its native soil from the forms received by it under Roman dominion; and this is still wholly independent of your Norman work, and in many respects has less in common with it than the Lombard. But this native round arched style being taken up by the Franks, when they drive out the Visigoths, the result is—the Cathedral of Chartres; and being taken up by the Normans when they invade the Franks, the result is—the Cathedral of Durham.

"Now therefore, for our present purpose, put Byzantine work out of your heads, thrust aside Lombard, Etruscan, and French with equal decision, and fix your attention on the style only which was developed by the men of Scandinavia, in the district they conquered between the Loire and Seine, and afterwards, similarly, by right of conquest, over the whole of Saxon and Northumbrian England."]

[1] [For the Pons Sublicius, the pile-bridge built across the Tiber by Ancus Marcius, see Livy, i. 33, ii. 10. Compare *Ara Cœli*, § 4; above, p 195.]

have meant only the profane power of Rome, but *BASILEVS*,[1] meaning a King who reigned with sacred authority given by Heaven and Christ.

73. With far meaner thoughts, both of themselves and their powers, the Normans set themselves to build impregnable military walls, and sublime religious ones, in the best possible practical ways; but they no more made books of their church fronts than of their bastion flanks; and cared, in the religion they accepted, neither for its sentiments nor its promises, but only for its immediate results on national order.

As I read them, they were men wholly of this world, bent on doing the most in it, and making the best of it that they could;—men, to their death, of *Deed*, never pausing, changing, repenting, or anticipating, more than the completed square, ἄνευ ψόγου,[2] of their battle, their keep, and their cloister. Soldiers before and after everything, they learned the lockings and bracings of their stones primarily in defence against the battering-ram and the projectile, and esteemed the pure circular arch for its distributed and equal strength more than for its beauty. "I believe again," says M. le Duc,* "that the feudal castle never arrived at its perfectness till after the Norman invasion, and that this race of the North was the first to apply a defensive system under unquestionable laws, soon followed by the nobles of the Continent, after they had, at their own expense, learned their superiority."

74. The next sentence is a curious one. I pray your attention to it. "The defensive system of the Norman is born of a profound sentiment of *distrust* and *cunning, foreign to the character of the Frank.*" You will find in all my previous notices of the French, continual insistence upon their natural Franchise,[3] and also, if you take the

* Article "Château," vol. iii. p. 65.

[1] [For a note by Ruskin on this word, see above, p. 414.]
[2] [τετράγωνος ἄνευ ψόγου: Aristotle, *Ethics*, i. 11, 11.]
[3] [See above, pp. 60–61, 68.]

least pains in analysis of their literature down to this day, that the idea of falseness is to them indeed more hateful than to any other European nation. To take a quite cardinal instance. If you compare Lucian's and Shakespeare's Timon with Molière's Alceste, you will find the Greek and English misanthropes dwell only on men's *ingratitude* to *themselves*, but Alceste, on their *falsehood to each other*.[1]

Now hear M. le Duc farther:—

"The castles built between the tenth and twelfth centuries along the Loire, Gironde, and Seine, that is to say, along the lines of the Norman invasions, and in the neighbourhood of their possessions, have a peculiar and uniform character which one finds neither in central France, nor in Burgundy, nor can there be any need for us to throw light on (*faire ressortir*) the superiority of the warrior spirit of the Normans, during the later times of the Carlovingian epoch, over the spirit of the chiefs of Frank descent, established on the Gallo-Roman soil."

There's a bit of honesty in a Frenchman for you!

75. I have just said that they valued religion chiefly for its influence of order in the present world: being in this, observe, as nearly as may be the exact reverse of modern believers, or persons who profess to be such,—of whom it may be generally alleged, too truly, that they value religion with respect to their future bliss rather than their present duty; and are therefore continually careless of its direct commands, with easy excuse to themselves for disobedience to them. Whereas the Norman, finding in his own heart an irresistible impulse to action, and perceiving himself to be set, with entirely strong body, brain, and will, in the midst of a weak and dissolute confusion of all things, takes from the Bible instantly into his conscience every exhortation to Do and to Govern; and becomes, with all his might and understanding, a blunt and rough servant, knecht, or knight of God, liable to much misapprehension, of course, as to the services immediately required of him,

[1] [To Lucian's dialogue *Timon* (from which, indirectly, much of the material for the play attributed to Shakespeare is derived), Ruskin makes passing reference in Vol. XIX. p. 119 *n.* For references to Molière's *Misanthrope*, see Vol. V. p. 375 and *n.*, and Vol. XXVIII. p. 62 (Marmontel's continuation of the story).]

but supposing, since the whole make of him, outside and in, is a soldier's, that God meant him for a soldier, and that he is to establish, by main force, the Christian faith and works all over the world so far as he comprehends them; not merely with the Mahometan indignation against spiritual error, but with a sound and honest soul's dislike of material error, and resolution to extinguish *that*, even if perchance found in the spiritual persons to whom, in their office, he yet rendered total reverence.

76. Which force and faith in him I may best illustrate by merely putting together the broken paragraphs of Sismondi's account[1] of the founding of the Norman Kingdom of Sicily: virtually contemporary with the conquest of England:—

"The Normans surpassed all the races of the west in their ardour for pilgrimages. They would not, to go into the Holy Land, submit to the monotony * of a long sea voyage—the rather that they found not on the Mediterranean the storms or dangers they had rejoiced to encounter on their own sea. They traversed by land the whole of France and Italy, trusting to their swords to procure the necessary subsistence,† if the charity of the faithful did not enough provide for it with alms. The towns of Naples, Amalfi, Gaeta, and Bari, held constant commerce with Syria; and frequent miracles, it was believed, illustrated the Monte Cassino, (St. Benedict again!) on the road of Naples, and the Mount of Angels (Garganus) above Bari." (Querceta Gargani—verily, laborant;[2] *now*, et orant.) "The pilgrims wished to visit during their journey the monasteries built on these two mountains, and therefore nearly always, either going or returning to the Holy Land, passed through Magna Græcia.

"In one of the earliest years of the eleventh century, about forty of these religious travellers, having returned from the Holy Land, chanced to have met together in Salerno at the moment when a small Saracen fleet came to insult the town, and demand of it a military contribution. The inhabitants of South Italy, at this time, abandoned to the delights of their enchanted climate, had lost nearly all military courage. The Salernitani saw with astonishment forty Norman knights, after having demanded horses and arms from the Prince of Salerno, order the gates of the town

* I give Sismondi's idea as it stands, but there was no question in the matter of monotony or of danger. The journey was made on foot because it was the most laborious way, and the most humble.

† See farther on, § 80, the analogies with English arrangements of the same kind [pp. 472–473].

[1] [Ch. iv.; vol. i. pp. 253–255, in the French ed., 1826.]
[2] [Horace, *Odes*, ii. 9, 7.]

to be opened, charge the Saracens fearlessly, and put them to flight. The Salernitani followed, however, the example given them by these brave warriors, and those of the Mussulmans who escaped their swords were forced to re-embark in all haste."

77. The Prince of Salerno, Guaimar III., tried in vain to keep the warrior-pilgrims at his court: but at his solicitation other companies established themselves on the rocks of Salerno and Amalfi, until, on Christmas Day, 1041,[1] (exactly a quarter of a century before the coronation here at Westminster of the Conqueror,) they gathered their scattered forces at Aversa,* twelve groups of them under twelve chosen counts, and all under the Lombard Ardoin, as commander-in-chief.[2]

Be so good as to note that,—a marvellous key-note of historical fact about the unjesting Lombards. I cannot find the total Norman number: the chief contingent, under William of the Iron Arm, the son of Tancred of Hauteville, was only of three hundred knights; the Count of Aversa's troop, of the same number, is named as an important part of the little army—admit it for ten times Tancred's, three thousand men in all. At Aversa, these three thousand men form, coolly on Christmas Day, 1041, the design of—well, I told you they didn't *design* much, only, now we're here, we may as well, while we're about it,—overthrow the Greek empire! That was their little game!—a Christmas mumming to purpose. The following year, the whole of Apulia was divided among them.

78. I will not spoil, by abstracting, the magnificent following history of Robert Guiscard,[3] the most wonderful soldier of that or any other time:[4] I leave you to finish it for yourselves, only asking you to read together with it, the sketch, in Turner's history of the Anglo-Saxons,[5]

* In Lombardy, south of Pavia.

[1] [See below, p. 480.]
[2] [§ 77 down to this point is summarised from Sismondi, p. 261.]
[3] [See Sismondi, ch. iv.; vol. i. pp. 268–278.]
[4] [For other references to Guiscard in a like sense, see Vol. XXIV. pp. 270, 274.]
[5] [*History of England*, Book iv. ch. xi.; vol. i. pp. 577 *seq.*]

of Alfred's long previous war with the Norman Hasting; pointing out to you for foci of character in each contest, the culminating incidents of naval battle. In Guiscard's struggle with the Greeks, he encounters for their chief naval force the Venetian fleet under the Doge Domenico Selvo.[1] The Venetians are at this moment undoubted masters in all naval warfare; the Normans are worsted easily the first day,—the second day, fighting harder, they are defeated again, and so disastrously that the Venetian Doge takes no precautions against them on the third day, thinking them utterly disabled. Guiscard attacks him again on the third day, with the mere wreck of his own ships, and defeats the tired and amazed Italians finally!

79. The sea-fight between Alfred's ships and those of Hasting ought to be still more memorable to us. Alfred, as I noticed in last lecture,[2] had built war ships nearly twice as long as the Normans', swifter, and steadier on the waves. Six Norman ships were ravaging the Isle of Wight; Alfred sent nine of his own to take them. The King's fleet found the Northmen's embayed, and three of them aground. The three others *engaged Alfred's nine, twice their size;* two of the Viking ships were taken, but the third escaped, with only five men![3] A nation which verily took its pleasures in its Deeds.

80. But before I can illustrate farther either their deeds or their religion, I must for an instant meet the objection which I suppose the extreme probity of the nineteenth century must feel acutely against these men,—that they all lived by thieving.

Without venturing to allude to the *raison d'être* of the present French and English Stock Exchanges, I will merely ask any of you here, whether of Saxon or Norman blood, to define for himself what he means by the "possession of

[1] [Compare Vol. XXIV. p. 274 *n.*; and see Romanin's *Storia Documentata di Venezia*, vol. i. p. 323. In the lecture as delivered, Ruskin gave the name of the doge wrongly as Pietro Orseolo (see below, p. 481 *n.*).]

[2] [See above, p. 442.]

[3] [See Sharon Turner, vol. i. p. 596.]

India." I have no doubt that you all wish to keep India in order, and in like manner I have assured you that Duke William wished to keep England in order. If you will read the lecture on the life of Sir Herbert Edwardes, which I hope to give in London after finishing this course,* you will see how a Christian British officer can, and does, verily, and with his whole heart, keep in order such part of India as may be entrusted to him, and in so doing, secure our Empire. But the silent feeling and practice of the nation about India is based on quite other motives than Sir Herbert's. Every mutiny, every danger, every terror, and every crime, occurring under, or paralyzing, our Indian legislation, arises directly out of our national desire to live on the loot of India, and the notion always entertained by English young gentlemen and ladies of good position, falling in love with each other without immediate prospect of establishment in Belgrave Square, that they can find in India, instantly on landing, a bungalow ready furnished with the loveliest fans, china, and shawls,—ices and sherbet at command,—four-and-twenty slaves succeeding each other hourly to swing the punkah, and a regiment with a beautiful band to "keep order" outside, all round the house.

81. Entreating your pardon for what may seem rude in these personal remarks, I will further entreat you to read my account of the death of Cœur de Lion in the third number of *Fors Clavigera*[1]—and also the scenes in *Ivanhoe* between Cœur de Lion and Locksley; and commending these few passages to your quiet consideration, I proceed to give you another anecdote or two of the Normans in Italy, twelve years later than those given above, and, therefore, only thirteen years before the battle of Hastings.

* This was prevented by the necessity for the re-arrangement of my terminal Oxford lectures: I am now preparing that on Sir Herbert for publication in a somewhat expanded form.[2]

[1] [See Vol. XXVII. pp. 53–59; and chapters 32, 33, 40, and 41 of *Ivanhoe*.]
[2] [See now *Bibliotheca Pastorum*, vol. iv.: *A Knight's Faith* (Vol. XXXII.).]

Their division of South Italy among them especially, and their defeat of Venice, had alarmed everybody considerably,—especially the Pope, Leo IX., who did not understand this manifestation of their piety. He sent to Henry III. of Germany, to whom he owed his Popedom, for some German knights, and got five hundred spears; gathered out of all Apulia, Campania, and the March of Ancona, what Greek and Latin troops were to be had, to join his own army of the patrimony of St. Peter; and the holy Pontiff, with this numerous army, but no general, began the campaign by a pilgrimage with all his troops to Monte Cassino, in order to obtain, if it might be, St. Benedict for general.[1]

82. Against the Pope's collected masses, with St. Benedict, their contemplative but at first inactive general, stood the little army of Normans,—certainly not more than the third of their number—but with Robert Guiscard for captain, and under him his brother, Humphrey of Hauteville, and Richard of Aversa. Not in fear, but in devotion, they prayed the Pope "avec instance,"[2]—to say on what conditions they could appease his anger, and live in peace under him. But the Pope would hear of nothing but their evacuation of Italy. Whereupon, they had to settle the question in the Norman manner.

The two armies met in front of Civitella, on Waterloo day, 18th June, thirteen years, as I said, before the battle of Hastings. The German knights were the heart of the Pope's army, but they were only five hundred; the Normans surrounded *them* first, and slew them, nearly to a man—and then made extremely short work with the Italians and Greeks. The Pope, with the wreck of them, fled into Civitella; but the townspeople dared not defend their walls, and thrust the Pope himself out of their gates—to meet, alone, the Norman army.

[1] [See Sismondi, pp. 264–265: "pour obtenir la bénédiction du ciel sur ces armes," as quoted above.]

[2] [Sismondi, p. 266.]

He met it, *not* alone, St. Benedict being with him now, when he had no longer the strength of man to trust in.

The Normans, as they approached him, threw themselves on their knees,—covered themselves with dust, and implored his pardon and his blessing.[1]

83. There's a bit of poetry—if you like,—but a piece of steel-clad fact also, compared to which the battles of Hastings and Waterloo, both, were mere boys' squabbles.

You don't suppose, you British schoolboys, that *you* overthrew Napoleon—*you?* Your Prime Minister folded up the map of Europe at the thought of him.[2] Not you, but the snows of Heaven, and the hand of Him who dasheth in pieces with a rod of iron. He casteth forth His ice like morsels,—who can stand before His cold?[3]

But, so far as you have indeed the right to trust in the courage of your own hearts, remember also—it is not in Norman nor Saxon, but in Celtic race that your real strength lies. The battles both of Waterloo and Alma were won by Irish and Scots—by the terrible Scots Greys, and by Sir Colin's Highlanders. Your "thin red line" was kept steady at Alma only by Colonel Yea's swearing at them.[4]

84. But the old Pope, alone against a Norman army, wanted nobody to swear at him. Steady enough he, having somebody to bless him, instead of swear at him. St. Benedict, namely; whose (memory shall we say?) helped him now at his pinch in a singular manner,—for the Normans, having got the old man's forgiveness, vowed themselves his feudal servants; and for seven centuries afterwards the whole kingdom of Naples remained a fief of St. Peter,[5]—won for him thus by a single man, unarmed, against three thousand Norman knights, captained by Robert Guiscard!

[1] [Sismondi, p. 267.]

[2] ["Roll up that map," he said; "it will not be wanted these ten years."—Pitt, after Austerlitz (see Lord Rosebery's *Pitt,* p. 256). See also Kinglake's *Eothen,* p. 123 (ed. 1845).]

[3] [Psalms ii. 9; cxlvii. 17.]

[4] [See *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 20 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 339, 340 *n.*); and compare *A Knight's Faith,* ch. xii. (Vol. XXXI. p. 478).]

[5] [See Sismondi, p. 267.]

A day of deeds, gentlemen, to some purpose,—*that* 18th of June, anyhow.

85. Here, in the historical account of Norman character, I must unwillingly stop for to-day—because, as you choose to spend your University money in building ball-rooms[1] instead of lecture-rooms, I dare not keep you much longer in this black hole, with its nineteenth century ventilation. I try your patience—and tax your breath—only for a few minutes more in drawing the necessary corollaries respecting Norman art.*

How far the existing British nation owes its military prowess to the blood of Normandy and Anjou, I have never examined its genealogy enough to tell you;—but this I can tell you positively, that whatever constitutional order or personal valour the Normans enforced or taught among the nations they conquered, they did not at first attempt with their own hands to rival them in any of their finer arts, but used both Greek and Saxon sculptors, either as slaves, or hired workmen, and more or less therefore chilled and degraded the hearts of the men thus set to servile, or at best, hireling, labour.

86. In 1874, I went to see Etna, Scylla, Charybdis, and the tombs of the Norman Kings at Palermo;[2] surprised, as you may imagine, to find that there wasn't a stroke nor a notion of Norman work in them. They are, every atom, done by Greeks, and are as pure Greek as the temple of Ægina; but more rich and refined. I drew with accurate care, and with measured profile of every moulding, the

* Given at much greater length in the lecture, with diagrams from Iffley and Poitiers,[3] without which the text of them would be unintelligible. The sum of what I said was a strong assertion of the incapacity of the Normans for any but the rudest and most grotesque sculpture,—Poitiers being, on the contrary, examined and praised as Gallic-French—not Norman.

[1] [So Ruskin describes the New Examination Schools; compare above, p. 363.]

[2] [See the Introduction to Vol. XXIII.; pp. xxxi. *seq.*]

[3] [A photograph of Iffley, used by Ruskin at the lecture, remains in his Drawing School (Vol. XXI. p. 308). Of Poitiers, there are numerous studies at Sheffield (Vol. XXXI. pp. 220, 221).]

tomb built for Roger II. (afterwards Frederick II. was laid in its dark porphyry).[1] And it is a perfect type of the Greek-Christian form of tomb—temple over sarcophagus, in which the pediments rise gradually, as time goes on, into acute angles—get pierced in the gable with foils, and their sculptures thrown outside on their flanks, and become at last in the fourteenth century, the tombs of Verona. But what is the meaning of the Normans employing these Greek slaves for their work in Sicily (within thirty miles of the field of Himera)? Well, the main meaning is that though the Normans could build, they couldn't carve, and were wise enough not to try to, when they couldn't, as you do now all over this intensely comic and tragic town: but, here in England, they only employed the Saxon with a grudge, and therefore being more and more driven to use barren mouldings without sculpture, gradually developed the structural forms of archivolt, which breaking into the lancet, brighten and balance themselves into the symmetry of Early English Gothic.

87. But even for the first decoration of the archivolt itself, they were probably indebted to the Greeks in a degree I never apprehended, until by pure happy chance, a friend gave me the clue to it just as I was writing the last pages of this lecture.

In the generalization of ornament attempted in the first volume of *The Stones of Venice*,[2] I supposed the Norman zigzag (and with some practical truth) to be derived from the angular notches with which the blow of an axe can most easily decorate, or at least vary, the solid edge of a square fillet. My good friend, and supporter, and for some time back the single trustee of St. George's Guild, Mr. George Baker, having come to Oxford on Guild business, I happened to show him the photographs of the front of Iffley church, which had been collected for this lecture; and immediately afterwards, in taking him through the

[1] [For this drawing, see Plate XVI. in Vol. XXIII. (p. 190).]
[2] [Ch. xxiii. §§ 3, 7 (Vol. IX. pp. 318, 321).]

schools, stopped to show him the Athena of Ægina as one of the most important of the Greek examples lately obtained for us by Professor Richmond.[1] The statue is (rightly) so placed that in looking up to it, the plait of hair across the forehead is seen in a steeply curved arch. "Why," says Mr. Baker, pointing to it, "there's the Norman arch of Iffley." Sure enough, there it exactly was: and a moment's reflection showed me how easily, and with what instinctive fitness, the Norman builders, looking to the Greeks as their absolute masters in sculpture, and recognizing also, during the Crusades, the hieroglyphic use of the zigzag, for water, by the Egyptians, might have adopted this easily attained decoration at once as the sign of the element over which they reigned, and of the power of the Greek Goddess who ruled both it and them.[2]

88. I do not in the least press your acceptance of such a tradition, nor for the rest, do I care myself whence any method of ornament is derived, if only, as a stranger, you bid it reverent welcome. But much probability is added to the conjecture by the indisputable transition of the Greek egg and arrow moulding into the floral cornices of Saxon and other twelfth-century cathedrals in Central

[1] [One of several casts from the antique in the University Galleries.]

[2] [See the *Queen of the Air, passim* (Vol. XIX.). The following is the report (in the *Pall Mall Gazette*) of the foregoing passage as "given at much greater length in the lecture":—

> ". . . there's the chopped Norman arch. The chopped Norman arch and the fringe in which you young ladies delight come alike from the forehead of Athena. Nor was this all, for on the edge of her cestus Mr. Ruskin found the foliation which he showed in a photograph of Poitiers, just as from her peplus comes the drapery of Rheims. Mr. Ruskin gave another interesting instance of the dependence of the Normans on the art of Greece. A few years ago he went to Sicily to see the tombs of Roger and of Frederick, and to look at the Norman art he would surely find there. But not a stroke of the chisel turned out to belong to the Normans. Their own masons could not carve, and the tombs of the Norman kings are the work of Greek slaves. What the Greeks carved was a lion with the Gorgon's head—again with the chopped Norman arch in the fringe; and what the Normans themselves made of the Gorgon may be seen on Iffley Church. Mr. Ruskin here showed an enlarged drawing of a grotesque head—the Gorgon, with long ears, and the face elongated by the Norman helmet—the whole effect bearing a striking resemblance to Mephistopheles, of which gentleman Mr. Ruskin promised to say more in later lectures."]

France. These and other such transitions and exaltations I will give you the materials to study at your leisure, after illustrating in my next lecture the forces of religious imagination by which all that was most beautiful in them was inspired.[1]

[1] [The following is the report (in the *Pall Mall Gazette*) of the end of this lecture as delivered :—

"Mr. Ruskin's peroration had not got itself written on Saturday afternoon, but the scornful moral with which his lectures are wont to conclude was pointed very effectively by some pictures instead. The first illustration was the lucky outcome of his dinner with Professor Westwood, who had shown him the Bible of Charles the Bald, the tutor of Alfred. The illuminated frontispiece which Mr. Ruskin showed is the figure of a true lion, inscribed beneath with words which run, being interpreted, 'This lion rises, and by his rising breaks the gates of hell. This lion never sleeps, nor shall sleep for evermore.' Such was the lion as our Saxon Alfred knew it. For Richard Cœur de Lion Mr. Ruskin had referred his audience to *Fors Clavigera* and the later chapters of *Ivanhoe*. 'Men called him "Lion-heart," not untruly; and the English as a people have prided themselves somewhat ever since on having every man of them the heart of a lion. Many lion-hearted Englishmen there have been, and are indeed still to this day; but for the especial peculiar typical product of the nineteenth century see this page of *Punch*.' Mr. Ruskin here displayed in a frame the inside fold of *Punch* for August 16th, 1884, containing on the left-hand page a drawing, by Mr. Du Maurier, of the different effects of a good dinner on two fat old gentlemen, and on the right a cartoon of Mr. Bright, as 'The Old Lion Aroused.' Mr. Ruskin had inserted a connecting mark between the two pictures, and christened the whole '*The New Lion Stuffed.*'"

For another reference to Tenniel's cartoon of Mr. Bright, see below, p. 536.]

POSTSCRIPT TO LECTURE III[1]

THE FIVE CHRISTMAS DAYS

496. Clovis baptized by St. Remy.
800. Charlemagne crowned Emperor of the West at Rome, by the Pope.
1041. The Vow of Aversa.
1066. The Conqueror crowned at Westminster, by the Bishops of York and Coutances.
1130. Roger II.[2] crowned King of Sicily at Palermo, by the four Archbishops of Palermo, Salerno, Capua, and Beneventum.

1250 (December). Frederick II. dies broken-hearted at Castel-Fiorentino.[3]

[1] [Printed from a proof, thus headed, among the MS. of *Pleasures of England*. The dates, etc., were given, in a shorter form, as a note at the end of the book in earlier editions (see above, p. 415). In the lecture-room, they were exhibited on a diagram, shown at the beginning of Lecture IV. (see note on next page). For references in the Lectures to the baptism of Clovis, see § 23 (p. 433; comparing p. 39); and to the "Vow of the Count of Aversa," § 77 (p. 471).]

[2] [See Ruskin's drawing, shown at the lecture, of the Tombs in the Cathedral of Palermo: Plate XVI. in Vol. XXIII. (p. 190).]

[3] [See *Val d'Arno*, §§ 2, 92, 109 (Vol. XXIII. pp. 11—where Ferentino is a slip for Castel Fiorentino—56, 66).]

LECTURE IV

THE PLEASURES OF FANCY

CŒUR DE LION TO ELIZABETH

(*Delivered 8th and 10th November* 1884[1])

89. In using the word "Fancy," for the mental faculties of which I am to speak to-day, I trust you, at your leisure, to read the Introductory Note to the second volume of

[1] [At the beginning of this lecture as delivered, Ruskin began (says the report in the *Pall Mall Gazette*) by filling up some gaps in the preceding one :—

"The first gap was an enumeration of the 'Five Christmas Days' which, as it happens, sum up the history of five centuries. These dates were written down on a diagram which hung conspicuously on the wall behind the lecturer (see above, p. 480). 'These Christmas Days will be referred to in later lectures,' said Mr. Ruskin, 'in connection with the way in which you keep Christmas Days now.'

"The filling up of another gap was also a correction. 'In the last lecture I gave you incidentally' [and not in the lecture as printed], said Mr. Ruskin, 'what was, in my opinion, extremely good advice—namely, never to make a shot at anything, neither at a word—no, nor at a bird. I was the better qualified to give that sage advice because I was at the moment making a shot myself at the name of the Venetian Doge who was defeated by Robert Guiscard (§ 78). I thought at the time it was Pietro Orseolo, but I now remember that it was Domenico Selvo' [so corrected in the lecture as published]. Taking this slip apparently as an accident sent by 'Fors,' Mr. Ruskin proceeded to say some more about this great Doge, reading from the chapter entitled 'Divine Right,' in *St. Mark's Rest* —'a chapter which was always meant,' he said, 'for a lecture, since much of its meaning depended on accent. It describes how the people of Venice went in armed boats to the Lido and prayed that "God would grant to them such a king as should be worthy to reign over them"; and how suddenly, as they prayed, there rose up with one accord among the multitude the cry, "Domenico Selvo, we will, and we approve." Carlyle has given you a description of a grand election in that of the Abbot Samson, but this is a grander still.' The chapter goes on to describe the Doge's Greek wife, whose reign 'first gave the glories of Venetian art, in true inheritance from the angels, of that Athenian Rock above which Ion spread his starry tapestry, and under whose shadow his mother had gathered the crocus in the dew.'

"The mention of 'Ion' led Mr. Ruskin into a little digression about the violet, for Euripides' violet was the *viola odorata* of pure blue, the *fleur-de-lis* of Byzantine ornament. 'Gathering it at its home at Palermo long ago,' said Mr. Ruskin, 'I matched it against the "violet sea," and

Modern Painters in the small new edition,[1] which gives sufficient reason for practically including under the single term Fancy, or Fantasy, all the energies of the Imagination, —in the terms of the last sentence of that preface,—"the healthy, voluntary, and necessary,* action of the highest powers of the human mind, on subjects properly demanding and justifying their exertion."

90. I must farther ask you to read, in the same volume, the close of the chapter "Of Imagination Penetrative," §§ 29–33, of which the gist, which I must give as the first principle from which we start in our to-day's inquiry, is that "Imagination, rightly so called, has no food, no delight, no care, no perception, except of truth; it is for ever looking under masks, and burning up mists; no fairness of form, no majesty of seeming, will satisfy it; the first condition of its existence is incapability of being deceived."[2] In that sentence, which is a part, and a very valuable part, of the original book, I still adopted and used unnecessarily the ordinary distinction between Fancy and Imagination—Fancy concerned with lighter things, creating fairies or centaurs, and Imagination creating men; and I was in the habit

* Meaning that all healthy minds possess imagination, and use it at will, under fixed laws of truthful perception and memory.

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could not tell which was which. Here are my drawings of the sea and of the flower. I have given you in the Turner gallery, here in Oxford, his rendering of the Mediterranean Sea—more skilful in its effect of haze than mine, but mine, I think, a little more true in colour; at any rate I put all the colour in my box on it. It is a picture of what spring grass is like—in Sicily you cannot say whether it is green or blue, pure white in Florence and in France, and gold here on Isis' banks, till your horrible races came and embanked the stream, and the noisy crowds of you trampled the flowers.'"

The chapter referred to in *St. Mark's Rest* is ch. vii.: see Vol. XXIV. pp. 270 *seq.* For Carlyle's description of the election of the Abbot Samson, see Book ii. ch. viii. of *Past and Present*. For Ruskin's study of the violet in Sicily in 1874, see Vol. XXIII. pp. xxxii.–xxxiii. (comparing Vol. XIX. p. 375, and Vol. XXI. p. 112). His drawings, shown at the lecture, cannot be certainly identified. The drawing by Turner ("Coast of Genoa") is among those which Ruskin presented to the University Galleries in 1861: see Vol. XIII. p. 559.]

[1] [That is, the note prefixed to the second volume of the separate edition of *Modern Painters*, vol. ii., issued in 1883. See now Vol. IV. pp. 219–222.]

[2] [Sec. ii. ch. iii. See now Vol. IV. p. 285.]

always of implying by the meaner word Fancy, a voluntary Fallacy, as Wordsworth does in those lines to his wife,[1] making of her a mere lay figure for the drapery of his fancy—

> "Such if thou wert, in all men's view
> An universal show,
> What would my Fancy have to do,
> My feelings to bestow?"

But you will at once understand the higher and more universal power which I now wish you to understand by the Fancy, including all imaginative energy, correcting these lines of Wordsworth's to a more worthy description of a true lover's happiness. When a boy falls in love with a girl, you say he has taken a fancy for her; but if he love her rightly, that is to say for her noble qualities, you ought to say he has taken an imagination for her; for then he is endued with the new light of love which sees and tells of the mind in her,—and this neither falsely nor vainly. His love does not bestow, it discovers, what is indeed most precious in his mistress, and most needful for his own life and happiness. Day by day, as he loves her better, he discerns her more truly; and it is only the truth of his love that does so. Falsehood to her, would at once disenchant and blind him.

91. In my first lecture of this year,[2] I pointed out to you with what extreme simplicity and reality the Christian faith must have presented itself to the Northern Pagan's mind, in its distinction from his former confused and monstrous mythology. It was also in that simplicity and tangible reality of conception, that this Faith became to them, and to the other savage nations of Europe, Tutress of the real power of their imagination; and it became so,

[1] [The second stanza in the lines (as originally published) "On Mrs. Wordsworth," beginning, "Let other bards of angels sing." The stanza appeared in all editions between 1827 and 1843; but was afterwards omitted by the poet. It may have been of these lines that Ruskin was thinking in his note of 1833 to *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (see Vol. IV. p. 166 *n.*).]

[2] [See above, § 12 (p. 427).]

only in so far as it indeed conveyed to them statements which, however in some respects mysterious, were yet most literally and brightly *true*, as compared with their former conceptions. So that while the blind cunning of the savage had produced only mis-shapen logs or scrawls, the *seeing* imagination of the Christian painters created, for them and for all the world, the perfect types of the Virgin and of her Son; which became, indeed, Divine, by being, with the most affectionate truth, human.

92. And the association of this truth in loving conception, with the general honesty and truth of the character, is again conclusively shown in the feelings of the lover to his mistress; which we recognize as first reaching their height in the days of chivalry. The truth and faith of the lover, and his piety to Heaven, are the foundation, in his character, of all the joy in imagination which he can receive from the conception of his lady's—now no more mortal—beauty. She is indeed transfigured before him; but the truth of the transfiguration is greater than that of the lightless aspect she bears to others. When therefore, in my next lecture, I speak of the Pleasures of Truth, as distinct from those of the Imagination,—if either the limits or clearness of brief title had permitted me, I should have said, *untransfigured* truth;—meaning on the one side, truth which we have not heart enough to transfigure, and on the other, truth of the lower kind which is incapable of transfiguration. One may look at a girl till one believes she is an angel; because, in the best of her, she *is* one; but one can't look at a cockchafer till one believes it is a girl.

93. With this warning of the connection which exists between the honest intellect and the healthy imagination; and using henceforward the shorter word "Fancy" for all inventive vision, I proceed to consider with you the meaning and consequences of the frank and eager exertion of the fancy on Religious subjects, between the twelfth and sixteenth centuries.

Its first, and admittedly most questionable action, the

promotion of the group of martyr saints of the third century to thrones of uncontested dominion in heaven, had better be distinctly understood, before we debate of it, either with the Iconoclast or the Rationalist. This apotheosis by the Imagination is the subject of my present lecture. To-day I only describe it,—in my next lecture I will discuss it.

94. Observe, however, that in giving such a history of the mental constitution of nascent Christianity, we have to deal with, and carefully to distinguish, two entirely different orders in its accepted hierarchy:[1]—one, scarcely founded at all on personal characters or acts, but mythic or symbolic; often merely the revival, the baptized resuscitation of a Pagan deity, or the personified omnipresence of a Christian virtue;—the other, a senate of Patres Conscripti of real persons, great in genius, and perfect, humanly speaking, in holiness; who by their personal force and inspired wisdom, wrought the plastic body of the Church into such noble form as in each of their epochs it was able to receive; and on the right understanding of whose lives, nor less of the affectionate traditions which magnified and illumined their memories, must absolutely depend the value of every estimate we form, whether of the nature of the Christian Church herself, or of the directness of spiritual agency by which she was guided.*

An important distinction, therefore, is to be noted at the outset, in the objects of this Apotheosis, according as they are, or are not, real persons.

95. Of these two great orders of Saints, the first, or mythic, belongs—speaking broadly—to the southern or Greek Church alone.

The Gothic Christians, once detached from the worship

* If the reader believes in no spiritual agency, still his understanding of the first letters in the Alphabet of History depends on his comprehending rightly the tempers of the people who *did*.

[1] [Compare Ruskin's notes on "The Story of Lucia" in *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*, Vol. XXXII. p. 61.]

of Odin and Thor, abjure from their hearts all trust in the elements, and all worship of ideas. They will have their Saints in flesh and blood, their Angels in plume and armour; and nothing incorporeal or invisible. In all the Religious sculpture beside Loire and Seine, you will not find either of the great rivers personified; the dress of the highest seraph is of true steel or sound broadcloth, neither flecked by hail, nor fringed by thunder; and while the ideal Charity of Giotto at Padua presents her heart in her hand to God, and tramples at the same instant on bags of gold, the treasures of the world, and gives only corn and flowers,[1] that on the west porch of Amiens is content to clothe a beggar with a piece of the staple manufacture of the town.[2]

On the contrary, it is nearly impossible to find in the imagery of the Greek Church, under the former exercise of the Imagination, a representation either of man or beast which purports to represent *only* the person, or the brute. Every mortal creature stands for an Immortal Intelligence or Influence: a Lamb means an Apostle, a Lion an Evangelist, an Angel the Eternal justice or benevolence; and the most historical and indubitable of Saints are compelled to set forth, in their vulgarly apparent persons, a Platonic myth or an Athanasian article.

96. I therefore take note first of the mythic saints in succession, whom this treatment of them by the Byzantine Church made afterwards the favourite idols of all Christendom.

(I.) The most mythic is of course St. Sophia; the shade of the Greek Athena, passing into the "Wisdom" of the Jewish Proverbs and Psalms, and the Apocryphal "Wisdom of Solomon." She always remains understood as a personification only; and has no direct influence on the mind of the unlearned multitude of Western Christendom, except as a godmother,—in which kindly function she is more

[1] [See Plate III. and p. 130 in Vol. XXVII.]
[2] [See above, p. 155 (9 A).]

and more accepted as times go on; her healthy influence being perhaps greater over sweet vicars' daughters in Wakefield—when Wakefield *was*,—than over the prudentest of the rarely prudent Empresses of Byzantium.[1]

(II.) Of St. Catharine of Egypt there are vestiges of personal tradition which may perhaps permit the supposition of her having really once existed, as a very lovely, witty, proud, and "fanciful" girl. She afterwards becomes the Christian type of the Bride, in the "Song of Solomon,"[2] involved with an ideal of all that is purest in the life of a nun, and brightest in the death of a martyr. It is scarcely possible to overrate the influence of the conceptions formed of her, in ennobling the sentiments of Christian women of the higher orders;—to their practical common sense, as the mistresses of a household or a nation, her example may have been less conducive.[3]

97. (III.) St. Barbara, also an Egyptian, and St. Catharine's contemporary, though the most practical of the mythic saints, is also, after St. Sophia, the least corporeal: she vanishes far away into the "Inclusa Danae,"[4] and her "Turris aenea" becomes a myth of Christian safety, of which the Scriptural significance may be enough felt by merely looking out the texts under the word "Tower," in your concordance; and whose effectual power, in the fortitudes alike of matter and spirit, was in all probability made impressive enough to all Christendom, both by the fortifications and persecutions of Diocletian. I have endeavoured to mark her general relations to St. Sophia in the little imaginary dialogue between them, given in the eighth lecture of *The Ethics of the Dust*.[5]

[1] [For other reference to St. Sophia, "to whom the first great Christian temple was dedicated," at Constantinople, see *Mornings in Florence*, § 91 (Vol. XXIII. p. 385); for *The Vicar of Wakefield*, Vol. XXIX. p. 588; for Wakefield, past and present, *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 55 and 57 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 380, 409).]

[2] [Compare above, p. 303 *n.*]

[3] [For other references to St. Catharine of Alexandria, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 12 and 26 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 206, 482).]

[4] [Horace, *Odes*, iii. 16, 1: "Inclusam Danaën turris aënea."]

[5] [See Vol. XVIII. p. 316, where St. Sophia is identified with Neith, as explained earlier in the book (p. 231).]

Afterwards, as Gothic architecture becomes dominant, and at last beyond question the most wonderful of all temple-building, St. Barbara's Tower is, of course, its perfected symbol and utmost achievement,[1] and whether in the coronets of countless battlements worn on the brows of the noblest cities, or in the Lombard bell-tower on the mountains, and the English spire on Sarum plain, the geometric majesty of the Egyptian maid became glorious in harmony of defence, and sacred with precision of symbol.

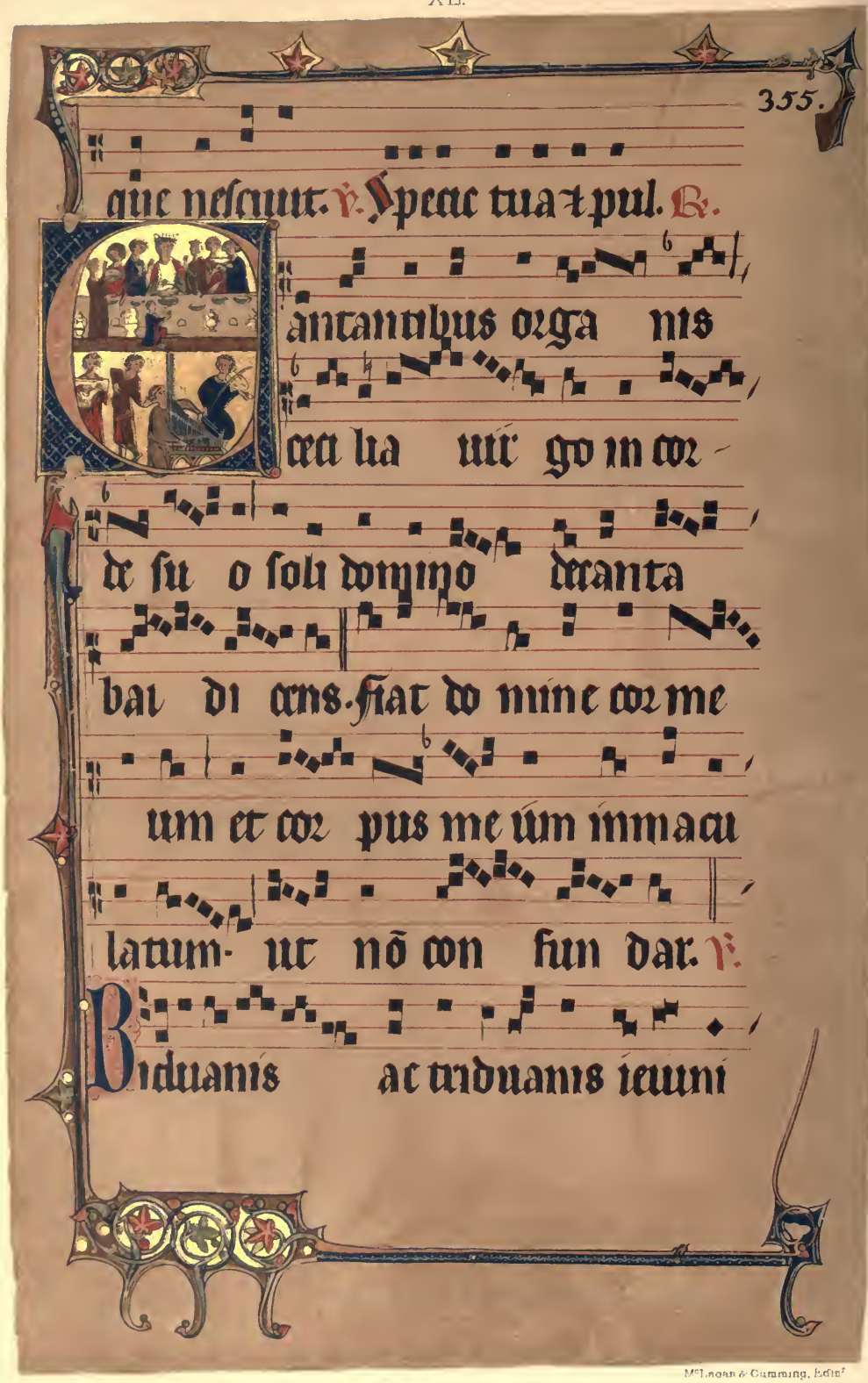
As the buildings which showed her utmost skill were chiefly exposed to lightning, she is invoked in defence from it; and our petition in the Litany, against sudden death, was written originally to her.[2] The blasphemous corruptions of her into a patroness of cannon and gunpowder, are among the most ludicrous, (because precisely contrary to the original tradition,) as well as the most deadly, insolences and stupidities of Renaissance Art.

98. (IV.) St. Margaret of Antioch was a shepherdess; the St. Geneviève of the East; the type of feminine gentleness and simplicity. Traditions of the resurrection of Alcestis perhaps mingle in those of her contest with the dragon; but at all events, she differs from the other three great mythic saints, in expressing the soul's victory over temptation or affliction, by Christ's miraculous help, and without any special power of its own. She is the saint of the meek and of the poor; her virtue and her victory are those of all gracious and lowly womanhood; and her memory is consecrated among the gentle households of Europe; no other name, except those of Jeanne and Jeanie, seems so gifted with a baptismal fairy power of giving grace and peace.

I must be forgiven for thinking, even on this canonical ground, not only of Jeanie Deans, and Margaret of

[1] [Compare *Ethics of the Dust*, Vol. XVIII. pp. 316, 366.]

[2] ["St. Barbara, as protectress against thunder and lightning, firearms and gunpowder, is also invoked against sudden death; for it was believed that those who devoted themselves to her should not die impenitent, nor without having first received the holy sacrament" (Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art*, 2nd ed. p. 293).]



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MINIATURE OF ST CECILIA.

From an Antiphonaire of 1290 which belonged to the Abbesse of Beau Pré

Size of original 19 in. x 13 in.

Branksome; but of Meg—Merrilies.[1] My readers will, I fear, choose rather to think of the more doubtful victory over the Dragon, won by the great Margaret of German literature.[2]

99. (V.) With much more clearness and historic comfort we may approach the shrine of St. Cecilia; and even on the most prosaic and realistic minds—such as my own—a visit to her house in Rome[3] has a comforting and establishing effect, which reminds one of the carter in *Harry and Lucy*, who is convinced of the truth of a plaustral catastrophe at first incredible to him, as soon as he hears the name of the hill on which it happened.[4] The ruling conception of her is deepened gradually by the enlarged study of Religious music; and is at its best and highest in the thirteenth century, when she rather resists than complies with the already tempting and distracting powers of sound; and we are told that "cantantibus organis, Cecilia virgo in corde suo soli Domino decantabat, dicens, 'Fiat, Domine, cor meum et corpus meum immaculatum, ut non confundar.'"

("While the instruments played, Cecilia the virgin sang in her heart only to the Lord, saying, Oh Lord, be my heart and body made stainless, that I be not confounded.")

This sentence occurs in my great Service-book of the convent of Beau-pré, written in 1290, and it is illustrated with a miniature of Cecilia sitting silent at a banquet, where all manner of musicians are playing.[5] I need not

[1] [For other references to Jeanie Deans, see Vol. XXVII. p. 564 *n.*, and below, p. 506; for Margaret of Branksome, see *Lay of the Last Minstrel;* and for Meg Merrilies, Vol. XXII. p. 444 *n.*]

[2] [For another reference to *Faust* and Margaret, see above, p. 63.]

[3] [The Church of St. Cecilia, built on the site of her house.]

[4] [See *Harry and Lucy Concluded*, 1825, vol. ii. p. 128: "Some gunpowder had been shaken out of a barrel in the waggon, and had taken fire, as it is supposed, from a spark struck from a flint in the road. The waggoner scarcely credited the story, till he heard the name of the hill down which the waggon had been going, and then, as Harry observed, without any further question, he believed it to be true."]

[5] [Plate XL., opposite. The report (in the *Pall Mall Gazette*) adds: "I have selfishly kept it in my own house, but it shall go to your schools now." Ruskin did not, however, present the book to Oxford; but one page of it is in the Ruskin Drawing School at Oxford (see Vol. XXI. p. 16). For other references to the book, see the passages there noted, and Vol. XXIV. p. 83 *n.*]

point out to you how the law, not of sacred music only, so called, but of *all* music, is determined by this sentence; which means in effect that unless music exalt and purify, it is not under St. Cecilia's ordinance, and it is not, virtually, music at all.

Her confessed power at last expires amidst a hubbub of odes and sonatas; and I suppose her presence at a Monday Popular[1] is as little anticipated as desired. Unconfessed, she is of all the mythic saints for ever the greatest; and the child in its nurse's arms, and every tender and gentle spirit which resolves to purify in itself,—as the eye for seeing, so the ear for hearing,—may still, whether behind the Temple veil,* or at the fireside, and by the wayside, hear Cecilia sing.

100. It would delay me too long just now to trace in specialty farther the functions of the mythic, or, as in another sense they may be truly called, the universal, Saints:

* "But, standing in the lowest place,
And mingled with the work-day crowd,
A poor man looks, with lifted face,
And hears the Angels cry aloud.

He seeks not how each instant flies,
One moment is Eternity;
His spirit with the Angels cries
To Thee, to Thee, continually.

What if, Isaiah-like, he know
His heart be weak, his lips unclean,
His nature vile, his office low,
His dwelling and his people mean?

To such the Angels spake of old—
To such of yore, the glory came;
These altar fires can ne'er grow cold:
Then be it his, that cleansing flame."

These verses, part of a very lovely poem, "To Thee all Angels cry aloud," in the *Monthly Packet* for September 1873, are only signed

[1] [Hitherto printed "Morning Popular," but the report (in the *Pall Mall Gazette*) gives "Monday Pop.," as these well-known concerts at St. James's Hall were called.]

the next greatest of them, St. Ursula, is essentially British,—and you will find enough about her in *Fors Clavigera*;[1] the others, I will simply give you in entirely authoritative order from the St. Louis' Psalter,[2] as he read and thought of them.

The proper Service-book of the thirteenth century consists first of the pure Psalter; then of certain essential passages of the Old Testament—invariably the Song of Miriam at the Red Sea and the last song of Moses;—ordinarily also the 12th of Isaiah and the prayer of Habakkuk; while St. Louis' Psalter has also the prayer of Hannah, and that of Hezekiah (Isaiah xxxviii. 10–20); the Song of the Three Children; the Benedictus, the Magnificat, and the Nunc Dimittis. Then follows the Athanasian Creed; and then, as in all Psalters after their chosen Scripture passages, the collects to the Virgin, the Te Deum, and Service to Christ, beginning with the Psalm "The Lord reigneth"; and then the collects to the greater individual saints, closing with the Litany, or constant prayer for mercy to Christ, and all saints; of whom the order is,—Archangels, Patriarchs, Apostles, Disciples, Innocents, Martyrs, Confessors, Monks, and Virgins. Of women the Magdalen *always* leads;[3] St. Mary of Egypt usually follows, but *may* be the last. Then

"Veritas." The volume for that year (the 16th) is well worth getting, for the sake of the admirable papers in it by Miss Sewell, on Questions of the Day; by Miss A. C. Owen, on Christian Art;[4] and the unsigned Cameos from English History.

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[1] [See Letters 40, 71–77, 88, 91.]

[2] [For the Psalter, so called by Ruskin, see Vol. XXI. p. 15 *n.* A full (and more exact) account of its contents is given in Mr. S. C. Cockerell's monograph there referred to.]

[3] ["Of the Magdalen," says the report of the lecture in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Ruskin "remarked that any woman, whatever her position, who sells herself for money is a harlot, while the Magdalen is the type of those for whom the guilt of others around them have 'taken away my Christ; I know not where they have laid Him'" (see John xx. 13).]

[4] [For these papers, when collected into a book, Ruskin wrote a Preface: see Vol. XXXIV. Two series of the *Cameos from English History* had already been published in book-form, as "By the author of 'The Heir of Redclyffe'" (Miss Yonge).]

the order varies in every place, and prayer-book, no recognizable supremacy being traceable; except in relation to the place, or person, for whom the book was written. In St. Louis', St. Geneviève (the last saint to whom he prayed on his death-bed) follows the two Maries; then come—memorable for you best, as easiest, in this six-foil group,—Saints Catharine, Margaret, and Scolastica, Agatha, Cecilia, and Agnes; and then ten more, whom you may learn or not as you like: I note them now only for future reference,—more lively and easy for your learning,—by their French names,

Felicité,
Colombe,
Christine,

Aurée, Honorine,

Radegonde,
Praxède,
Euphémie,

Bathilde, Eugénie.

101. Such was the system of Theology into which the Imaginative Religion of Europe was crystallized, by the growth of its own best faculties, and the influence of all accessible and credible authorities, during the period between the eleventh and fifteenth centuries inclusive. Its spiritual power is completely represented by the angelic and apostolic dynasties, and the women-saints in Paradise; for of the men-saints, beneath the apostles and prophets, none but St. Christopher, St. Nicholas, St. Anthony, St. James, and St. George, attained anything like the influence of Catharine or Cecilia; for the very curious reason, that the men-saints were much more true, real, and numerous. St. Martin was reverenced all over Europe, but definitely, as a man, and the Bishop of Tours. So St. Ambrose at Milan, and St. Gregory at Rome, and hundreds of good men more, all over the world; while the really good women remained,

though not rare, inconspicuous. The virtues of French Clotilde, and Swiss Berthe,[1] were painfully borne down in the balance of visible judgment, by the guilt of the Gonerils, Regans, and Lady Macbeths, whose spectral procession closes only with the figure of Eleanor in Woodstock maze;[2] and in dearth of nearer objects, the daily brighter powers of fancy dwelt with more concentrated devotion on the stainless ideals of the earlier maid-martyrs. And observe, even the loftier fame of the men-saints above named, as compared with the rest, depends on precisely the same character of indefinite personality; and on the representation, by each of them, of a moral idea which may be embodied and painted in a miraculous legend; credible, as history, even then, only to the vulgar; but powerful over them, nevertheless, exactly in proportion to the degree in which it can be pictured and fancied as a living creature. Consider even yet in these days of mechanism, how the dullest John Bull cannot with perfect complacency adore *himself*, except under the figure of Britannia or the British Lion; and how the existence of the popular jest-book, which might have seemed secure in its necessity to our weekly recreation, is yet virtually centred on the imaginary animation of a puppet, and the imaginary elevation to reason of a dog. But in the Middle Ages, this action of the Fancy, now distorted and despised, was the happy and sacred tutress of every faculty of the body and soul; and the works and thoughts of art, the joys and toils of men, rose and flowed on in the bright air of it, with the aspiration of a flame, and the beneficence of a fountain.[3]

[1] [For Clotilde, see *Bible of Amiens*, above, pp. 81–83. For "the Swiss Berthe," see above, p. 324; and compare *Præterita*, iii. §§ 38–40, and Vol. XXVII. p. 186.]

[2] [See Vol. XXVII. p. 53 *n.*]

[3] [The following passage is from the MS. notes for this lecture:—

"Now, in examining the power of these imageries you must remember first, that the subtleties of a close analytical inquiry into the varieties of emotion concerned in it would—or might—take all the student's hours of a lifetime. I could write another second volume of *Modern Painters*, and a very interesting one, on the modes of contemplative imagination, merely in explaining the differences between the modes of personification in the

102. And now, in the rest of my lecture, I had intended to give you a broad summary of the rise and fall of English art, born under this code of theology, and this enthusiasm of duty;—of its rise, from the rude vaults of Westminster, to the finished majesty of Wells;[1]—and of its fall, from that brief hour of the thirteenth century, through the wars of the Bolingbroke, and the pride of the Tudor, and the lust of the Stewart, to expire under the mocking snarl and ruthless blow of the Puritan. But you know that I have always, in my most serious work, allowed myself to be influenced by those Chances, as they

> Graces, the Seasons, the Months, and the Virtues. But through all these varieties of feeling and conception, fasten your own mind steadily on the stern separation between Faith in a Person, and Delight in an Imagination. My pleasure, or yours, if you have enough fancy to receive it, in seeing Fear dropping his sword as the birds rustle, or the month of May gathering her flowers, on the porch of Amiens, is a totally different one from that with which the Roman Senate sacrificed to its statue of Victory, or Giotto painted the marriage of St. Francis to Poverty; and these feelings are again separated, and by a still wider bar, from those which dictated the prayer of Tydides or Ulysses to Pallas, or with which a Catholic addresses a prayer to St. Barbara or St. Ursula.
>
> "Remember, therefore, that real prayer must always be offered to a real person, and that the entire power of all churches and religions whatsoever, depends on the frankness of their trust in the personal existence and sympathetic feelings of the Deities in whom they believe. And you must never let your full grasp of this vitality be touched by the interference of the symbolic or figurative truths associated with it. Pallas is the goddess of the air, and the light,—Neptune of the sea and the depth, Demeter of the earth and its harvests, and Vulcan of the fire and its arts; you will continually find the poets, and always the sculptors and painters, dwelling on their elemental character, and the whole generation of modern blockheads believing, with all the wood and mud and mucus they are made of, that the Gods never meant anything else.
>
> "But Pallas cleaving the cloud, and Poseidon calming the sea, are as real persons to a Greek soul, in the great days of Greece, as Christ on the lake of Galilee is to a Christian's—or was to a Christian's, in the great hour of Christendom, and you may rest absolutely on the general truth respecting Human Nature, that its fortitude and honour have hitherto depended (*cæteris paribus*) accurately on the intensity and simplicity of its trust in a Personal God."

For the reference to "Fear" on the porch of Amiens, see above, p. 152 (Plate XIV.). "The month of May" should be June: see above, p. 164 and Plate XXVI. For Giotto's "Marriage of St. Francis to Poverty," see Plate I. in Vol. XXVIII. (p. 164).]

[1] [For similar references to the cathedral of Wells, see Vol. VIII. p. 12, and Vol. XII. p. 92. Ruskin had taken for him a complete series of large photographs of the sculptures of the west front; the collection remains in a cabinet at Brantwood.]

are now called,—but to my own feeling and belief, guidances, and even, if rightly understood, commands,—which as far as I have read history, the best and sincerest men think providential. Had this lecture been on common principles of art, I should have finished it as I intended, without fear of its being the worse for my consistency. But it deals, on the contrary, with a subject, respecting which every sentence I write, or speak, is of importance in its issue; and I allowed, as you heard, the momentary observation of a friend, to give an entirely new cast to the close of my last lecture.[1] Much more, I feel it incumbent upon me in this one, to take advantage of the most opportune help, though in an unexpected direction, given me by my constant tutor, Professor Westwood.[2] I went to dine with him, a day or two ago, mainly—being neither of us, I am thankful to say, blue-ribanded—to drink his health on his recovery from his recent accident. Whereupon he gave me a feast of good talk, old wine, and purple manuscripts. And having had as much of all as I could well carry, just as it came to the good-night, out he brings, for a finish, this leaf of manuscript in my hand, which he has lent me to show you,—a leaf of the Bible of Charles the Bald!

A leaf of it, at least, as far as you or I could tell, for Professor Westwood's copy is just as good, in all the parts finished, as the original; and, for all practical purpose, I show you here in my hand a leaf of the Bible which your own King Alfred saw with his own bright eyes, and from which he learned his child-faith in the days of dawning thought!

103. There are few English children who do not know the story of Alfred, the king, letting the cakes burn, and being chidden by his peasant hostess. How few English children—nay, how few perhaps of their educated, not to

[1] [See above, p. 477.]
[2] [For whom, see Vol. XV. p. 424 *n.*]

say learned, elders—reflect upon, if even they know, the far different scenes through which he had passed when a child!

Concerning his father, his mother, and his own childhood, suppose you were to teach your children first these following main facts, before you come to the toasting of the muffin?

His father, educated by Helmstan, Bishop of Winchester, had been offered the throne of the great Saxon kingdom of Mercia in his early youth; had refused it, and entered, as a novice under St. Swithin, the monastery at Winchester. From St. Swithin, he received the monastic habit, and was appointed by Bishop Helmstan one of his sub-deacons!

"The quiet seclusion which Ethelwulph's slow* capacity and meek temper coveted" was not permitted to him by fate. The death of his elder brother left him the only living representative of the line of the West Saxon princes. His accession to the throne became the desire of the people. He obtained a dispensation from the Pope to leave the cloister; assumed the crown of Egbert; and retained Egbert's prime minister, Alstan, Bishop of Sherborne, who was the Minister in peace and war, the Treasurer, and the Counsellor, of the kings of England, over a space, from first to last, of fifty years.

Alfred's mother, Osburga, must have been married for love. She was the daughter of Oslac, the king's cup-bearer. Extolled for her piety and understanding, she bore the king four sons; dying before the last, Alfred, was five years old, but leaving him St. Swithin for his tutor. How little do any of us think, in idle talk of rain or no rain on St. Swithin's day, that we speak of the man whom

* Turner,[1] quoting William of Malmesbury, "Crassioris et hebetis ingenii,"—meaning that he had neither ardour for war, nor ambition for kinghood.

[1] [Sharon Turner's *History of England,* Book iv. ch. iv.; vol. i. p. 480.]

Alfred's father obeyed as a monk, and whom his mother chose for his guardian!

104. Alfred, both to father and mother, was the best beloved of their children. On his mother's death, his father sent him, being then five years old, with a great retinue through France and across the Alps, to Rome; and there the Pope anointed him King, (heir-apparent to the English throne,) at the request of his father.[1]

Think of it, you travellers through the Alps by tunnels, that you may go to balls at Rome, or hells at Monaco. Here is another manner of journey, another goal for it, appointed for your little king. At twelve, he was already the best hunter among the Saxon youths. Be sure he could sit his horse at five. Fancy the child, with his keen genius, and holy heart, riding with his Saxon chiefs beside him, by the Alpine flowers under Velan or Sempione, and down among the olives to Pavia, to Perugia, to Rome; there, like the little fabled Virgin, ascending the temple steps,[2] and consecrated to be King of England by the great Leo, Leo of the Leonine city, the saviour of Rome from the Saracen.

105. Two years afterwards, he rode again to Rome beside his father; the West Saxon king bringing presents to the Pope, a crown of pure gold weighing four pounds, a sword adorned with pure gold, two golden images,* four Saxon silver dishes; and giving a gift of gold to all the Roman clergy and nobles,† and of silver to the people.

* Turner, Book IV.,[3]—not a vestige of hint from the stupid Englishman, what the Pope wanted with crown, sword, or image! My own guess would be, that it meant an offering of the entire household strength, in war and peace, of the Saxon nation,—their crown, their sword, their household gods, Irminsul and Irminsula, their feasting, and their robes.

† Again, what does this mean? Gifts of honour to the Pope's immediate attendants—silver to all Rome? Does the modern reader think this is buying little Alfred's consecration too dear, or that Leo is selling the Holy Ghost?

[1] [See Sharon Turner, p. 487.]

[2] [In the pictures, for instance, of Giotto and Titian: see Vol. XXIII. pp. 320–321.]

[3] [Sharon Turner, ch. iv.; vol. i. p. 490.]

No idle sacrifices or symbols, these gifts of courtesy! The Saxon King rebuilt on the highest hill that is bathed by Tiber, the Saxon street and school, the Borgo,* of whose miraculously arrested burning, Raphael's fresco preserves the story to this day.[1] And further he obtained from Leo the liberty of all Saxon men from bonds in penance;—a first phase this of Magna Charta, obtained more honourably, from a more honourable person, than that document, by which Englishmen of this day suppose they live, move, and have being.[2]

106. How far into Alfred's soul, at seven years old, sank any true image of what Rome was, and had been; of what her Lion Lord was, who had saved her from the Saracen, and her Lion Lord had been, who had saved her from the Hun;[3] and what this Spiritual Dominion was, and was to be, which could make and unmake kings, and save nations, and put armies to flight; I leave those to say, who have learned to reverence childhood. This, at least, is sure, that the days of Alfred were bound each to each, not only by their natural piety,[4] but by the actual presence

* "Quæ in eorum lingua Burgus dicitur,—the place where it was situated was called the Saxon street, Saxonum vicus" (Anastasius, quoted by Turner[5]). There seems to me some evidence in the scattered passages I have not time to collate, that at this time the Saxon Burg, or tower, of a village, included the idea of its school.

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[1] [The fresco called *Incendio del Borgo* in the "Stanza dell' Incendio" in the Vatican. It represents the destruction of the suburb, or Città Leonina, in A.D. 847, then inhabited by the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims and called by them *Burgus*. According to tradition, the fire was approaching the Vatican when the Pope Leo IV. miraculously arrested its progress by prayer and the sign of the cross. For another reference to the tradition, see *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 82 (Vol. XXXIV.).]

[2] [Acts xvii. 28.]

[3] [The victory of Leo IV. over the Saracens at Ostia is the subject of another painting in the Vatican (by Giovanni da Udine); and the success of Leo I. in preventing Attila's entrance into Rome (A.D. 453), of a third (by Raphael).]

[4] [Wordsworth: lines (from the earlier poem on the *Rainbow*) prefixed to *Intimations of Immortality*:—

> "The Child is Father of the Man;
> And I could wish my days to be
> Bound each to each by natural view."]

[5] [Sharon Turner, ch. iv.; vol. i. p. 491.]

and appeal to his heart, of all that was then in the world most noble, beautiful, and strong against Death.

In this living Book of God he had learned to read, thus early; and with perhaps nobler ambition than of getting the prize of a gilded psalm-book at his mother's knee, as you are commonly told of him.[1] What sort of psalm-book it was, however, you may see from this leaf in my hand. For, as his father and he returned from Rome that year, they stayed agair at the Court of Charlemagne's grandson, whose daughter, the Princess Judith, Ethelwulph was wooing for Queen of England (not queen-consort, merely, but crowned queen, of authority equal to his own). From whom Alfred was like enough to have had a reading lesson or two out of her father's Bible; and like enough, the little prince, to have stayed her hand at this bright leaf of it, the Lion-leaf, bearing the symbol of the Lion of the tribe of Judah.[2]

107. You cannot, of course, see anything but the glittering from where you sit; nor even if you afterwards look at it near, will you find a figure the least admirable or impressive to you. It is not like Landseer's Lions in Trafalgar Square; nor like Tenniel's in *Punch;* still less like the real ones in Regent's Park. Neither do I show it you as admirable in any respect of art, other than that of skilfullest illumination. I show it you, as the most interesting Gothic type of the imagination of Lion; which, after the Roman Eagle, possessed the minds of all European warriors; until, as they themselves grew selfish and cruel, the symbols, which at first meant heaven-sent victory, or the strength and presence of some Divine spirit, became to them only the signs of their own pride or rage: the

[1] [See the passage from Sharon Turner quoted by Ruskin in Vol. XII. p. 476.]

[2] [An account of the "Bible of Charles the Bald"—in the National Library at Paris—will be found in Professor J. O. Westwood's *Palæographia Sacra Pictoria*, 1845, Plate 22, where, however, the page here referred to is not reproduced. The Bible was presented to the Emperor, grandson of Charlemagne, by Count Vivian and his brethren, monks of St. Martin of Tours.]

victor raven of Corvus[1] sinks into the shamed falcon of Marmion, and the lion-heartedness which gave the glory and the peace of the gods to Leonidas,[2] casts the glory and the might of kinghood to the dust before Chalus.*

That death, 6th April, 1199, ended the advance of England begun by Alfred, under the pure law of Religious Imagination. She began, already, in the thirteenth century, to be decoratively, instead of vitally, religious. The history of the Religious Imagination expressed between Alfred's time and that of Cœur de Lion, in this symbol of the Lion only, has material in it rather for all my seven lectures[3] than for the closing section of one; but I must briefly specify to you the main sections of it. I will keep clear of my favourite number seven,[4] and ask you to recollect the meaning of only Five, Mythic Lions.

108. First of all, in Greek art, remember to keep yourselves clear about the difference between the Lion and the Gorgon.

The Gorgon is the power of evil in heaven, conquered by Athena, and thenceforward becoming her ægis, when she is herself the inflictor of evil. Her helmet is then the helmet of Orcus.[5]

But the Lion is the power of death on earth, conquered by Heracles, and becoming thenceforward both his helmet

* *Fors Clavigera,* March 1871, p. 19.[6] Yet read the preceding pages, and learn the truth of the lion heart, while you mourn its pride. Note especially his absolute law against usury.

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[1] [For Marcus Valerius, surnamed Corvus or Raven, from the story of the bird that helped him to victory in single combat with a Gaul, see Livy, vii. 26, 27. For "the shamed falcon," see the story of *Marmion,* and particularly canto iii. stanza 31: "The falcon-crest was soiled with clay."]

[2] [For references to Leonidas as a typical hero, see Vol. XVIII. p. 354, Vol. XXVI. p. 116, and General Index.]

[3] [For the programme of the intended Seven Lectures, see above, p. 413.]

[4] [See Vol. I. p. 451, Vol. VIII. p. 138, and Vol. XXVII. pp. 82, 588.]

[5] [For the Gorgon on the ægis of Athena in anger, see Vol. XIX. p. 353, and Vol. XX. p. 142. In "the helmet of Orcus," Ruskin seems to refer to *Iliad,* v. 845.]

[6] [The reference is to the original edition of Letter 3. See now Vol. XXVII. p. 59; and for Richard Cœur-de-Lion's law against usury, p. 54.]

and ægis.[1] All ordinary architectural lion sculpture is derived from the Heraclean.

Then the Christian Lions are, first, the Lion of the Tribe of Judah—Christ Himself as Captain and Judge: "He shall rule the nations with a rod of iron,"[2] (the opposite power of His adversary, is rarely intended in sculpture unless in association with the serpent—"inculcabis supra leonem et aspidem");[3] secondly, the Lion of St. Mark, the power of the Gospel going out to conquest; thirdly, the Lion of St. Jerome, the wrath of the brute creation changed into love by the kindness of man;[4] and, fourthly, the Lion of the Zodiac, which is the Lion of Egypt[5] and of the Lombardic pillar-supports in Italy; these four, if you remember, with the Nemean Greek one, five altogether, will give you, broadly, interpretation of nearly all Lion symbolism in great art. How they degenerate into the British door knocker, I leave you to determine for yourselves, with such assistances as I may be able to suggest to you in my next lecture;[6] but, as the grotesqueness of human history plans it, there is actually a connection between that last degradation of the Leonine symbol, and its first and noblest significance.

109. You see there are letters round this golden Lion of Alfred's spelling-book, which his princess friend was likely enough to spell for him. They are two Latin hexameters:—

> Hic Leo, surgendo, portas confregit Averni
> Qui nunquam dormit, nusquam dormitat, in ævum.
>
> (This Lion, rising, burst the gates of Death:
> This, who sleeps not, nor shall sleep, for ever.)

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[1] [For Hercules and his victory over the Nemean lion, compare Vol. XIX. p. 353, and above, pp. 119, 120; for his lion crest, see Vol. XXII. p. 277.]

[2] [Revelation xii. 5; for the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, see Genesis xlix. 9.]

[3] [Psalms xci. 13: see Vol. XI. p. 93, and Vol. XXIV. p. 431.]

[4] [Compare *St. Mark's Rest*, § 179 (Vol. XXIV. p. 348); and *Bible of Amiens*, above, pp. 119–120.]

[5] [See Vol. IV. p. 303, and Vol. XII. p. 111; and for an example of the "Lombardic pillar supports," Plate I. in Vol. XX. (p. 214).]

[6] [The lecture was delivered November 15 and 17, 1884, but not published by Ruskin. For a report of it, see below, p. 505; but the Lion symbolism was not again mentioned.]

Now here is the Christian change of the Heraclean conquest of Death into Christ's Resurrection. Samson's bearing away the gates of Gaza is another like symbol,[1] and to the mind of Alfred, taught, whether by the Pope Leo for his schoolmaster, or by the great-granddaughter of Charlemagne for his schoolmistress,[2] it represented, as it did to all the intelligence of Christendom, Christ in His own first and last, Alpha and Omega, description of Himself,—

"I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, and *have the keys* of Hell and of Death."

And in His servant St. John's description of Him—

"Who is the Faithful Witness and the First-begotten of the dead, and the Prince of the kings of the earth."[3]

110. All this assuredly, so far as the young child, consecrated like David, the youngest of his brethren,[4] conceived his own new life in Earth and Heaven,—he understood already in the Lion symbol. But of all this I had no thought* when I chose the prayer of Alfred as the type of the Religion of his era,[5] in its dwelling, not on the deliverance from the punishment of sin, but from the poisonous sleep and death of it. Will you ever learn that prayer again,—youths who are to be priests, and knights, and kings of England, in these the latter days? when the gospel of Eternal Death is preached here in Oxford to you for the Pride of Truth? and "the mountain of the Lord's

* The reference to the Bible of Charles le Chauve was added to my second lecture (§ 53), in correcting the press, and mistakenly put into the text instead of the notes.[6]

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[1] [See Judges xvi.]
[2] [See above, p. 499.]
[3] [Revelation i. 13, 5.]
[4] [1 Samuel xvi. 12, 13; xvii. 14.]
[5] [See above, p. 453.]
[6] [Now correctly given; see, again, p. 453 *n.*]

House"[1] has become a Golgotha, and the "new song before the throne" sunk into the rolling thunder of the death rattle of the Nations, crying, "O Christ, where is Thy Victory!"

[The lecture as delivered was from § 102 to the end different. It was thus reported in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (and *Studies in Ruskin*, pp. 250–251):—

> "Mr. Ruskin then passed to a second pleasure of imagination—not any longer that of exalting the memory of dead persons, but that of setting up their images and investing them with sanctity. 'Fors Clavigera' came in the form of a letter from Miss Alexander ('Francesca') to clench this matter with an illustration from modern Italian life. In this letter Miss Alexander describes the Madonna whom she saw enshrined in an orphanage as a stout heavy person in impossible drapery—much improved of late in cleanliness, if not in beauty or sanctity, by a coating of white oil paint. One of the girls had given her a rose, another a set of earrings. 'I pierced the ears myself,' added the Lady Superior, 'with a gimlet.' 'There,' said Mr. Ruskin, 'you have the perfection of childlike imagination—making everything out of nothing.'
>
> "Of Saturday's lecture a written peroration was again wanting, and the conclusion of the whole matter was shown instead in two pictures—'the two most perfect pictures in the world.' One was a small piece from Tintoret's Paradise in the Ducal Palace, representing the group of St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St. Gregory, St. Augustine, and behind St. Augustine 'his mother watching him, her chief joy in Paradise.' There was some little movement of laughter among the audience as Mr. Ruskin found that he had placed the sketch upside down.[2] 'But it is little matter,' he added, 'for in Tintoret's Paradise you have heaven all round you—a work of pure imagination, and that, too, by a dyer's son in Venice.' The other picture was the Arundel Society's reproduction ('a Society which has done more for us than we have any notion of') of the altar-piece by Giorgione, in his native hamlet of Castel Franco. 'No picture in the world can show you better the seeing and realizing imagination of Christian painters. Giorgione in no wise intends you to suppose that the Madonna ever sat thus on a pedestal with a coat of arms upon it, or that St. George and St. Francis ever stood, or do now stand, in that manner beside her; but that a living Venetian may, in such vision, most deeply and rightly conceive of her and of them. As such this picture is alone in the world, as an imaginative representation of Christianity, with a monk and a soldier on either side, the soldier bearing the white cross of everlasting peace on the purple ground of former darkness."
>
> "It would appear," added the *Pall Mall Gazette*, by way of supplement to the above report, "from one of the incidental passages of autobiography in Mr. Ruskin's lecture on Saturday, that he is as much a victim of the demon of noise as was his master Carlyle. Among other passages which he read was one from Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, in which it is told how Adalbert, Bishop of Prague, was sleeping by the roadside when 'a Bohemian shepherd chanced to pass that way, warbling something on

[1] [Isaiah ii. 2. For the following Bible references, see Revelation xiv. 3; 1 Corinthians xv. 55.]

[2] [See Vol. XX. pp. xxvi.–xxvii.]

his pipe, as he wended towards looking after his flock; and seeing the sleeper on his stone pillow, the thoughtless Czech mischievously blew louder.' Adalbert awoke, and shrieked in his fury, 'Deafness on thee, man cruel to the human sense of hearing!'—or words to that effect. The curse was punctually fulfilled, and the fellow was deaf for the rest of his life. 'What a pity,' said Mr. Ruskin, 'that you have no Bishop Adalbert in Oxford! You think yourselves very musical, with your twiddlings and fiddlings of organs after service, but you allow "that beastly hooter" to wake me every morning, and so to make life among you intolerable in these days.'"

The letter from Francesca referred to above will be found in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 96 (Vol. XXIX. p. 526). The studies (by Signor Alessandri) from the Paradise are at Sheffield (Vol. XXX. p. 199). For other references to the Giorgione, see above, p. 407; Vol. XI. p. 240 *n.*; and Vol. XXXII. p. 307 *n.* For the passage from Carlyle, see *Friedrich*, Book ii. ch. ii.]

LECTURE V

PROTESTANTISM: THE PLEASURES OF TRUTH

(*Delivered November* 15 *and* 17, 1884)

[This lecture was not published by Ruskin. The following report of it (pp. 505–510) is mainly reprinted from the *Pall Mall Gazette* (and E. T. Cook's *Studies in Ruskin*, pp. 252–263)—"mainly," because Ruskin's MS. notes have been found and are here substituted for parts of the first passages in the report.]

111. The space of history in Christendom, represented by the changes in the temper of England which I propose to illustrate in this lecture, is not, as in the four previous ones, definable by reigns of Kings, because it takes place in different parts of England, Scotland, and Germany, at different times. I therefore can only define it by its character, calling it the Period of Protestantism, that is to say, the bearing witness for spiritual truth against either manifest spiritual falsehood, or the danger of falsehood; and the bearing witness for justice against manifest iniquity, or the danger of it,—so fortifying the certainly known truths of religion against the fancies or fictions of past Priests, and securing the liberties—so called—of the subject against the cruelties or insolences of past Kings.

112. These two Protests are absolutely distinct, and merely by chance coincident.

The first Protest, for the Truth of Religion, is in all countries that properly termed the *Reformation.*

The second Protest, that for the Rights of the Subject, is that properly called and known in all countries as the *Revolution.*

The Reformation means in the sum of it—John Knox; the Revolution, John Hampden.[1]

John Knox says, I will not be cheated in religion. John Hampden, I will not be taxed in pocket. It indeed happens continually that the Protestant is fighting at once against lies and taxation, and then he becomes a Protestant to the second power,[2] just as it happens also that a Catholic may be fighting at once for lies and taxation, and then he is a Catholic to the second power. But the quarrels are totally distinct always. The Religion of Jeanie Deans against that of Catherine Seyton[3] means the

[1] [In the report, "John Knox, or if you will, Luther; but I like Knox better."]

[2] [The first draft of the MS. has "a Protestant squared" (instead of "to the second power"), and this must have been the word used by Ruskin, which appears as "a Protestant squire" in the report.]

[3] [For other references to Jeanie Deans, see above, p. 488; to Catherine Seyton (*Abbot*), *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 109 (Vol. XXXIV.).]

Reformation; the Action of Major Bridgenorth against Peveril of the Peak means the Revolution.[1] The Reformers and Revolutionists think they have at present got it all their own way. But we Catholics—I call myself one for simplicity's sake, being on their side—believe that a day will yet come when we shall again see visions of things that are not as though they were, and be able, with Edward the Confessor, to tax the whole Kingdom at a blow one tenth of its property[2] to build a Church with a weathercock on the top of it, emergent into the sky from the filth of London.

113. Now all the beauty of Protestantism you will find embodied by two great masters of historical symbol: namely, by Scott in the character of Jeanie Deans, standing for the truth, against far more than her own life, against her sister's, and in Continental literature by Gotthelf in the character of Freneli in *Ulric the Farmer*,[3] compelling against her husband's avarice the restitution of the money unjustly possessed by him. All the beauty of Protestantism is in these, and I leave you to study it in them. My intention to-day is to show you the limits of Protestantism, and the narrowness of the truth it possesses as compared with the infinitude and beauty of the Spectral pleasures of Catholicism.

> [Here Ruskin's MS. breaks off with "So much for plan—the execution only as I have time." Then follow a few notes for the remainder of the lecture; from this point, therefore, the report is used.]

114. Leaving the beauty of Protestantism, the pleasures of truth, to the description of them in these two novels, Mr. Ruskin himself turned to the other side of the question, and proposed to show rather the narrowness of its rigid truth in comparison with the beauty of the spectral phenomena in which Catholicism delights. For this purpose he had brought with him two pictures—one by Turner, the other a copy from Carpaccio. The Turner was a large water-colour drawing, measuring somewhere about 20 inches by 15 inches, in his early or brown period, of a stream and a grove. "There," said Mr. Ruskin, pointing to it, "is a spectral grove for you, the very εἴδωλον of a grove. There never was such a grove or such a stream. You may photograph every grove in the world, and never will you get so ghostly a one as this. I cannot tell you where it is; I can only swear to you that it never existed anywhere except in Turner's head. It is the very best Turner drawing I ever saw of this heroic period, the period in which he painted the 'Garden of the Hesperides' and 'Apollo Killing the Python.'[4] I picked it up by pure chance, the other day, in

[1] [The report has:—

> "I refer to Scott, now and always, for historical illustration, because he is far and away the best writer of history we have. Our only historians (ordinarily so called) are Carlyle, Froude, and Helps, but none of them can see all round a thing as Scott does. Froude does not even know whether he is a Catholic or a Protestant; Carlyle is first the one, and then the other; while Helps is deficient because he never understands Catholicism at all."

Compare § 124 (p. 512).]

[2] [See Stanley's *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, p. 22.]

[3] [The continuation of *Ulric the Farm Servant:* see Vol. XXXII. p. xxxv.]

[4] [Nos. 477 and 483 in the National Gallery: see Vol. XIII. pp. 113, 122.]

the shop of my friend Mr. Sewening, of Duke Street, St. James's, to whose excellent judgment, by the way, I now refer any pictures which are sent to me to verify.[1] He thought it might be a Turner, and asked me £40 for it. I was sure it was, and gave him 50 guineas, and I now present it to your gallery at Oxford, to be an idol to you, I hope, for evermore."[2]

115. "And here," added Mr. Ruskin, turning to the other picture, "is a Spectral Girl—an idol of a girl—never was such a girl. Ask the sweetest you can find to your college gardens, show your Phyllis the brightest flowers *qua crines religata fulget*,[3] she will not look like this one."[4] This was a copy of the head in Carpaccio's "Dream of St. Ursula," the picture of which Mr. Ruskin has written so much in *Fors Clavigera* and his Venetian guide-books,[5] and which was largely referred to, by the way, by Mr. Wingfield,[6] in the recent revival of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum, for the details of a Venetian interior. "Never was twisted hair like hers—twisted, like that of all Venetian girls, in memory of the time when they first made their hair into ropes for the fugitive ships at Aquileia. You will never see such hair, nor such peace beneath it on the brow—*Pax Vobiscum*—the peace of heaven, of infancy, and of death. No one knows who she is or where she lived. She is Persephone at rest below the earth; she is Proserpine at play above the ground. She is Ursula, the gentlest yet the rudest of little bears; a type in that, perhaps, of the moss rose, or of the rose *spinosissima*, with its rough little buds. She is in England, in Cologne, in Venice, in Rome, in eternity, living everywhere, dying everywhere, the most intangible yet the most practical of all saints,—queen, for one thing, of female education, when once her legend is rightly understood. This sketch of her head is the best drawing I ever made. Carpaccio's picture is hung, like all good pictures, out of sight, seven feet above the ground;[7] but the Venetian Academy had it taken down for me, and I traced every detail in it accurately to a hair's breadth. It took me a day's hard work to get that spray of silver hair loosening itself rightly from the coil, and twelve times over had I to try the mouth. And to-day, assuming Miss Shaw Lefevre's[8] indulgence, I present it to the girls of Somerville Hall. Perhaps the picture of a princess's room, of which it is a part, may teach the young ladies there not to make their rooms too pretty—to remember that they come to Oxford to be uncomfortable and to suffer a little—to learn whatever can be learnt in Oxford, which is not much, and even to live as little Ursulas, in rough gardens, not on lawns made smooth for tennis.

116. "Such is the lesson of the legend of St. Ursula; and now," continued Mr. Ruskin, "I must tell you somewhat of a Doge of Venice who

[1] [For a circular to this effect, issued by Ruskin at the time, see Vol. XXXIV.]
[2] [The drawing was, however, afterwards withdrawn, and is now at Brantwood: see Vol. XXX. p. 82 and *n*. For another reference to it, see below, p. 534.]
[3] [Horace, *Odes*, iv. 11, 5: quoted also in Vol. XVIII. p. lxxii.]
[4] [The report has here been slightly corrected from Ruskin's MS. notes.]
[5] [See the references given in Vol. XXIV. p. li.]
[6] [Mr. Lewis Wingfield, who assisted Irving in the scenery for this revival.]
[7] [Now placed on the line: see Vol. XXIV. pp. liii.–liv.]
[8] [Then Principal of Somerville Hall.]

lived by the light of superstitions such as this, a Catholic and a brave man withal, *Cattolico uomo e audace*, 'the servant of God and of St. Michael.'"[1] To avoid mistakes to-day and corrections to-morrow,[2] Mr. Ruskin craved permission to read again from his Venetian handbook, *St. Mark's Rest*, which had always been meant for reading,[3] and had now been retouched.

The longest of these new touches was suggested by "The Truth about the Navy,"[4] which Mr. Ruskin had been reading, he said, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*; from which he gathered that the British people having spent several hundreds of millions on blowing iron bubbles—"the earth hath bubbles, as the water has, and these are of them"[5]—would soon be busy blowing more. Nothing could be more tragically absurd than the loss of the *Captain* and the *London*, unless it were the loss of the *Eurydice*[6]—without her Orpheus then. There was nothing the matter, except that Governments were donkeys enough to build in iron instead of wood, just in order that the ironmongers might get their commissions. They were honest enough, these Governments, but they allowed the ironmongers to work them round like screws. Whoever heard of a Venetian man-of-war going over? A gale was nothing at all to a wooden ship; Venice would have laughed at it, rejoiced in it. They never heard of a Venetian being upset or making for the shore. Why? Because they had been broken in to the life of the rough sea. "You think that you know what boating is; but why don't you practise in the open sea, as the Venetians did,[7] instead of spoiling the Isis, here?" But with the *London*, she was crossing the Bay of Biscay when it got a little rough; the wind blew the bulwarks down, and down the ship went bodily. The only grand thing connected with it was that the captain, looking over the bulwarks as the last boat was launched, gave the crew their latitude, and said he would go down with his ship, and he did. Mr. Ruskin had no patience, in face of disasters like those of the *London* and the *Captain*, with all the talk about our splendid British seamanship. It was bombastic English blarney—not Irish, for there was always wit in an Irish bull, but only a double blunder in an English one—all that talk about sweeping the fleets of all other nations

[1] [See *St. Mark's Rest*, § 3 (Vol. XXIV. p. 208).]

[2] [For the reference here, see above, p. 481 *n.*]

[3] [See also above, p. 481 *n.*]

[4] [A series of articles (afterwards republished in pamphlet form as an "extra"), calling attention to the state of the navy and demanding additional expenditure—a demand complied with in December 1884, when Lord Northbrook, First Lord of the Admiralty, applied for 5½ millions for the purpose.]

[5] [*Macbeth*, Act i. sc. 3.]

[6] [For other references to the loss of the *Captain*, see *Candida Casa*, § 18 (above, p. 217); and to that of the *London*, *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 107 (Vol. XVIII. p. 474 and *n.*). The *Eurydice* rolled over (March 24, 1878) at the back of the Isle of Wight in a squall, as described by R. C. Leslie (an eye-witness) in his *Sea-Painter's Log*, 1886, p. 69.]

[7] [It is said that the successful row of an Oxford crew on July 25, 1885, from Dover to Calais, with Mr. W. H. Grenfell (Lord Desborough) as stroke, was inspired by this passage. The boat was a clinker-built, sliding-seat eight-oar, with stringed rowlocks. "We got across," says Lord Desborough, "in 4 hrs. 20 min. We filled several times, and bailed the water out with jam-pots with which I provided the crew; sometimes her bows were a long way in the air, and sometimes her stern. The Mayor of Calais received us with a Vin d'Honneur."]

off the seas. "You went under Napier and knocked your heads against Cronstadt,[1] and Cronstadt cared no more for you than if you had been a flight of swallows or sparrows. Then you went and knocked your heads against Sebastopol; and, in spite of all the lies in the newspapers, every one knew that the British fleet had been thoroughly well licked. And now you have been bombarding Alexandria, and narrowly escaped being done for by a few Arabs.[2] So much for the proud supremacy of the British navy and its ironclads." They might say that all this was irrelevant; but there was no finer art than ship-building, and they would find that out when he set them to draw ships; they were only drawing shells now. Even a draughtsman could not draw two sides of a ship alike; nobody but Turner ever did. They might say one of the subjects forbidden to him was political economy; but that subject, too, would be forced on them all pretty soon. For when all the present ships were destroyed the new ones would also go "snap" in like fashion.

117. The chapter from which Mr. Ruskin was reading when this parenthesis came in is the one entitled "The Burden of Tyre," and tells the story of Domenico Michiel, the Nelson of Venice, the doge who brought back in 1126, from his wars against the Saracens, the famous pillars of the Piazzetta. Besides them, he brought the dead bodies of St. Donato and St. Isidore; for the Venice of his day was intensely covetous, not only of money, though she loved that too, nor of kingdom, nor of pillars of marble and granite, but "also and quite principally of the relics of good people, of their dust to dust, ashes to ashes." He himself lies buried behind the altar of the church of S. Giorgio Maggiore, and on his tomb there was this inscription written, "Whosoever thou art, who cometh to behold this tomb of his, bow thyself down before God, because of him."[3]

118. "That," said Mr. Ruskin, "is the feeling of all 'Old Catholics' in the presence of a shrine; they worship not the hero or the saint, but 'God because of him.' Against all this comes the witness of Protestantism, partly honest, partly hypocritical, with good knowledge of a few minor things, but ignorant hatred of all above and beyond itself. Here I have for you a type of the honest but not liberally minded Protestant," said Mr. Ruskin, disclosing a sketch of a little porker.[4] "The little pig walks along, you see, knowing every inch of its ground, having in its snout a capital instrument for grubbing up things. You may be shocked, perhaps, at my selection of this animal for the type of a religious sect; but if you could but realize all the beautiful things which the insolence of Protestantism has destroyed, you would think surely the Gadarene swine[5] too good for it. But my illustration is, at any rate, appropriate as significant of the Protestant and Evangelical art which can draw a pig

[1] [For another allusion to this expedition, see *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 157 (Vol. XVIII. p. 511 and *n.*).]

[2] [The bombardment of Alexandria, by the British fleet under Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour, July 11, 1882.]

[3] [See Vol. XXIV. pp. 210–217. Phrases in the text above which do not quite accord with *St. Mark's Rest* were added by Ruskin in reading the passage.]

[4] [Probably a copy from Bewick; see Vol. XXI. p. 91.]

[5] [See Mark v.]

to perfection, but never a pretty lady."[1] Mr. Ruskin then passed on to the hypocritical Protestant, and produced as the type of him a sketch in black and white of a truly repulsive Mr. Stiggins with a concertina.

119. These two sketches were to illustrate the religious ghostly ideal. The heroic ideal was illustrated from poetry. The faith in human honour, taking the place of the faith in religion, which is the groundwork of this ideal, passes into the noble pride of the true knight; and it is when this noble pride passes into malignant pride that the Revolution comes. Of the true knight, the perfect type is Douglas in *The Lady of the Lake.*[2] "No one reads Scott now," Mr. Ruskin here parenthetically remarked, "and I am going to send his poems and novels by the gross to classes in our elementary schools—not for prizes to be awarded by competition, but to be given to any boy or girl who is good and likes to read poetry. I should like to see the children draw lots for the books, and the one who wins not keep the book, but have the right of giving it away—a very subtle little moral lesson."[3] Mr. Ruskin then read some stanzas from the fifth canto of *The Lady of the Lake,* describing the burghers' sports before King James at Stirling, the classical passage in Scott corresponding to the games in Virgil. The passage is typical, too, of that association with his dog, his horse, and his falcon which is a mark of the knight, the clown being one who cannot keep these animals, or does not know how to use them. "It was very bad of Douglas, you may think, to knock a man down for the sake of a dog—a creature that we should think nothing of torturing nowadays for a month to find out the cause of a pimple on our own red noses." Mr. Ruskin then went on to the stanzas which he wished all who cared to please him at once to learn by heart, the stanzas in which

> "With grief the noble Douglas saw
> The commons rise against the law;"

and bade them hear

> "Ere yet for me
> Ye break the bands of fealty."[4]

[Among Ruskin's MSS. of notes, etc., for *The Pleasures of England* there are, in addition to the Notes above mentioned and used (p. 505), two fragments headed "Protestantism." They were either first drafts for the lecture, or alternative beginnings of a revised lecture as he intended to print it. These fragments now follow (pp. 510–520).]

120. All the youth of England, but chiefly the students in her universities, have of late been sorely troubled by a series of Protestant Historians of the type of Thomas Babington Macaulay,[5] who assume for the

[1] [For this remark in connexion with Bewick, see *Art of England,* § 196 (above, p. 396).]
[2] [Compare *Præterita,* i. § 7.]
[3] [A lesson used by Ruskin in his May Day Festival: see Vol. XXX. p. 338.]
[4] [See stanzas 27, 28.]
[5] [See above, p. 444.]

only safe basis, and the only desirable conclusion, of historical study, that the British Constitution as represented by an election for the borough of Eatanswill[1] and the public dinner and speeches following the success of the popular candidate, is the perfect and eternally-to-endure consummation of the labours of united mankind in the pursuit of wisdom and truth; with the necessary corollary that the present daily life of a British citizen of London or Manchester, enlightened by the Liberal newspapers, and cleansed by Pears's soap, is the admirablest state to which Humanity can ever hope to arrive either in this world or in any other.

121. I received two somewhat impressive lessons on the force and universality of these persuasions just on leaving Oxford after finishing my course of lectures in 1883, and again on leaving London in the spring of 1884[2]—in both cases with the hope of pursuing the subject of our present inquiries in the comparative peace of a provincial cathedral town. From Oxford I went through the really beautiful country which is traversed by the railway line through Evesham, and under the Malvern Hills, to Worcester; where I had hopes to see the sunset light in the Cathedral aisles; but was in time only to have its doors shut in my face at six o'clock. Turning from the lateral porch of the inhospitable shrine towards the Severn, I found the fall of the bank, or, it might be almost called the hillside, from the west front of the Cathedral to the river, fenced in by the modern Artist and Beadle with more iron railings than would have been necessary even for the County Bridewell.[3] Meditating bitterly on these symbols and illustrations of British liberty and behaviour, I was nevertheless disturbed and attracted by the sugary architecture and highly coloured advertisements of a flourishing grocer's window, in which the lavished heaps of tea were covered with an African battle piece out of the *Illustrated London News* moralized by the words WE WIN in illuminated capitals, and by the following aphorism, ascribed to the sapience of Lord Macaulay, "Competition is to trade, what salt is to the Earth, the grand preserving Element." I have not verified the quotation, but as it stands it is a double blunder tripled with impiety. Salt is *not* a preserving element to this earth—but to flesh; neither is it to living flesh, but to dead; and the words of Christ, of which the reader's memory is confounded by this false echo of them, were used of the salt which gave savour to sacrifice, not of that which delayed corruption: the "have salt in yourselves and have peace one with another"[4] being the exact forbidding of Lord Macaulay's Salt of Trade.

122. Again in 1884, I came round from London by Hereford, rather

[1] [See *Pickwick*, ch. xiii.]

[2] [For Ruskin's visit in June 1883, see above, p. xlvii.; the diary shows that he was at Hereford, March 15–17, 1884.]

[3] [The following extract from a private letter refers to this visit to Worcester:—

> "If strength is spared me for my duty in Oxford, it is as much as I am allowed now to hope; and I was put in such a passion last month by the late openings and early closings and general deadliness at Worcester that I dare not venture on any more English cathedral work for some time to come. I sometimes wish they were all in ruins rather than in their chill of uselessness."

This extract was printed in the *Westminster Gazette*, February 22, 1900.]

[4] [Mark ix. 50.]

to see the Wye once more than for any knowledge or pleasure I could get out of the modern model of the once noble Norman church,[1] yet I found much that was yet precious in the interior, of which the impression was singularly complicated by finding even on the Sunday the west end fenced—as at Worcester, from all approach, by locked iron gates, and faced by a new timber house, built in Gothic form indeed, but only as an advertisement, and proclaiming itself in golden letters as the abode of a "Civil and Military Tailor from Sackville Street, Piccadilly, and professional Breeches Maker"—who also supplies, I don't myself see the connection of the business, "Ladies' walking habits and jackets."

123. I need not tell you that, in the treatment of my immediate subject, the Pleasures of Truth, I have no intention of including the devices of the arts of this form of Advertising Protestantism. It is, on the contrary, with the purpose of vindicating the real Evangelical religion from the disgrace into which modern commerce and luxury have brought it, that I invite you to-day to consider with me in what measure the praise of it is just, which the four English Historians who justly claim your most respectful and trustful attention agree to bestow upon it with all their hearts.

124. Of these four, Scott, Carlyle, Froude, and Helps,[2] the first indeed might be thought by some of you to be only half-hearted in his Protestant faith. But through all the dramatic vivacity with which he has seen and rendered the failings or national peculiarities of the Scottish Presbyterians, his conviction of their rightness and essential virtue will be found deep and unshaken; he differs from Carlyle only in his imaginative enjoyment of the outer paraphernalia of Catholicism; of its spirit he is intolerant, and of its virtues incredulous,[3] while Carlyle is always, to both, far-sightedly, and reverently, just.

It is, therefore, only with his opinion on the general meaning of the Reformation that I shall concern myself, in this lecture, recommending to you, at the same time, the most careful reading both of Froude and Helps in order to enable you to form right estimate of particular facts, beginning with Froude's discourse at St. Andrews[4] for the best expression of what he himself sees, understands, or means by Protestantism.

125. For my purposes to-day it will be enough that I read to you, as a sum of the united feeling of these three men, Carlyle's statement of the meaning of the Reformation to Europe, given in the eighth chapter of *Friedrich*:[5]—

"The Reformation was the great Event of that Sixteenth Century; according as a man did something in that, or did nothing and obstructed doing, has he much claim to memory, or no claim, in this age of ours. The more it becomes apparent that the Reformation was the Event then transacting itself, was the thing that

[1] [Commenced by Bishop Losing (1079–1095); with subsequent additions in the Early English and Decorated styles; at the end of the eighteenth century injured by Wyatt; dealt with in the nineteenth by Cottingham and Sir Gilbert Scott.]

[2] [See above, § 113 and *n.* (p. 506); on Carlyle, see further, below, p. 514; and on Froude, p. 516. See also *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 88 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 387 *seq.*).]

[3] [Compare above, p. 228 and *n.*]

[4] [On "Calvinism"; in *Short Studies upon Great Subjects.*]

[5] [Eighth chapter of Book iii.]

Germany and Europe either did or refused to do, the more does the historical significance of men attach itself to the phases of that transaction. Accordingly we notice henceforth that the memorable points of Brandenburg History, what of it sticks naturally to the memory of a reader or student, connect themselves of their own accord, almost all with the History of the Reformation. That has proved to be the Law of Nature in regard to them, softly establishing itself; and it is ours to follow that law.

"Brandenburg, not at first unanimously, by no means too inconsiderately, but with overwhelming unanimity when the matter became clear, was lucky enough to adopt the Reformation;—and stands by it ever since in its ever-widening scope, amid such difficulties as there might be. Brandenburg had felt somehow, that it could do no other. And ever onwards through the times even of our little Fritz and farther, if we will understand the word 'Reformation,' Brandenburg so feels; being, at this day, to an honourable degree, incapable of believing incredibilities, of adopting solemn shams, or pretending to live on spiritual moonshine. Which has been of uncountable advantage to Brandenburg:—how could it fail? This was what we must call obeying the audible voice of Heaven. To which same 'voice,' at that time, all that did not give ear,—what has become of them since; have they not signally had the penalties to pay!

"'Penalties': quarrel not with the old phraseology, good reader; attend rather to the thing it means. The word was heard of old, with a right solemn meaning attached to it, from theological pulpits and such places; and may still be heard there with a half meaning, or with no meaning, though it has rather become obsolete to modern ears. But the *thing* should not have fallen obsolete; the thing is a grand and solemn truth, expressive of a silent Law of Heaven, which continues forever valid. The most untheological of men may still assert the thing; and invite all men to notice it, as a silent monition and prophecy in this Universe; to take it, with more of awe than they are wont, as a correct reading of the Will of the Eternal in respect of such matters; and, in their modern sphere, to bear the same well in mind. For it is perfectly certain, and may be seen with eyes in any quarter of Europe at this day.

"Protestant or not Protestant? The question meant everywhere: 'Is there anything of nobleness in you, O Nation, or is there nothing? Are there, in this Nation, enough of heroic men to venture forward, and to battle for God's Truth *versus* the Devil's Falsehood, at the peril of life and more? Men who prefer death, and all else, to living under Falsehood,—who, once for all, will not live under Falsehood; but having drawn the sword against it (the time being come for that rare and important step), throw away the scabbard, and can say, in pious clearness, with their whole soul: 'Come on, then! Life under Falsehood is not good for me; and we will try it out now. Let it be to the death between us, then!'

"Once risen into this divine white-heat of temper, were it only for a season and not again, the Nation is thenceforth considerable through all its remaining history. What immensities of *dross* and crypto-poisonous matter will it not burn out of itself in that high temperature, in the course of a few years! Witness Cromwell and his Puritans,—making England habitable even under the Charles-Second terms for a couple of centuries more. Nations are benefited, I believe, for ages, by being thrown once into divine white-heat in this matter. And no Nation that has not had such divine paroxysms at any time is apt to come to much.

"That was now, in this epoch, the English of 'adopting Protestantism'; and we need not wonder at the results which it has had, and which the want of it has had. For the want of it is literally the want of loyalty to the Maker of this Universe. He who wants that, what else has he, or can he have? If you do not, you Man or you Nation, love the truth enough, but try to make a chapman-bargain with truth, instead of giving yourself wholly soul and body and life to her, Truth will not live with you, Truth will depart from you; and only logic, 'Wit' (for example, 'London Wit'), Sophistry, Virtù, the Æsthetic Arts, and perhaps, (for a short while) Book-keeping by Double Entry, will abide with you. You will follow falsity, and think it truth, you unfortunate man or nation. You will right

surely, you for one, stumble to the Devil; and are every day and hour, little as you imagine it, making progress thither.

"Austria, Spain, Italy, France, Poland,—the offer of the Reformation was made everywhere; and it is curious to see what has become of the nations that would not hear it. In all countries were some that accepted; but in many there were not enough, and the rest, slowly or swiftly, with fatal difficult industry, contrived to burn them out. Austria was once full of Protestants, but the hide-bound Flemish-Spanish Kaiser-element presiding over it, obstinately, for two centuries, kept saying, 'No; we, with our dull obstinate Cimburgis underlip and lazy eyes, with our ponderous Austrian depth of Habituality and indolence of Intellect, we prefer steady Darkness to uncertain new Light!'—and all men may see where Austria now is. Spain still more; poor Spain, going about, at this time, making its '*pronunciamentos*'; all the factious attorneys in its little towns assembling to *pronounce* virtually this, 'The Old *is* a lie, then;—good Heavens, after we so long tried hard, harder than any nation, to think it a truth!—and if it be not Rights of Man, Red Republic and Progress of the Species, we know not what now to believe or to do; and are as a people stumbling on steep places, in the darkness of midnight!'—They refused Truth when she came; and now Truth knows nothing of them. All stars, and heavenly lights, have become veiled to such men; they must now follow terrestrial *ignes fatui*, and think them stars. That is the doom passed upon them.

"Italy too had its Protestants; but Italy killed them; managed to extinguish Protestantism. Italy put up silently with Practical Lies of all kinds; and, shrugging its shoulders, preferred going into Dilettantism and the Fine Arts. The Italians, instead of the sacred service of Fact and Performance, did Music, Painting, and the like:—till even that has become impossible for them; and no noble Nation, sunk from virtue to *virtu*, ever offered such a spectacle before. He that will prefer Dilettantism in this world for his outfit, shall have it; but all the gods will depart from him; and manful veracity, earnestness of purpose, devout depth of soul, shall no more be his. He can if he like make himself a soprano, and sing for hire;—and probably that is the real goal for him.

"But the sharpest-cut example is France; to which we constantly return for illustration. France, with its keen intellect, saw the truth and saw the falsity, in those Protestant times; and, with its ardour of generous impulse, was prone enough to adopt the former. France was within a hair's-breadth of becoming actually Protestant. But France saw good to massacre Protestantism, and end it in the night of St. Bartholomew 1572. The celestial Apparitor of Heaven's Chancery, so we may speak, the Genius of Fact and Veracity, had left his Writ of Summons; Writ was read;—and replied to in this manner. The Genius of Fact and Veracity accordingly withdrew;—was staved off, got kept away, for two hundred years. But the Writ of Summons had been served; Heaven's Messenger could not stay away forever. No; he returned duly; with accounts run up, on compound interest, to the actual hour, in 1792;—and then, at last, there had to be a 'Protestantism'; and we know of what kind that was!

"Nations did not so understand it, nor did Brandenburg more than the others; but the question of questions for them at that time, decisive of their history for half a thousand years to come, was, Will you obey the heavenly voice, or will you not?"

Now although I read you this as an *ex parte* statement, and am about to dispute, and, as I believe, correct it in many particulars, yet I pray you to observe that in its very partiality it deserves your respect as the utterance of a man throwing his whole heart forth in one direction, the necessary one in his eyes, and blind, therefore, to the bearings of other things on this side or that,—you are to distinguish this kind of narrowness with the most reverent sympathy from the cold injustice of common

partizanship, which deliberately, cunningly, and by daily habit, picks up whatever it can find to prop its theory, or push its cause, and deliberately conceals or evades whatever is at variance with its conceptions, or adverse to its wishes.

126. Carlyle's life was spent in endeavouring to make the British Nation perceive the falsehood of present ways, and wherever in former history he sees the shadow, or the beginning of falsehood, he fastens upon that as if it were the only—or the all-embracing—evil of the time. Wherever also he sees the effort to be true, for that effort's sake he forgives all rudeness of mind and lowness of aim. And in this sense and limitation, what he tells you of the Reforming Church and the States defending it, is to be read with entire consent. The Reformation *does* mean, in one function of it, the endeavour of persons left illiterate by the neglect of the Catholic Church, or wilfully deceived for the sake of its worldly interests, to recover for themselves the possession and pure meaning of the Bible, and prove for themselves the origin and sweetness of personal religion as distinct from a torpid faith in vicarious offering, or prayer.

127. In this sense alone I am about to speak of the Reformation in the present lecture; as its spirit was represented by Friedrich's single sentence in his first proclamation on the subject of religion—"in this country every man must be served in his own fashion."[1] But that you may first recognize how deeply, even in his hottest sympathy with the Reformation, Carlyle felt what poor results it had at last achieved, and what nobler things it had lost sight of, I read you farther one of those notable passages in *Friedrich* which, with unadvised modesty, its author gave in parenthetic small print,—as if the hasty reader might skip them at pleasure,—while he allowed his volumes to be swollen by the full printed text of any small gossip or genealogies concerning Friedrich's family. The piece I want you not thus to lose concerns the one hope of Friedrich to gather round him the Illuminative souls of the World—to be "a new Charlemagne, even the smallest new Charlemagne of spiritual type, with *his* Paladins round him, how glorious, how salutary in the dim generations now going!" "The Epoch," Carlyle goes on, "though Friedrich took it kindly and never complained, was ungenial to such a man":[2]—

". . . Pilgriming along on such nourishment, the best human soul fails to become very ruddy!—Tidings about Heaven are fallen so uncertain, but the Earth and her joys are still interesting: 'Take to the Earth and her joys;—let your soul go out, since it must; let your five senses and their appetites be well alive.' That is a dreadful 'Sham-Christian Dispensation' to be born under! You wonder at the want of heroism in the Eighteenth Century. Wonder rather at the degree of heroism it had; wonder how many souls there still are to be met with in it of some effective capability, though dieting in that way,—nothing else to be had in the shops about. Carterets, Belleisles, Friedrichs, Voltaires; Chathams, Franklins, Choiseuls: there is an effective stroke of work, a fine fire of heroic pride, in this man and the other; not yet extinguished by spiritual famine or slow-poison; so robust is Nature the mighty Mother!

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[1] [Ruskin quotes from memory. The words were "denn hier muss ein jeder nach seiner façon selig werden," which Carlyle translates: "In this country every man must get to Heaven in his own way" (Book xi. ch. i.).]

[2] [Book xi. ch. i.]

"But in general, that sad Gospel, 'Souls extinct, Stomachs well alive!' is the credible one, not articulately preached, but practically believed by the abject generations, and acted on as it never was before. What immense sensualities there were, is known; and also (as some small offset, though that has not yet begun in 1740) what immense quantities of Physical Labour and contrivance were got out of mankind, in that Epoch and down to this day. As if, having lost its Heaven, it had struck desperately down into the Earth; as if it were a *beaver*-kind, and not a mankind any more. We had once a Barbarossa; and a world all grandly true. But from that to Karl VI., and *his* Holy Romish Reich in such a state of 'Holiness'—!" I here cut short my abstruse Friend.

128. I will venture to answer the questions put in this passage [namely, the one first quoted from Carlyle] with a wider sympathy than Carlyle had for the æsthetic arts, and the respect of a Merchant's son for Book-keeping by Double Entry, so it be not double-minded entry.

First for England. That she was made habitable by Cromwell and his Puritans is so far from the fact, that she has ever since been boiling over in a more and more furious tide of Emigration.

Secondly, for Austria,—"All men may see where Austria now is." They may; she is where the Styrian Alps are; that is to say, extremely fast where she was before, with such men and women among her peasantry as the world cannot match, in their kind.

Thirdly, for Spain. All that I actually know of her is that she produces as good sack as in Falstaff's days, that for courtesy and hospitality there is not her like among more prosperous nations, and that a Spanish town is better worth seeing than an English one.

Fourthly, for Italy. She went into Dilettantism, precisely in the degree that she became Protestant—while she was Catholic, having done the best real work in Building, Painting, and Carving extant in the world; and

Fifthly, for France,—"We know of what kind her Protestantism was," when it came at last. Is it so clear, then, that it was Heaven's apparition when it came at first?

129. That in the dispute between men of the world professing contrary views of religion, with which their worldly interests are connected, either side will commit crimes of which their adversaries will rejoice to tell the story, is manifest, too fatally and foolishly, in quarrel of sects and every ecclesiastical history, but the wonderful thing is that, professing the strictest love of truth, Protestant history is always the falsest. I will take, for examination, one of the most striking statements of the faithfullest of Protestant Historians—wholly candid in heart,—Froude,—made in his essay on "The Condition and Prospects of Protestantism," [1] respecting the Catholic deed over which Protestantism chiefly triumphs, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew:—

"The so-called 'horrors of the French Revolution' were a mere bagatelle, a mere summer shower, by the side of the atrocities committed in the name of religion, and with the sanction of the Catholic Church.

"The Jacobin Convention of 1793–1794 may serve as a measure to show how mild are the most ferocious of mere human beings when compared to an exasperated priesthood. By the September massacre, by the guillotine, by the fusillade

[1] [The passage here quoted will be found in vol. ii. pp. 174–175 of *Short Studies* (ed. 1891).]

at Lyons, and by the drownings on the Loire, five thousand men and women at the utmost suffered a comparatively easy death. Multiply the five thousand by ten, and you do not reach the number of those who were murdered in France alone in the two months of August and September, 1572. Fifty thousand Flemings and Germans are said to have been hanged, burnt, or buried alive under Charles the Fifth. Add to this the long agony of the Netherlands in the revolt from Philip, the Thirty Years' War in Germany, the ever-recurring massacres of the Huguenots, and remember that the Catholic religion alone was at the bottom of all these horrors, that the crusades against the Huguenots especially, were solemnly sanctioned by successive popes, and that no word of censure ever issued from the Vatican except in the brief intervals when statesmen and soldiers grew weary of bloodshed, and looked for means to admit the heretics to grace."

130. Now, in this passage, I pray the reader to observe, first, the sentence, "*The Catholic religion alone* was at the bottom of all these horrors." Thinking but for an instant, you see the sentence is a gross falsehood, that there were many other causes, alike for the contests and crimes, than even corrupt Catholicism. Thinking rightly for a due succession of instants, you will perceive that Catholicism is answerable for none of these things, but only the brutal habits of life and fury of temper generated by war for three hundred years back of continually increasing ferocity, and luxury of three hundred years back of continually increasing phrenzy. But the Catholic religion is no more answerable for the death of Coligny than of Joan of Arc, and is no more to be judged in the person of her corrupt kings and priests than the Law of Moses in Herod and Caiaphas.

But secondly, the "so-called" horrors of the French Revolution are limited by the Protestant Historian to the September massacre—the guillotine—the Lyons Fusillade, and the drownings in the Loire! The French Revolution is alike answerable to France alone for all the Dead of France in the Napoleonic wars—from Montenotte to Sedan—for all the dead of other nations in contest with herself first—and since among themselves. And finally, for whatever degradation and domestic misery have fallen upon total Europe, in the Atheism of its untaught generations.

[The following pages contain further passages from the MS.]

131. Before entering upon my subject of to-day, I must recapitulate the broken statements, and make clear the connected intention, of my last two lectures. I gave you the period between the Birth of Alfred and Death of Cœur de Lion as that in which the Christian Religion, both in England and elsewhere, was vigorously and instantly translated into deed for the sake of the Pleasure of Doing in the first place—the Life of Man being then unendurable to him in idleness, but also, because the entire meaning of Christianity to its then disciples was one of eager call to Deed. "Fight the good fight." "Work while ye have the light." "Have not I agreed with the Labourers for a penny a day?"[1]

Be it building burgs, be it sailing ships, be it weaving broadcloth, be it slaying Saracens, every belief and strength of Manhood went in those

[1] [1 Timothy vi. 12; John xii. 35 ("Walk while . . ."), and ix. 4 ("I must work while it is day"); Matthew xx. 13.]

blessed days straight into deed, nor, ever since earth bore men, were better strokes struck, better stones laid, nobler obedience rendered, nobler order enforced. The King, the Monk, the Knight, the Craftsman, all are doing, all being, the best that Manhood may.

As far as I know, and as far as I can judge, or feel, and assuredly, as far as is possible for any of you, my younger hearers, at present to judge also, the meeting of Hugo of Lincoln with Cœur de Lion before the altar of Rouen, and the Bishop's "Kiss me, my Lord King," are the grandest scene and saying, understood in their full significance, yet recorded in human history.[1]

132. With the death of Cœur de Lion for England, with the death of Pietro de Rossi for Italy,[2] a new period begins, of gainful commerce, and luxurious civilization. The Pleasures of England and of Europe also begin to be no more in doing for the doing's sake, but, more or less, for payment, money gain; her religion, also, no more in direct service to God, but in service for the sake of what can be got from Him, or may be forgiven by Him. Churches are built not for His honour, but for the town's, monasteries founded, not for the peace of the Monks, but for that of the Founder's soul. Avarice and luxury mine and corrupt, stealthily and steadily, the character and thought of nations; while yet the vigour of the faith remains unshaken, but not its honesty. Imagination is gradually separated from Deed—the deed is feebler or even entirely selfish,—the Imagination feebler, or even entirely foolish, but in association with Romance, rampant, fantastic, exuberant, insolent, the changes in its tone perfectly traceable and measurable within decade periods of years, a little later in some countries than in others, but universally from useful and noble simplicity into wanton extravagance. Of course, the greatest men in all countries resist alike the power of vanity and avarice, they use all the opportunity of their time, and defy its disease. Shakespeare dies a stroller, Botticelli a pauper,[3] both of them masters of Fantasy, both of them servants of Truth, and expressing alike their knowledge and their vision with the skill inherited through a thousand years of practice and invention. But the great ones are now alone, the multitude is lost in tyranny and luxury or misery, and the day has come—of Protestantism assuredly, of Reformation, if it may be, and of Revolution, if not.

133. Only, once for all, don't confuse—as modern historians and politicians are perpetually doing—Reformation *with* Revolution. They are each other's exact negatives. Reformation—is of a broken Square into a steady one; Revolution—the blasting of a tower on a Rock into its own ditch head downmost. "I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish—wiping it, and turning it upside down." [4]

134. And once for all, again, don't—as modern sects and parties always do—confuse inadvertently,—much more, wilfully,—the corruptions either of Papacy, Protestantism, or Reformation, with the things themselves. Don't

[1] [An account of the scene may be read in Froude's essay on "A Bishop of the Twelfth Century," in *Short Studies*, vol. ii. pp. 92–94. For another reference to the scene, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 43, § 11 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 118).]

[2] [In 1337: see *Val d'Arno*, § 274 (Vol. XXIII. p. 160).]

[3] [See *Ariadne Florentina*, § 197 (Vol. XXII. p. 434).]

[4] [2 Kings xxi. 13: quoted, in the same connexion, in Vol. XXIX. p. 387.]

confuse Papal Authority with Papal Avarice, Protestant independence with Protestant pride, or Reformation of Church with the use of its aisles for stables,[1] its altars for horse-blocks. I have seen with my own eyes, an Austrian Catholic Hussar tether his horse to a pillar of the cloister of the Duomo of Verona, and a Veronese Catholic washerwoman at the same moment (day at least, to be accurate) tie her clothes-line to the nose of the griffin who sustains the northern pillar of its porch.[2] I watched presently a priest come out of the cloister, and under the line, apathetic apparently to both phenomena, for which in reality *he* was answerable, and neither the hussar nor washerwoman. But neither of them were in any sort "Reforming" either him, or the Duomo. I am about to-day, therefore, to trace for you with the severest scrutiny possible the beginning and the growth to its adult strength of Protestantism, marking what real virtue and life it had, down to the day when the wine of the grafted clusters changed into vinegar mingled with gall.

135. We must begin, clearly, with a definition of what Protestantism *is* —afterwards marking what it becomes in its corruption, but in its essence is *Not*. Protestantism is first the "cry of the Poor"[3]—of the oppressed against the oppressor. It is not needful to say "of the unjustly oppressed"; oppression *means* injustice. And Protestantism in this sense is an old order —that ye let the oppressed go free, and that ye break away every yoke;[4] the Lord of Protestants being He that "portas Confregit Averni."[5]

On the other hand, Catholicism, as opposed to Protestantism, is the Power of the Keys—the Claim of Righteous Law to reprove, rebuke, and bind: "He shall bind their kings with chains,—their nobles with fetters of iron."[6] And both the righteous appeal and righteous power are in harmony;—both become alike corrupt in being unrighteous. It is not the Protestantism of Paris that throws down the Bastille, nor the Catholicism of Canterbury that builds a gaol before St. Martin's Church. The text which defines the Protestant power in exactitude[7] is—"as free, and not using your liberty for a cloak of maliciousness"[8]—otherwise, Wat Tyler is as much a reformer as Wycliffe.

136. Protestantism is, in the second place, the appeal of the Simple against the Learned—whether in that they keep their learning to themselves, or that they are insolent in it—the poor being unable to achieve anything so grand or virtuous. "Thou wast altogether born in sin, and dost thou teach us?"[9] And this protest of the natural dignity of the human soul, learned or simple, "a man's a man for a' that,"[10] gains still greater authority from Christ's "not many wise, not many noble are called,"[11] and His choice of His own disciples,—and its appeal is the most

[1] [For instances, see Vol. I. p. 430, and Vol. X. p. 306 *n.*]
[2] [See *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. p. 439).]
[3] [Job xxxiv. 28.]
[4] [Isaiah lviii. 6.]
[5] [See above, § 109 (p. 501).]
[6] [Psalms cxlix. 8.]
[7] [See above, p. 438.]
[8] [1 Peter ii. 16.]
[9] [John ix. 34.]
[10] [Burns: *For a' that and a' that.*]
[11] [See 1 Corinthians i. 26.]

majestic on earth,—and far beyond that of Kings, if it be indeed the appeal of humility against the pride of learning,—but not if it be the pride of ignorance against that of learning.[1]

137. Protestantism is, in the third place, the appeal of Truth against wanton or impious imagination, essential truth of character against the Desire and Love of Lies; and truth of observation against insanity or conjecture; in Religion it is the strength of simplicity, which knows the law of duty and, by experience, the Help of God in answer to prayer, and asserts this personal knowledge of God against theology which is only tradition, or history which is intentionally fictitious. But, since denial is always easy, understanding always difficult, and experience only the reward of perseverance (patience worketh experience, and experience hope[2]), the strength of Protestantism is only found among laborious and unambitious peasantry; in all its half-educated and aggressive forms it merely means the scorn of persons incapable of thought for the things they have never thought of, and of persons who will not look for the things they have not seen. It is the natural enmity of the material to the spiritual, and of the base to the pure; the law which it arrogantly fulfils becomes its worst corruption; and the truth to which it narrowly consents, a totality of lie.

[1] [The MS. erases: "Lillyvick's assertion that he doesn't think nothink at all of that langwidge." See *Nicholas Nickleby*, ch. xvi.]

[2] [Romans v. 4.]

V

FINAL LECTURES AT OXFORD

(1884)

I. PATIENCE (*November* 22)

II. BIRDS, AND HOW TO PAINT THEM (*November* 29)

III. LANDSCAPE (*December* 6)

[*Bibliographical Note.*—The three lectures reported in this Appendix were delivered at Oxford, in November and December 1884, in lieu of Lectures VI. and VII. in the course entitled *The Pleasures of England* (see above, p. 413).

They were the last professorial lectures delivered by Ruskin at Oxford.

They were reported (by E. T. Cook) in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of November 24, December 3, and December 10.

The report of the second lecture—that on "Birds"—was prepared with the help of Ruskin's MS. notes; while that of the third—on "Landscape"—was revised by him before publication.

The reports were reprinted in E. T. Cook's *Studies in Ruskin*, 1890 (and again in the second edition of that book, 1891), pp. 264–294.]

I

A LECTURE ON "PATIENCE"

(Reprinted from the "Pall Mall Gazette," November 24th, 1884)

1. No better proof can be given of Mr. Ruskin's popularity at Oxford than the fact that he played off a practical joke on the five hundred people who crowded the Museum theatre to hear him on Saturday afternoon,[1] and yet aroused no perceptible resentment. They had all come—an hour before the time, too, many of them—to hear the sixth of his appointed course of lectures on the "Pleasures of England"; but he straightway announced that this lecture would be postponed till Monday week, and meanwhile he proposed to read them a little essay on Patience. The innocent joke, it should at once be said, was not altogether of Mr. Ruskin's own devising. The remaining lectures of the proper course were ready,[2] but pressure had been brought to bear upon him to suppress or recast them. The details of these lectures had so far "fluttered the dovecots of the vivisectionists" that there had even been threats of the intervention of a Board of Studies, and of the incarceration of their single-handed antagonist.[3] Why they were so much afraid of his discussing the Pleasures of Sense he really could not think. All the beautiful things he had showed them in religious art appealed to the pleasure of sense. Every religious child is happy; and all religion, if it is true, is beautiful; it is only sham religion—the habit, for instance, of excessive mourning for the dead[4]—and vice that are ugly. When they heard the lecture[5] they would see that he was only going to point out to them some new and innocent ways of enjoying themselves.

2. The unkind critics who had caused all this confusion were—so it was said in Oxford—Mr. Macdonald and Dr. Acland. Mr. Ruskin had taken their rebuke meekly; but if it was on behalf of science that Dr. Acland was afraid, Mr. Ruskin clearly means to have his revenge. For in the meanwhile he promised to give a scientific lecture;[6] and Mr. Ruskin's scientific lectures do not greatly please the recognized professors of science. "I shall not tell you," Mr. Ruskin said, "how long a bird's

[1] [November 22.]

[2] [This statement is incorrect: see above, pp. lii., liii.]

[3] [On this subject, see again the Introduction; above, p. lvi.]

[4] [Compare *A Joy for Ever*, § 70 (Vol. XVI. p. 62), and *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 14 (Vol. XVIII. p. 395).]

[5] [Which, however, was never printed; nor, indeed, written, so far as Ruskin's MSS. disclose.]

[6] [The lecture on Birds; below, pp. 527–531.]

larynx is, for I don't know and I don't care, but I can tell you something about its singing. I can tell you about its feathers, but not what is underneath its skin. Why, I went into your museum to find an Abyssinian kingfisher—the classical halcyon—but there was only one, hidden in a dark corner, and that not a good enough specimen to draw. A very sad thing that, and even sadder that they should pack away the skins of the birds in drawers in 'stinking camphor.' In the British Museum, however, you can now for the first time see birds poised, and how they fly. I told Dr. Günther,[1] the Keeper of Zoology (in the second chapter of *Love's Meinie,* for example[2]), and he's now telling you." "Next Saturday," Mr. Ruskin added, "I shall do a little more 'peacocking' before you, and am going to show you some practical experiments—with the help of the Balliol College cook—of glaciers and glacier motion."[3] Here, again, Mr. Ruskin has an old quarrel, as every one knows, with the men of science.

3. The prospect of these two dainty dishes should itself have made the lesson of patience easier. As Mr. Ruskin told the girls in the *Ethics of the Dust*,[4] there was obviously no reason why his audience, because they were the richer by the expectation of playing at a new game—of having two new lectures thrown in—should make themselves unhappier than when they had nothing to look forward to but the old ones. And then, even when the little lecture itself began, Mr. Ruskin often stopped from his reading to throw sugar-plums to his pupils, Were there any of them courting, for instance? Then his advice was to continue it as long as possible. "Young people nowadays do not enjoy their courtship half enough; it really becomes nicer and nicer the longer it lasts. Besides, you are all sure to find fault with your wives when you marry them; it is only

[1] [Referring to the above report, Ruskin wrote to the *Pall Mall Gazette* (November 26, 1884) as follows:—

"84, Woodstock Road,
"Oxford, *November 25th.*

"Sir,—Again thanking you for the general care and fulness of your reports, permit me to correct the sentence referring to the head of the Zoological Department in the British Museum, as it is given in your account of my lecture on Saturday. I said that in *Love's Meinie* I had for the first time explained to my Oxford pupils how birds flew, and that now Dr. Günther had beautifully *shown* the birds of England to us all, in the perfect action of flying. But I never said I had 'told Dr. Günther' anything. Everything he has so beautifully done has been his own bettering of what had been begun by Mr. Gould; it fulfils, or supersedes, much of what I meant to attempt at Sheffield, and leaves me, I am thankful to say, more free to my proper work here. Dr. Günther continually tells *me* things, in all sorts of kind ways, but I never told, or *could* have told, him anything.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
"J. Ruskin."

This letter was reprinted in *Igdrasil*, vol. ii. p. 65, and again (No. 99) in the privately-printed *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 92–93.]

[2] [See Vol. XXV.]

[3] [This lecture was not given; but see *Deucalion* (Vol. XXVI. pp. 124 *seq.*), and compare Ruskin's experiments in the kitchen at Broadlands (Vol. XXIV. p. xxi. and Vol. XXVI. pp. 177, 232).]

[4] [See § 35 (Vol. XVIII. p. 246).]

during courtship that they are entirely faultless and seraphic; and why not keep them so as long as you can?" Then there was a little critical squib, *apropos* of a citation of Keats's phrase, "human serpentry."[1] "Read as much Keats as possible, and no Shelley.[2] Shelley, with due admiration notwithstanding, for his genius, is entirely mischievous, Keats entirely innocent and amusing."

4. As for the little essay on Patience itself, it consisted of readings, with occasional self-criticism, from the *Cestus of Aglaia* and *St. Mark's Rest*. The first passage read on Saturday was the analysis of Chaucer's "Patience":—

> "Dame Patiencë sitting there I fonde,
> With facë pale, upon an hill of sonde."[3]

5. Mr. Ruskin apologized for the over-allusive style in which much of this analysis was written, for "twenty years ago I was always fond of showing that I knew a good deal and had read a good deal." Elsewhere, too, he has explained, with reference to these same chapters in the *Art Journal*, that he has "three different ways of writing—one, with the single view of making myself understood, in which I necessarily omit a good deal of what comes into my head; another, in which I say what I think ought to be said, in what I suppose to be the best words I can find for it (which is in reality an affected style—be it good or bad); and my third way of writing is to say all that comes into my head for my own pleasure, in the first words that come, retouching them afterwards into (approximate) grammar."[4] The *Cestus of Aglaia* was written in this third style.

6. From the Patience of Chaucer, Mr. Ruskin passed to the Patience of Venice. The Patience who really smiles at grief[5] usually stands, or walks, or even runs. She seldom sits, though she may sometimes have to do it for many a day, poor thing, by monuments, or like Chaucer's, with "facë pale, upon an hill of sonde." The Patience of Venice is to be found on a monument—the statue of St. Theodore, whose legend Mr. Ruskin has explained in *Fors Clavigera* (March 1877),[6] and again in the 2nd chapter of *St. Mark's Rest*, from which he read on Saturday.[7] In these later books of his, when he talks in what Mr. Matthew Arnold calls his "assured way" about the meaning of legends, he is only collating the results of a life's work, begun when he was twenty-four years old, and when, by the good counsel of Dean Liddell, he took to drawing religious art in the

[1] [For another reference to the phrase, see Vol. XIX. p. 84.]

[2] [Compare Vol. I. pp. 253–254 *n.*]

[3] [See *Cestus*, §§ 30–33 (Vol. XIX. pp. 82–86). Ruskin had the passage set up in large type for use in this lecture; the proof, among his MSS., shows that he made the following revisions: For "by Eridanus side" he read "beside the great Lombardic river"; for "giftless time," "giftless birthdays"; for "other patient children," "other in like manner patient children"; for "the yellow light," "*His* glory and pity"; and for "towards grey Viso (who stood pale in . . .)," "towards Viso who stood in . . ."]

[4] [See Vol. XIX. p. 408.]

[5] [*Twelfth Night*, Act ii. sc. 4: compare Vol. XVIII. p. 247.]

[6] [Letter 75: see Vol. XXIX. p. 62.]

[7] [See Vol. XXIV. pp. 225 *seq.*]

Christ Church library. All early religious art is symbolic, and the meaning of the symbols is well ascertainable. The divinity of Botticelli, for instance, is a science at least as well known as that of the Greek gods, and all Mr. Ruskin does is to give the result of the Catholic knowledge of the saints—the interpretation which is universally recognized of their legends. St. Theodore, then, standing, on a crocodile, as he may be seen on one of the twin pillars of the Piazzetta at Venice, represents the power of the Spirit of God in all noble and useful animal life, conquering what is venomous, useless, or in decay. The victory of his Patience is making the earth his pedestal instead of his adversary; he is the power of gentle and rational life, reigning over the wild creatures and senseless forces of the world—the dragon-enemy becoming by human mercy the faithfullest of creature friends to man.

7. Besides the essay on Patience, Mr. Ruskin set to work on Saturday on a clearing-up and putting right of the "heterogeneous rubble" which some of the newspapers had made of his remarks on the British Navy last week. With a pretty compliment to his pupils, he asked them to sympathise with the bewilderment of the paltry British press in its attempt to reduce to the level of British press understanding lectures which were prepared only for their higher intelligence. Mr. Ruskin then repeated what he had before said about the loss of the *London*, the *Captain*, and the *Eurydice*.[1] To these disasters he now added a much antecedent one—that of the *Royal George*,[2] which was sunk in the harbour, with most of her crew, while the captain was writing in the cabin, because a few of them were hunting rats half a minute too long in her hull. They had thus four accurate illustrations of a kind of shipbuilding and ship management of which there was no parallel whatever, either among the Saxons, Vikings, Venetians, Carthaginians, Athenians, or Normans. These catastrophes belonged exclusively to modern naval history, which had its triumphs, but was darkened by many more shadows than the features which beautified it. As for the remedy, Mr. Ruskin has explained long ago, in *Fors*, the incompatibility of seamanship with iron. "You need not think," he said, "that you can ever have seamen in iron ships; it is not in flesh and blood to be vigilant when vigilance is so slightly necessary; the best seaman born will lose his qualities when he knows he can steam against wind and tide, and has to handle ships so large that the care of them is necessarily divided among many persons. If you want sea captains indeed, like Sir Richard Grenville or Lord Dundonald, you must give them small ships and wooden ones—nothing but oak, pine, and hemp to trust to, above or below—and those trustworthy."[3]

[1] [See above, p. 508.]

[2] [For other references to this disaster, see *Candida Casa*, § 18 (above, pp. 217–218).]

[3] [Letter 9, § 10: Vol. XXVII. p. 153.]

II

BIRDS, AND HOW TO PAINT THEM

(Reprinted from the "Pall Mall Gazette," December 3rd, 1884)

8. "I HAVE scarcely any heart to address you to-day," Mr. Ruskin began by saying on Saturday,[1] "so terrified am I, and so subdued, by the changes in Oxford which have taken place even since first I accepted this Professorship, and which are directly calculated to paralyze all my efforts to be useful in it. I need scarcely tell any of my pupils that my own Art teaching has been exclusively founded on the hope of getting people to enjoy country life, and to care for its simple pleasures and modest employments. But I find now that the ideal in the minds of all young people, however amiable and well-meaning, is to marry as soon as possible, and then to live in the most fashionable part of the largest town they can afford to compete with the rich inhabitants of, in the largest house they can strain their incomes to the rent of, with the water laid on at the top, the gas at the bottom, huge plate-glass windows, out of which they may look uninterruptedly at a brick wall, a drawing-room on the scale of Buckingham Palace, with Birmingham fittings, and patent everythings going of themselves everywhere; with, for all intellectual aids to felicity, a few bad prints, a few dirty and foolish books, and a quantity of photographs of the people they know, or of any passing celebrities. This is the present ideal of English life, without exception, for the middle classes; and a more miserable, contemptible, or criminal one never was formed by any nation made under the wondering stars. It implies perpetual anxiety, lazy and unjustifiable pride, innumerable petty vexations, daily more poignant greed for money, and the tyrannous compulsion of the labouring poor into every form of misery; and it implies, further, total ignorance of all the real honour of human life and beauty of the visible world. I felt all this borne in upon me, almost to the point of making me give up all further effort here in England, and going away to die among the Alps, when I walked early this week across what were once fields, but are now platforms of mud and bitumen, to what we used to call the 'Happy Valley,'[2] and the scenes, by Ferry Hinksey (but 'in the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same'[3]), of my former endeavours to set some undergraduates to useful country labour.[4] Every beautiful view, either of Oxford or from it, is now scarified and blasted by the detestable conditions of labour, which always mean that a company or a capitalist are

[1] [November 29.]
[2] [See above, p. 127.]
[3] [An interpolation of the reporter's, from Matthew Arnold's *Thyrsis.*]
[4] [See Vol. XX. pp. xl. *seq.*]

ruining either themselves or somebody else.[1] There is not an old path to be trodden, or an old memory to be traced, except where the discouraged and desperate cottagers here and there maintain still a rugged fence or let run a half-choked ditch round the melancholy yards or gardens which they can still call their own.

9. "Now, what *is* the use," Mr. Ruskin went on to ask, "under these conditions, of my talking to you about birds? Are their nests to be built in the waterworks reservoir? is their song to be heard in the morning above the steam buzzer[2] and the roll of the tramway? have you still hearts to listen to it, if it could be? What do you want of them now, but for such deadly science or deadlier luxury as may best feed your itch for notoriety of some sort—their skeletons or their skins? And I have actually been unable, from the mere distress and disgust of what I had to read of bird-slaughter, to go on with *Love's Meinie*. I will make you a little miserable, with myself, in letting you hear accurately described the sort of thing that is going on continually."

10. Mr. Ruskin then read two extracts from "a thoroughly trustworthy book," Mr. Robert Gray's *Birds of the West of Scotland*,[3] describing, among other things, how some ornithologist of the party had shot two parent divers and their little ones. Some others of the party had seen the little ones the day before, and had given them their first swimming lesson, but the ornithologists wanted their skins. The other extract told how the same party (minus the ornithologists this time, it would seem) had taken on board their yacht a live specimen of the tysté, or black guillemot, and made a pet of him. When he desired to leave his basket the little fellow would "raise himself upon his hinder end till he was almost as tall as a little spruce tree; and then he would waddle on to the palm of a person's hand, and sit there flapping his wings as if he were flying at the rate of fifty miles an hour; and then he would rest himself on his abdomen, and shut one eye, and wink with the other at the sun. But the cabin-boy said from the beginning that he was too good to live." "The little creature died, I believe," Mr. Ruskin here put in, "angelically, of being too happy; but does not this show you how natural it is for men and birds to love each other, and live with each other joyfully?—if it were not for these ghastly skin and bone mongers who call themselves ornithologists, and the still wretcheder and ghastlier form of English booby squire, who knows nothing and cares for nothing in all the earth but how to wink along a gun-barrel till he can sight it to blow the brains out of something, and he thinks that clever, and the best part of the life of a lord."[4]

11. Mr. Ruskin then went on to illustrate, from a book of scientific travel, a different method of intelligent destruction—that of "the mob,

[1] [Here the reporter interpolated: "Mr. Ruskin need not, though, have put the alternative, for the Oxford Building Company has ruined both itself and many others."]

[2] [See above, p. 504.]

[3] [For another reference to the book, see *Love's Meinie* (Vol. XXV. p. 150); the passages here referred to are at pp. 415–416, 430–431.]

[4] [On Ruskin's view of such sport, see Vol. VII. p. 341, and Vol. XXVI. p. 322.]

who, not having guns, take to stones," and the kind of study of birds in connection therewith. Here is the method of destruction: "At one place ten cormorants and three steamer ducks were assembled on three small rocks, placed side by side, and would not take their departure till I had thrown a succession of stones at them. . . . One or two which had been hit with stones lay on their backs on the beach for some minutes, emitting strange sounds, and waving about their splay feet in the air, in the most ridiculous manner." And here is an example of what these sportsmen saw in a bird they had "fortunately killed": "The stomach was distinctly divided into a cardiac and a pyloric portion, separated by a short and narrow interval. Of these portions the cardiac division possessed a comparatively feeble muscular coat, and was remarkably glandular; while the pyloric, of a somewhat flattened spheroidal form, was extremely muscular. The former I found distended with a firm mass of semi-digested ship biscuit, while the latter contained the two mandibles of a small cephalopod."

12. This is the way English men of science look at birds, and English painters have hardly anything better to tell us of them. Art in this kind may be divided under four heads. There is first of all common still life—"dead game, with a cut lemon and a glass and bottle—the most wretched of human stupidities." Then there is still life, with some enjoyment of colour—"fruit pieces, usually with handsome plate—things such as Lance[1] used to paint, and many other suppliers of the trade—not worth notice." Very different is William Hunt's work, whether in fruit or birds—"chiefly doves—unique in excellence, but still not didactic." And finally, there is the animal painting of Landseer and Mr. Briton Rivière. Landseer, however, is "strictly only a horse and dog painter; he seldom attempted birds, and when he did he failed. Rivière has done some wonderful ornithology—of a comic kind—as, for instance, in his 'An Anxious Moment,' in which a flock of geese are debating whether they may with safety pass by an old hat."

13. The true portraiture of birds, then, is one of the things which English painters have still to do, and Mr. Ruskin's pupils would find plenty of examples in his own studies in plumage in his drawing-school.[2] But artists will never be able to paint birds so long as they study in modern schools of science. "The true artist," Mr. Ruskin said, in a former Oxford lecture, "if he wishes to paint a dog, looks at him and loves him, does not vivisect him."[3] So is it with birds. Whatever Science may be concerned with on its own account, as a foundation for Art it must look at a bird's plumage, not at the contents of its stomach. Mr. Ruskin laid, therefore, some of this true scientific groundwork on Saturday, by some notes on feather analysis. Birds, he said, have three kinds of feathers: (1) feathers for clothing, which again may be subdivided into flannel feathers and armour feathers; (2) feathers for action—either feathers

[1] [For another reference to George Lance (1802–1864), see Vol. XII. p. 400; for William Hunt's fruits and birds, Vol. XIV. pp. 377 *seq.*, 440 *seq.*; for Landseer, see the General Index. For other references to Mr. Briton Rivière, see *Art of England*, § 63 (above, p. 310); his "Anxious Moment" was at the Royal Academy in 1878; the picture is at Holloway College.]

[2] [See the Index in Vol. XXI. pp. 325–326.]

[3] [See Vol. XXII. p. 508.]

of force in the wing, or of steerage in the tail; and (3) feathers for decoration and expression[1]—which either modify the bird's form (crests, *e.g.*, or tassels), or its colour, by lustre or pigment.

14. It should be noted generally that the underclothing, the down, is always white in adult birds; and the prevailing colour of the upper feathers, in land birds of temperate zones, brown, and in sea birds white. "The theorists of development," continued Mr. Ruskin, "say, I suppose, that partridges get brown by looking at stubble, seagulls white by looking at foam, and jackdaws black by looking at clergymen. The theory at first is plausible, as are the ideas of development in general, to people who like guessing better than thinking; but you may see its fallacy in an instant by reflecting that if sea birds were really coloured by the sea, they would be blue, not white; if land birds were coloured by their woods, they would be green, not brown; and that birds of darkness, both in feather and spirit, must have been suited with sable, not by our cathedral, but our manufacturing towns." Coming next to force feathers and decorative feathers, Mr. Ruskin noted that they are usually reserved and quiet in colour. "There is no iridescent eagle, no purple and golden seagull; while a large mass of coloured birds—parrots, pheasants, humming birds—seem meant for human amusement. Seem meant—dispute it if you will: no matter what they seem, they are the most amusing and infinitely delicious toys, lessons, comforts, amazements of human existence. Think of it, for here is a curious thing."

15. "Ever since I have known children," Mr. Ruskin said, in conclusion, "or heard talk of them, I have noticed that they liked running after butterflies, and are represented in poetical vignettes as if that were an amiable occupation of theirs. I would give any child I had the care of, a good horsewhip or ponywhip cut over the shoulders if I caught it running after a butterfly. The way to see a butterfly is, as for everything else, to see it alive. If you're quiet enough it will settle under your nose or on your sleeve; and if it's a rare one, and you don't kill it, it will be less rare next year, until you may have purple emperors flying about, as plentiful as now you have smuts. But also when you've got it and pinned it wriggling on a cork, what's the good of it? It is merely an ill-made bird, the intermediate thing between a bird and a worm. It has wings, but is for the most part more blown about by them than lifted; it has legs, but it can't hop with them or catch anything with them; it has brains, but never has the least idea where it's going; it has eyes, but doesn't see anything particular with them that I know of; ears, perhaps, I don't know; voice, I don't know; anyhow, it can't whistle. Feathers it has, which rub off if you touch them, like so much mildew. A precious sort of thing to catch and transfix what poor little life and succulent pleasure the creature has evermore out of its body, that you may pin it on your hat and say it's the Jackiana Tomfooliensis! But I will tell you what you can catch, and catch innocently,—feathers; and a single feather has more to study in it than fifty butterflies. Here's Christmas coming—general roast turkey and goose-pie time. You know I'm no vegetarian. I wouldn't have you dine on nightingales' tongues; but quantities of birds are born, like sheep, to be finally dined on. Well, you go and help the

[1] [See, further, on this classification, *Laws of Fésole*, Vol. XV. p. 397.]

cook to pluck her game, and in a single Christmas you may gather plumage enough to be a wonder to you all your days. Begin with the pheasant. Put the characteristic breast, shoulder, wing, and tail feather into explicable order, prettily stitched down on cardboard, or velvet, or anything that sets them off. Then put the feathers of any other birds you can get hold of into the same order—that is to say, put the main feather of a seagull's wing, a swallow's, an owl's, a pheasant's, and a barn-door fowl's side by side—similarly the main central types of breast feather, tail feather, and so on. Then draw their outlines carefully, then their patterns of colour, then, analyzed up to the point of easy magnifying, their shafts and filaments, and see what a new world of beauty you will have entered into—before the sun turns to go up hill again.

16. "And when he does turn up hill again, if any of you care to put your lives a little to rights, and to prime your own feathers for what flight is in them—don't go to London, nor to any other town in the spring[1]—don't let the morning winds of May find your cheeks pale and your eyes bloodshot with sitting up all night, nor the violets bloom for you only in the salesman's bundles, nor the birds sing around, if not above, the graves you have dug for yourselves before your time. Time enough you will have hereafter to be deaf to their song, and ages enough to be blind to their brightness, if you seek not the sight given now. If there be any human love in your youth, if any sacred hope, if any faithful religion, let them not be defiled and quenched among the iniquities of the multitude. Your Love is in the clefts of the Rock, when the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come, and the God of all Love calls to you 'from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon,' calls to every pure spirit among the children of men, as they to those they love best—

"'Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.'"[2]

[1] [Compare *Two Paths*, § 137 (Vol. XVI. p. 372).]
[2] [Canticles ii. 12; iv. 8; ii. 10.]

III

A LECTURE ON LANDSCAPE

(*Reprinted from the "Pall Mall Gazette," December 10th,* 1884)

17. Mr. Ruskin's final lecture to his pupils for this term, given at Oxford last week,[1] began with an expression of the "disappointment and surprise which, on reviewing the results of my lecturing and working here for upwards of twelve years,[2] I feel in being forced to the sorrowful confession that not a single pupil has learned the things I primarily endeavoured to teach, nor used of his own accord, so far as I know, in a single instance, the examples which I put before him as most admirable in my especial department of art, landscape."

18. How complete and numerous these examples are every one knows who has visited the Taylorian picture-gallery or seen in the "Ruskin Drawing-school" the insides of the cabinets filled with Mr. Ruskin's own drawings.[3] "You may wonder," continued Mr. Ruskin, "why the examples I have given you of landscape in the school are my drawings and not Turner's. But Turner's are of a *finesse* beyond what has ever else been attained, and for that reason not useful as working examples.[4] But I am proud to think that these drawings of mine" (several of which were exhibited at the lecture), "done thirty years ago at the foot of the Matterhorn, are entirely right as examples of mountain drawing, with absolutely correct outline of all that is useful for geological science or landscape art. And I am proud to think, too, that though at the time I did them I had never seen Turner's drawings, mine are on exactly the same plan as his—that is to say, I always drew an absolutely right pencil outline before putting in any colour whatever. But though I have been preaching, crying, shrieking to you that this is the method of all true landscape painting,[5] there is not one of you who sharpens his pencil point, instead of seizing his biggest brush and going dab at the mountains with splashes of colour. And then in the gallery upstairs there is the unequalled collection of Turner drawings, which with some self-denial I gave you twenty years ago, and which has lately been completed by the kindness of the Trustees of the National Gallery, at the intercession of Prince Leopold."[6]

[1] [On December 6.]

[2] [The years of Ruskin's professorship were ten (1870–1877 and 1883–1884); but he includes, no doubt, the work done in his Drawing School during the intermediate years.]

[3] [See now Vol. XXI.]

[4] [Compare *Art of England*, § 157 (above, p. 373).]

[5] [See, for instance, Vol. XII. pp. 487 *seq.*, Vol. XIII. pp. 241 *seq.*, Vol. XV. pp. 136, 357, and Vol. XXI. p. 237.]

[6] [See above, p. 268.]

19. Why was it, then, Mr. Ruskin returned to ask, that none of his examples in landscape had been used, none of his principles adopted? "I perhaps trusted too much to what I had before written on the subject of landscape, and in the first years of my professorship drew the attention of my pupils only to the higher conditions of pictorial imagination, which had been occupied in religion and ethics. As it has turned out, the religion of England being in its practical power extinct before her science, and the ethics of England extinct before her avarice, everything that I have written of the religious painting of Italy has been useless, until lately in the form of guide-books;[1] while the value of the few words I spoke on landscape was still more hopelessly effaced by the vast irruption of sensual figure-study, patronised by the now all-powerful Republican *demi-monde* of the French capital. Respecting the general relations and dignities of landscape and figure-painting, I purpose very earnestly and carefully to address you in a spring lecture.[2] But with respect to the especial danger and corruption of existing schools of the figure, I must point out one or two chief facts for your immediate consideration.

20. "First, landscape, however feeble or fantastic, cannot be definitely immoral. It neither mocks what is venerable nor recommends what is lascivious. But the sale of figure sketches or paintings, by persons of inferior talent, depends almost exclusively on its being addressed to the vanity, the lust, or the idle malice of the classes of society developed by the corruption of large towns.

21. "Secondly, the idea of greater dignity naturally attached to figure painting of higher pretension, because it implies a strict course of previous academical study, entirely ignores the primary law of human education, that the more you teach a fool the more manifold a fool you make him. Nothing is so melancholy, nothing so mischievous, as the academical imitations of the great men by the little ones, and the pompous display of laboriously artificial attainments by men of faculties inherently and natively contemptible. During the first half of this century the artists of England were divisible, almost without exception, into two classes—men of modesty, sense, and industry, who were forming a pure school of pathetic and meditative landscape, rising with the quiet flow of a mountain well out of the formality of the older 'views' of this and that; and men, on the other hand, of mean ambition, foolish sentiment, and vulgar breeding, who reduced the figure-painting of the Academy to the inanity from which it was only rescued by the splendid indignation of Rossetti, Millais, and Holman Hunt—all of them, observe, introducing, if not as the basis, at least as an essential and integral part of their conception, a landscape elaborated to the last grass blade and flower petal.

22. "Thirdly, I will not in this brief notice touch on the actual difficulties of landscape, as compared with figure painting, but I beg you to observe the requirement for it of far greater industry. With an hour's work a good figure painter can produce a satisfactorily realistic image of the fairest human creature; set him to paint a heathy crag or a laurel

[1] [*Mornings in Florence* (Vol. XXIII.), *St. Mark's Rest*, and *Guide to the Venetian Academy* (Vol. XXXIV.).]

[2] [Ruskin, however, resigned his chair in the spring, and this was the last of his professorial lectures.]

coppice, and see what he will make of it, giving him an hour for every former minute, or sixty hours instead of one. Why, then, paint it with so much care, do you say, when the painting of the pretty lady is so much nicer? Well, my own answer to that would be, Because the pretty lady herself is so much nicer than the painting, and will always be there if you ask her; but the laurel coppice or the heather crag won't come for the asking; you must paint them or forget them. Returning to my main point, note that the painting of landscape requires not only more industry, but far greater delicacy of bodily sense and faculty than average figure painting. Any common sign-painter can paint the landlord's likeness, and with a year or two's scraping of chalk at Kensington any cockney student can be got to draw, effectively enough for public taste, a straddling gladiator or a curly-pated Adonis. But to give the slightest resemblance to, or notion of, such a piece of mountain wildwood or falling stream as these, in this little leap of the Tees in Turner's drawing,[1] needs an eagle's keenness of eye, fineness of finger like a trained violinist's, and patience and love like Griselda's or Lady Jane Grey's.

23. "Without, however, further reasoning just now why or with what feelings we should try to paint landscape, I return to my immediate business, to ask you why in no single instance any of you have painted a bit in my way. For one of you that used to go to Scotland or Switzerland, a thousand go now; for one descriptive passage in poetry or novel that used to be given before Scott and Byron told you that nature was beautiful, a thousand romancers and troubadours paint now their landscape backgrounds for personages whom they couldn't make else of any account; and yet here are twelve years I have been your drawing-master, and not one of you has brought me a bit of Alpine snow, of Greek sea, or of English greenwood, drawn with as much pains or heart as dear old William Hunt put into a horn tankard. I do not know what your answer would or will be. But my own explanation of this scorn of landscape will certainly surprise you. I attribute it, and I attribute it with a very strong conviction, to your having no sympathy with the people who inhabit the countries you visit. No passage of my old books is more often quoted than that in the *Seven Lamps* as to the entire interest of landscape depending on our sympathy with its history and inhabitants."[2]

"But this point," Mr. Ruskin said, "I have never enough reinforced. The lecture in which I partly did so was never published;[3] and you all go rushing about the world in search of Cotopaxis and Niagaras, when all the rocks of the Andes and all the river drainages of the two Americas are not worth to you, for real landscape, pathos, and power, this wayward tricklet of a Scottish burn over its shelves of low-levelled sandstone." Mr. Ruskin here showed the early Turner which he has lately acquired, and to which he referred in a former lecture.[4] "Its whole force," he said,

[1] [See No. 2 in the Standard Series: Vol. XXI. p. 11.]

[2] [The passage in question is that in which Ruskin describes "the broken masses of pine forest which skirt the course of the Ain above the village of Champagnole, in the Jura": see Vol. VIII. pp. 221–224.]

[3] [The first of the *Lectures on Landscape*, delivered in 1871, not published till 1898: see now Vol. XXII. pp. 12 *seq.*]

[4] [See above, p. 506.]

"consists in a dreamy and meditative sense that men were once living there, and that spirits are still moving there—that it was full of traces of the valour of our ancestors, just as it may still be full, if you will, of the sanctities of your love."

24. To illustrate the contrary case—the absence of delight in landscape, accompanied and conditioned by a want of sympathy for the people—Mr. Ruskin read from Evelyn's *Diary* a series of extracts written for him by his god-daughter with a type-writer—"the only kind of machine of which I do approve." First there was English enjoyment of English landscape at Spie Park, where the house had "not a window on the prospect side."[1] That is the rough type; for the gentle type Mr. Ruskin referred to Evelyn's building "a study, a fishpond, an island, and some other solitudes and retirements" at Wotton, which "gave the first occasion of improving them to waterworks and gardens."[2] As for English travellers' enjoyment of French landscape, "we passed through a forest (of Fontainebleau), so prodigiously encompassed with hideous rocks of white, hard stone, heaped one on another in mountainous height, that I think the like is nowhere to be found more horrid and solitary." For an example of "French and characteristically European manufactured landscape," Mr. Ruskin referred to Evelyn's description of Richelieu's villa, with its "walks of vast lengthes, so accurately kept and cultivated, that nothing can be more agreeable," and its "large and very rare grotto of shell-worke, in the shape of satyrs and other wild fancys." The human sympathy involved in manufactured landscape is to be seen in its cost—"He has pulled downe a whole village to make roome for his pleasure about it"—making a solitude, and calling it delight.[3] And then, lastly, Mr. Ruskin read an account of how Evelyn took his pleasure in the Alps, passing through "strange, horrid, and fearful craggs," and treating the natives—as only the British tourist knows how. The pious Evelyn, or one of his party, had a water spaniel, "a huge, filthy cur," that killed a goat, "whereupon we set spurrs and endeavoured to ride away"; but inasmuch as "amongst these rude people a very small misdemeanour is made much of, we lay'd down the money, though the proceedings seemed highly unjust." These proceedings occurred on the Simplon Pass; and Mr. Ruskin showed, in contrast to them, a drawing of the St. Gothard, by Turner, in which, as in other scenes, it is a human interest that gives the grandeur. The reader will remember in this connection Mr. Ruskin's description of the Pass of Faido, in *Modern Painters*, where, in "Turnerian topography," the "full essence and soul of the scene and consummation of all the wonderfulness of the torrents and Alps lay in a postchaise with small ponies and postboy."[4]

[1] [July 16, 1654.]

[2] [See the *Diary* for May 21, 1643. For Fontainebleau (March 7, 1644), compare *Præterita*, ii. § 76, where Ruskin again quotes the passage; for Richelieu's villa, see February 27, 1643–1644; the next passage ("He has pulled down," etc.), in the *Diary* for September 7, 1649, is said of "President Maison's palace," near Paris; for the passage of the Simplon, see 1646.]

[3] ["Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant" (Tacitus, *Agricola*, 30); translated by Byron in *The Bride of Abydos*, canto ii. stanza 20.]

[4] [See *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. p. 39). The drawing shown by Ruskin was of "The Pass of Faido," reproduced on Plate IV. of Vol. XXII. (p. 32).]

25. "Now, I dare say," said Mr. Ruskin, resuming, "you all think you have improved greatly in sense, and good-nature, and love of scenery since Evelyn's time. I admit there are a certain number of you very different creatures indeed. But there is nothing to me so amazing in Evelyn's injustice to the poor peasants, and terrified hatred of their Alps, as there is in the total absence from the papers of the Alpine Club of the smallest expression of any human interest in anything they see in Switzerland except the soaped poles they want to get to the top of,[1] and their continual exultation, over their cheese and beer, in their guides' legs and their own, without ever appearing conscious for an instant that every valley of which the blue breaks through the cloud at their feet is full of the most beautiful human piety and courage, being gradually corrupted and effaced by European vice, after contending for long ages with conditions of hardship and disease, prolonged by European neglect, folly, and cruelty. And of the less adventurous Englishman, content with flatter mountain tops, here without question is the central type for this hour." Mr. Ruskin here showed *Punch's* cartoon of "The Old Lion Aroused," to which he had referred in a former lecture,[2] and in doing so he apologized for any pain that had been caused by his thus accidentally ridiculing Mr. Bright—for whose character he had in most things a great respect, although it was "an awful sign of the times" that so honourable and excellent a man should have stood up on a memorable occasion in the House of Commons to defend the adulteration of food as a legitimate form of competition.[3] "You are all of you," Mr. Ruskin resumed, with reference to this cartoon, "resolving yourselves, and that with rapidity, into this kind of British person, and this kind of British standard-bearer—consumer of all things consumable, producer of nothing but darkness and abomination, with his foot on all that he once revered, his hope lost in all that he once worshipped, a god to himself, and to all the world an incarnate calamity.

26. "Your way out of all this I told you full fourteen years ago, in my inaugural lectures, to not one word of which any of you have practically attended. I have, indeed, one pupil-friend, an accomplished and amiable artist, another a conscientious and prosperous lawyer[4]—of formal school or consistent disciples no vestige whatever. The time may yet come; anyhow next year I have again, with the ever-ready help of Mr. Macdonald, to begin at the beginning, and meanwhile I will close my discourses to you for this year by re-reading the conditions of prosperous art work which I laid before you in 1870." The passage which Mr. Ruskin read is in the fourth of his inaugural *Lectures on Art*, on "The Relation of Art to Use," in which it was laid down that after recovering, for the poor, wholesomeness of food, the next steps towards founding Schools of Art in England must be in recovering for them decency and wholesomeness of dress and of lodging, and then after this that "nothing be ever made of iron that can be as effectually made of wood or stone, and nothing moved by steam that can be as effectually moved by natural

[1] [See *Sesame and Lilies*, § 35 (Vol. XVIII. p. 90).]
[2] [See above, p. 479.]
[3] [See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 37 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 16, 17).]
[4] [The two translators for Ruskin of *The Economist of Xenophon*: see Vol. XXXI. p. 30.]

forces. . . . And until you do this, be it soon or late, things will continue in that triumphant state to which, for want of finer art, your mechanism has brought them; that though England is deafened with spinning-wheels, her people have not clothes; though she is black with digging of fuel, they die of cold; and though she has sold her soul for gain, they die of hunger. Stay in that triumph, if you choose; but be assured of this, it is not one which the Fine Arts will ever share with you."[1]

27. "All this," said Mr. Ruskin, in conclusion, "is called impossible. It may be so. I have nothing to do with its possibility, but only with its indispensability.[2] And at any rate this much is possible to you—to prefer life in the country, though it be dull, to life in London, though it is merry; to look at one thing in the day, instead of at twenty; and to think of that one in such a way as will give you some love for man and some belief in God."

[1] [§§ 122, 123: Vol. XX. pp. 111–114.]
[2] [Compare, again, *Lectures on Art*, § 123 (Vol. XX. p. 113).]

END OF VOLUME XXXIII

Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.
Edinburgh & London

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